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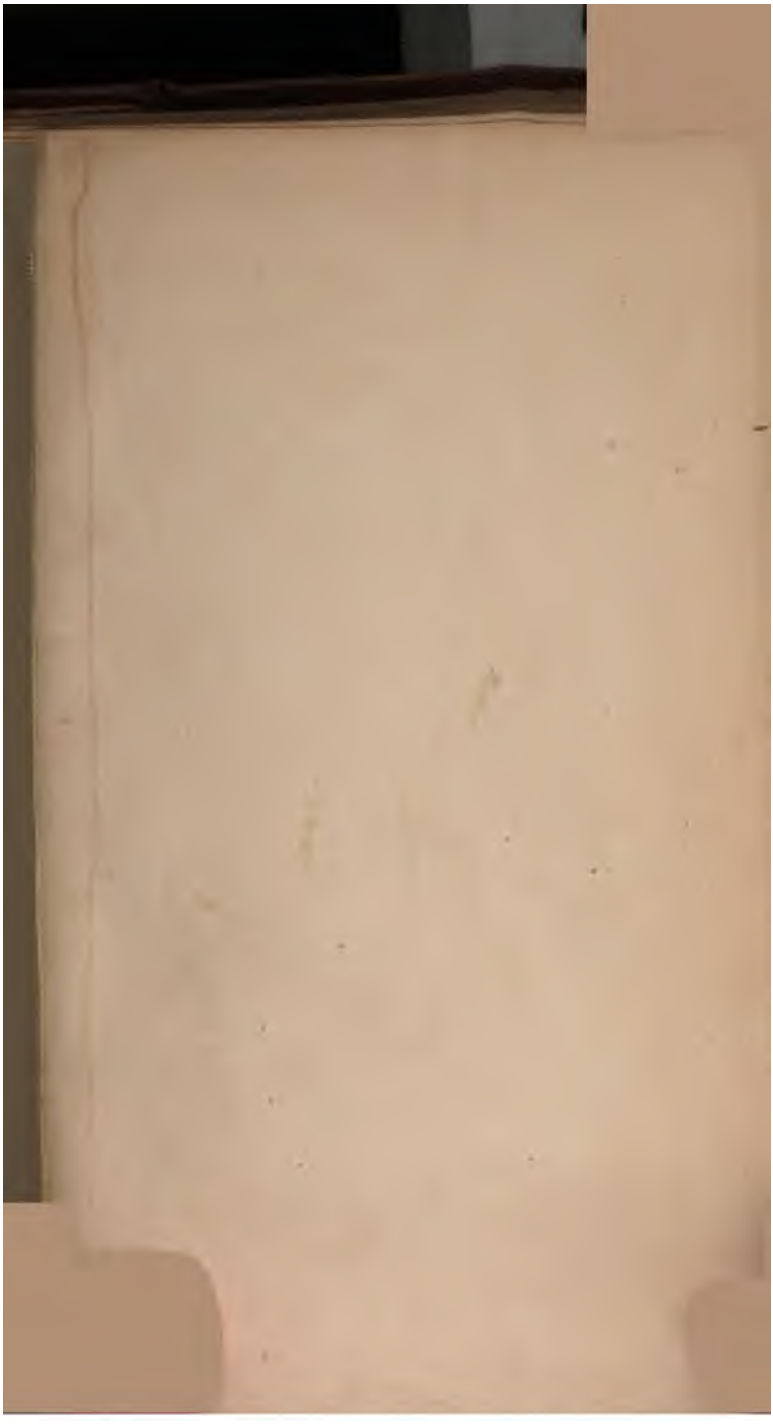
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GIFT OF

Miss. Edith R. Mirrielees







THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE.

THE

THREE ERAS

OF A

WOMAN'S LIFE:

CONTAINING

The Maiden, The Wife, and The Mother.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. W. BRADLEY, 48 N. FOURTH ST.
1860.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by

J. W. BRADLEY,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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THE MAIDEN.

CHAPTER I.

DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE.

"Anna, dear," said Mrs. Lee in a quiet tone to her eldest daughter, a young maiden over whose head the blossoms of only eighteen happy summers had fallen, "it is time you were beginning to dress for the party at Mrs. Leslie's."

Anna Lee sat sewing near a window, and was bending closer towards the light, as it was beginning gradually to withdraw before the shadows of an autumn evening. She let the work fall into her lap, and mused for a short time. Then turning her soft blue eyes upon her mother, she said,

"I believe I won't go this evening."

"Why not, Anna? You have made every preparation. What has caused you to change your mind?"

The maiden sat again silent for nearly a minute, evidently debating whether she should go out or not. Company had been invited at the house of an acquaintance, where she had fully intended to spend the evening.

"I don't think I ought to go," she replied, a little evasively.

"Why, dear?"

"I think I shall be happier at home, mother."

"But, we should not always consult our own feelings. Think whether your absence will not take from the pleasure of some of Mrs. Leslie's guests. Some of your young friends will miss you. I think I would go, Anna; if not for my own sake, for the sake of others."

"And may I not stay at home for the same reason?" said Anna, going quickly to the side of her mother, who sat in a large chair, her face pale and wearing an expression of languor. She drew her arm around her mother's neck as she spoke.

"You may, if such a reason can keep you at home," replied Mrs. Lee.

"I think it does require me to stay at home. You are not so well to-day, and I cannot bear to have you worried with giving the children their suppers and putting them to bed. John and Charley are rude to Margaret, and never will let her

do anything for them without a disturbance. Your head has ached dreadfully, and has only been easy for the last hour. If you should have to see after the children, the pain will come back, and then you will get no rest all night."

Mrs. Lee did not immediately reply. Her feelings were touched at the affectionate, self-sacrificing spirit of her child. But she could not bear the thought of having her forego the enjoyment of a social evening on her account.

"I think, Anna," she at length said, "that I am a great deal better, and that it will not hurt me in the least to see after the children. So don't think anything more about me, but go and get yourself ready at once."

Anna stood in an attitude and with an expression of irresolution upon her countenance.

"Go, dear," urged the mother, "I wish you to do so."

"I'll go and see after the children first."

And Anna passed with light steps from the room.

"Dear, good girl!" murmured the mother, sinking languidly back in her chair, as her daughter vanished from her sight.

Anna went to the dining room, where four children were romping and making a loud noise

—some singing at the top of their voices, and others pounding on the floor, and dragging about the chairs. Among them was a little girl named Mary, four years old, who was dancing and singing as loud as the rest. As Anna came in, she became quiet, drew up to her side and took fast hold of her hand.

"John," said Anna, speaking in a mild, yet firm voice to the eldest boy, who was hammering on the floor, "Mother is not well this evening. Your noise will make her head ache."

John looked up at his sister a moment, but did not heed her words. He continued to make as much noise as before.

"I've a beautiful story to tell you all," the elder sister now said.

This had the effect she desired. John threw down his hammer, Charley let go of the chair he was dragging around the room, and all of them gathered quietly around their sister, and looked up eagerly into her face.

Anna told them a touching little story about some children whose mother took sick and died, and left them to be taken care of by strangers, who were not kind to them as their own dear mother had been. Tears were in the eyes of two

of the children. But John, though interested, seemed but little affected by the narrative.

"Tell us another story, sister," said Mary.

"Yes, sister, do," urged the other children.

And Anna told them another story.

"Now another."

"I've told you two good stories. And now I must get you all your suppers"

"You're not going to get my supper," said John, in an ill-natured tone. "I shall eat with father and mother."

"And so shall I," responded Charley.

"Oh, no," mildly returned Anna. "Mother has been sick to-day; so you must all eat your suppers together, and go quietly to bed. Your noise disturbs her."

"To bed, indeed! Ho! ho! I'm not going to bed this two hours yet."

"O yes, John, you are If mother is sick, and wants you to go to bed early, I am sure you will go."

"I'm going to sit up. If mother is sick, my sitting up won't hurt her I've got all my lessons to learn."

"You can study them in the morning just as well, and a great deal better. So, John, be a good boy, and eat your supper with the other children."

"No I won't—so there now, Miss! And you need not say another word about it."

Anna sighed, as she turned away from her brother, whose natural disposition was showing its inherent evil tendencies so early, and began to prepare the children's supper. When it was ready, she lifted the two younger children, Jane and Mary, into their places, and then turning to Charley, she stooped over him and whispered something in his ear.

The boy instantly took his place at the table, with a smile upon his face. But John was not to be moved. He resolutely persisted in refusing to eat his supper then.

After Anna had helped all the little ones at the table, she went to where John was sitting in a chair, in a sulky mood, and taking a seat beside him, said, in a calm, mild voice,

"John, mother has not been well all day. She has suffered very much with head-ache, and is only now a little better. I want to go out this evening, but can't begin to get ready until I have given you all your suppers, and seen you to bed. Won't you then, for my sake, eat with the other children now, and then go to bed like a good boy?"

"No, I will not!" This was said very ill-naturedly.

"O yes, John, I am sure you will."

"But I tell you I won't. I'm not going off to bed just because you wish me to do so. Go, if you want to, but don't trouble yourself about me. I'll eat my supper when father comes home."

Anna was grieved, as she often before had been, at John's unkindness and self-will. And she even felt a rising emotion of anger; but this she quickly suppressed. Turning from him, she waited upon her brother and sisters who were at the table, and when they were done, took them up into their chamber, and laid them all snugly in their beds; not, however, before telling them several stories, and hearing them say in turn, a little prayer. Kissing each sweet face, she took the lamp, and descended to the dining-room. It was nearly an hour since she had left her mother in her own chamber. She found John still fixed in his resolution to sit up, as he was in the habit of doing. After one or two efforts to dissuade him from his purpose, she left him alone, and went into her mother's room. It was still an hour before Mr. Lee was expected home.

"Why, Anna, dear, why are you not getting ready to go to Mrs. Leslie's?"

"I've just got the children, all but John, off to

bed. He wants to sit up and eat with you and father."

"Well, let him. He can go to bed himself when he gets sleepy. So now make haste and put on your things."

Anna went out, and ascended to her own chamber. But she was little inclined to do as her mother had urged her. The effort she had made to induce John to do as she wished him, and his unkind return, had depressed her spirits, and caused her to feel disinclined to go into company. But this she conquered in a little while, and recollecting that she was to be called for at seven, she commenced making the necessary preparations. While engaged in laying out and arranging the clothes she intended wearing, loud and angry words were heard by her from the kitchen, between John and the cook. Descending quickly, in order to check the disturbance before it should reach the ears of her mother, she found that the perverse boy had been endeavouring to interfere with some of the cook's operations. That individual justly opposed him, and this produced a contention between them, the result of which was a blow over John's head with the tongs, well laid on, just at the moment of Anna's entrance. John was seizing the shovel, when his sister caught h.

arm. Feeling that he had been in the wrong, and checked by Anna's presence, he let the weapon fall; though not without an angrily uttered threat of what he would do to the cook.

Anna now decided that she would not go out. If her mother had been well, she would easily have managed John. But Anna knew, from the excited state of her nerves, that if she were compelled to leave her room to check such a scene, it would bring back upon her the dreadful headache and sick stomach from which she had all day been suffering.

"It will be wrong for me to leave her, and I will not do so!" she said to herself, resolutely.

The person who was to call for Anna, and accompany her to the party, was a young man named Herbert Gardiner. The fair young face and sweet temper of Anna Lee had won upon his feelings; and, in consequence, he had thrown himself into her company whenever he could do so. As for Anna, all unconfessed to herself, her heart had begun to feel an interest in the young man. The fact that he was to call for her was a strong inducement. But a sense of duty was a much stronger feeling, and she suffered it, as has been seen, to prevail.

Such a state of mind, so far in advance of most

young persons, was not a mere natural growth—was not the regular maturity of germs of good, hereditarily derived. It was the result of sound maternal precepts, and a most earnest care that the tender mind of her child, in its development, should be moulded into a right form. Early had Mrs. Lee taught her first-born the highest and best lesson a human being can learn—to imitate God in seeking to bless others. She had taught her to deny herself, and to study to do good in all the relations of life. It is true, that the mother had a sweet temper to mould; and a natural ground of good from which quickly sprung into existence the seed she scattered with a liberal hand. Still, Anna had her own trials—her own struggles against her natural evils, that would lift their deformed heads often and suddenly, causing her exquisite pain of mind. But such temptations, and the consequent disturbed state, were good for her. They made her humbly conscious, that in herself, she was weakness and evil, and that only by resisting evil daily and hourly, could she rise into true moral strength and beauty. And it was because she thus, in conscious weakness, strove against all that was not pure, and good, and innocent in herself, that she grew daily purer, better and more innocent.

After fully deciding in her own mind that it was her duty to remain at home with her mother, who was not in a state to see after any of the children, should they awake and cry, as was often the case, and need attention, she went into her chamber and said,

"I believe, mother, I will remain at home this evening. I shall not feel happy if I go out, and my unhappiness will arise from a consciousness of not having done right. Do not urge me, for I believe to go would be wrong."

"If you feel so, Anna, I will not say one word. Though I cannot but be grieved to think that you are deprived of the pleasure you would have had at Mrs. Leslie's."

"Not more than I shall gain at home, mother. Young as I am, I have many times proved the truth of what I have often heard you say — that the highest pleasure we ever have, is that inward peace which we all feel when we have denied ourselves some promised gratification for the sake of doing good to others."

The mother's eyes filled with tears as she turned them upon her daughter. She looked, but did not speak the pleasure she felt.

A domestic came in at the moment, and said that a gentleman had called for Anna.

"Mr. Gardiner, I suppose," Anna said, as she arose and left the room.

It was Mr. Gardiner, whom she found in the parlour.

"Good evening, Miss Lee!" he said, in a slightly disappointed tone, as Anna came in. "Are you not going to Mrs. Leslie's?"

"No," she replied, "I am sorry that you have been at the trouble to call for me. Mother has been quite unwell all day, and I do not think I ought to leave her."

"So you do not intend going?" This was spoken in a still more disappointed voice.

"No, I cannot go to-night. It would be wrong for me to leave my mother, and I try never to do anything that I clearly see to be wrong."

But this noble-minded declaration did not awaken in the breast of Gardiner a responsive admiration. He was disappointed, and he could not conceal the feeling.

After sitting for about ten minutes, the young man went away. The interview was not pleasant to either of them. To stay at home from a party just because her mother was not very well, he considered rather a stretch of filial duty; and she, perceiving the true character of his thoughts, shrunk from him instinctively.

From that time, Anna received his attentions with embarrassment. She did not reason much about it. She only felt repulsed. And that all this was right, will be seen in the next chapter.

Shortly after Gardiner left, Mr. Lee came home. Anna was still sitting in the parlour, in a musing attitude.

"Why, how is this, Anna? I thought you were going to Mrs. Leslie's to-night," he said with kind interest, sitting down by her side.

"And so I was. But you know mother has had a sick head-ache all day."

"Yes. How is she to-night?"

"She 's a great deal better."

"Then why couldn't you go?"

"Because the children are very apt to get fretful and troublesome, and sometimes won't let any one see them to bed but mother or me. So I thought it best to give them their suppers first, and get them quietly put away for the night. After that was done I began to fear that they might wake up, as is often the case, and require attention; and I knew if mother went to see to them, her headache would return. She needs quiet and rest. These will be everything to her. If I had gone out, and anything had occurred on account of my

You have done right, my dear,
kissing affectionately the fair cheek
"I am sorry that you have been d
enjoyment you would have had at
but it is all for the best. Even in t
of our life, as I have often before t
is a Providence."

"I believe it, father. Already i
to me, that it is for some good tha
prevented from going this evening."

"It doubtless is, my child," retu
"Good always springs from a denial
in order to benefit others. Ever thin
act thus—ar ministering angels wi
to you, and guard you from evil."

Mr. Lee's voice trembled slightly a

"But I must go up and see your
added, and turning from Anna, he
Mrs. Lee's chamber.

CHAPTER II.

GARDINER S TRUE CHARACTER EXHIBITED.

On the evening previous to that on which our story opens, three or four young men were seated around a table in a public house, upon which were glasses, decanters and cigars. They were engaged in playing cards, smoking and drinking. Among them was Herbert Gardiner.

After playing at whist for an hour, during which time several five dollar bills were lost and won, cards were thrown aside.

"Give us a song, Gardiner. You have been winner to-night, and must be in a singing humour," said one of the company.

"Let 's have another drink first," returned Gardiner.

Glasses were filled, and drained to the bottom.

"Now for the song."

It was given in quite a spirited style, but we cannot repeat it here. It would be a blot upon our pages

Bravos followed the song, and another was called for.

Gardiner sang again without hesitation. But, as before, his song was grossly indelicate.

"How would you like a certain young lady to hear you sing that?" asked one of the party, looking into the face of Gardiner with a mischievous smile.

"What young lady do you mean?"

"That very modest looking one, by whose side you kept so close at Mrs. Farnham's last week."

"I don't take."

"You don't?"

"No."

"You're dull."

"Not I. Speak out plain."

"Miss Lee."

"Oh dear!" And Gardiner tossed his head half contemptuously.

"Why I thought you were in love with the girl?" remarked one of the company.

"Indeed! Did you suspect me of such a weakness? Really! I feel complimented."

There was something in the face of Gardiner that belied his words. His companions noticed this, and rallied him more strongly.

"He's over head and ears in love with her'

Ha! ha! See his face! He blushes, absolutely Gardiner blush! That is a phenomenon!"

"Not quite," returned the rallied individual, regaining the self-possession he had momentarily lost. "I believe that is a folly of which I have never yet been guilty. But come, gentlemen, let us be serious about this matter. You charge me with being in love with a certain Miss Lee. Now for the proofs?"

"You pay particular attention to her."

"Granted! But what does that prove? I pay particular attention to some dozen others. You must bring forward something more conclusive."

"You were by her side nearly all the evening, at Mrs. Farnham's."

"Because she seemed so pleased with my conversation that I couldn't find it in my heart to break away from her."

"Oh dear!"

"A fact."

"Then the girl 's in love with you."

"That 's another matter altogether." And the young man lifted his hands and eyebrows in mock surprise. "I 'm sorry for her. But it is a weakness peculiar to her sex."

"Aint you flattered?"

"Exceedingly."

"She 's a right nice little girl, Gardiner. I'd advise you follow up the impression you have made."

"I believe I will."

"Do."

"I will."

"Ha! ha! That 's right. Hurrah for Gardiner!—Let 's drink to his success."

"Fill the glasses."

"Here 's to Anna Lee!"

"Aye, aye."

"Now for Herbert Gardiner."

The glasses were again drained.

"And now for the safe termination of the proposed courtship."

"No, no."

"What then?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner. A-hem!"

"Oh! aye! that 's it. Fill up the glasses."

Very soon the whole party were, what is vulgarly called—"pretty well in for it." More songs were demanded and sung. They were scandalously obscene.

An hour longer was spent by these foolish young men in drinking, singing songs, and telling vulgar stories, when they separated.

Let the reader think of Anna Lee as she really

was, a pure minded maiden—one whose imagination had never been shocked with the picture of a scene similar to that which we have just described—one whose heart would have shrunk away and trembled could she have witnessed such a scene,—and then think of Herbert Gardiner as a lover; for such, he in reality began to consider himself. And it cannot be denied, that he had made some impression upon her feelings—that she felt more than an ordinary satisfaction when he was by her side. Does any one feel pleasure at the thought of Anna Lee marrying Herbert Gardiner? Does any one believe that he could make her happy? Her mind essentially pure—his mind essentially impure. She finding her highest delight in doing good to others—he in gratifying himself. She looking upward towards the fountain of light and love—he downward toward things sensual and corporeal. Her spirits in the rising scale—his in that which is descending. Shall they join hands, and go side by side on life's journey together? God forbid!

Gardiner had seen Anna a few evenings previous to the one on which the reader has seen him with his gay companions, and had then promised to call for her, and go with her to Mrs. Leslie's.

He did call, as has been seen, and went away, feeling disappointed and half angry with Anna.

"Too bad!" he could not help saying half aloud, as he turned from Mr. Lee's door. "The silly girl! To let such a trifling matter keep her at home. I don't believe she cares a fig for me, or she would have gone to the party, after I called for her, if the old Harry himself had stood in her way."

"I don't see your flame here," whispered one of Gardiner's companions to the young man, coming to his side soon after he had made his appearance at Mrs. Leslie's.

"No. Devil take the luck! She wouldn't come!"

"Why not?"

"Her mamma's sick."

"You don't tell me so."

"It's a fact."

"And she stays away on that account."

"So she says."

"Do you believe her?"

"Yes. I suppose she gave the true reason."

"Not a word of it. She meant to cut you?"

"Cut me?" in surprise. "Anna Lee cut *me*! You must be joking!"

"No. These girls are queer creatures, sometimes."

"Humph! I'm not afraid. She's to be wooed and won right easily."

"You think so? Well, success to your suit. She is one of the sweetest girls I have ever met. She has not her equal here for beauty, grace, and sweetness of manner."

"You are right. And more than this, she has intelligence of no ordinary kind. Although she has never mingled in the best society, and is still quite young, she is fit to grace any circle. I don't know her equal. But, confound it all! she is not here, and I don't care a fig for any one in the room. I shall make myself scarce before an hour passes."

He was as good as his word. An hour had not expired before Gardiner was missed from the gay circle, in Mrs. Leslie's drawing-room.

This young man was the son of a retired merchant, who had gained in trade a very large property. Herbert, his only child, had received all the advantages of education that wealth can give; although, it cannot be said that he had improved those advantages in any remarkable degree. He was bright enough, as regards intellect; but a high

motive for study was wanting. His father's wealth and social standing, left him but little to strive for.

Old Mr. Gardiner had started in life without friends or capital, and had, by honest industry and steady perseverance, worked his way up, until he stood side by side with the most successful. He had a just estimate of the virtues by which he had risen in society, and often strove to impress his son with a deep regard for them. But his precepts did not take very deep root in the ground of the young man's mind.

As soon as he came home from college, he was placed in a mercantile house. He did not, however, take much interest in the business, although more to meet the requirements of his father than anything else, he attended to his duty sedulously enough to prevent his employers from becoming so much dissatisfied with him as to dismiss him. After he became of age, his father proposed that he should go into business with some one who had less capital, but a more thorough knowledge of trade than he possessed. Such a person was not hard to find. A young man, whose only capital was business capacity, honesty, and energy of character, soon presented himself. With him a copartnership was formed, and a capital of thirty

thousand dollars was placed in the hands of the new firm.

Satisfied with the part he had done, or, the part that had been done for him, viz., furnishing capital—Gardiner did not see that there were very strong claims on him for personal application. He attended at the store daily, and took a certain part in the general operations that were going on, but did not burden his mind with any details, nor trouble himself with any care as to the ultimate result of their operations. He had confidence in his partner, who, glad to get capital to work with, prosecuted the business with vigour and success, for mutual benefit. As for Gardiner, he took his pleasure in his own way. His companions, as has been seen, were not of the safest kind, nor his own moral character likely to be elevated by an association with them.

He was about twenty-three years of age when he saw Anna Lee, and became charmed with her beauty. He first met her upon the street. For more than a month he was at a loss to find out who she was, and this very mystery in regard to her, only inflamed the passion with which her sweet face had inspired him. At length he met her in company, and obtained an introduction. His marked attentions, and the evident pleasure

he felt in her society, did not escape the notice of Anna, nor fail to make an impression upon her. And more than this, she was not insensible to the fact, that he moved in a higher circle than any to which her position in society would admit her. He was the son of a retired merchant of great wealth; she the daughter of a man in moderate circumstances, who had to struggle hard to support and educate a large family. It was not long before the thought of Herbert would quicken her pulse, and the sight of him make the blood warmer on her cheek.

The reader can readily perceive, that in deciding not to go to Mrs. Leslie's party, Anna had exercised no ordinary degree of self-denial. Some may think, with her admirer, that her reasons for staying at home were hardly strong enough. But we are sure that most of our readers will approve her conduct.

CHAPTER III.

THE BEAUTY AND POWER OF GOODNESS

Anna remained sitting in a slightly pensive mood, in the parlor below, after her father left her. The manner of Gardiner had disturbed her feelings. It opened up to her eyes a new view of his character. It presented him to her from a new point of vision. She had denied herself a desired pleasure for the sake of a sick parent, and he had not approved the act—nay, had clearly disapproved it.

"Have I done right or wrong?" she asked herself.

Then reviewing her conduct, and weighing all the reasons that had decided her course of action, she murmured, "Right," and rose to her feet. The tea bell rang at the moment, and she ascended to the dining-room, to meet her father and mother, with a cheerful, happy face.

"I 'll pour out the tea," she said, as her mother came in, leaning upon her father's arm. "You take my place."

"No, dear. I can wait on the table well enough," returned Mrs. Lee.

"But I can do it better. So sit down in my place."

"Yes, dear, you had better," said Mr. Lee. "Even the slight exertion of pouring out the tea may disturb your nervous system too much, and bring back that dreadful pain in your head. Let Anna wait on the table, this evening."

Mrs. Lee objected no farther, and Anna did the honours of the table.

John was very quiet, and had a thoughtful look. The fact was, remembering that Anna had urged him to eat his supper and go to bed when the other children did, because she wished to go out, and seeing that, although called for, she had yet remained at home, he felt that he had been unkind to one who was always kind to him, and who, on account of his perverseness and ill-nature, had been deprived of an expected enjoyment. Had Anna permitted herself to get angry with John, and been led to speak to him from that state, he would have remained indifferent. But the gentle forbearance and self-denial of his elder sister touched the boy, and awakened his better feelings. After tea he called her aside, and told her he wanted to go to bed, and that he was sorry he had

not done as she wished him to do before. She forgave him with a kiss, when the boy threw his arms around her neck and burst into tears.

"You are so good, and I am so bad," he sobbed. "O sister, I wish I could be as good as you are."

With kind words Anna soothed her brother's mind, and urged him, in future, to try and love all around him, and to be obedient to the wishes of those who sought to do him good. He promised never to disregard what she should say to him, and to strive and conquer his bad temper.

She kissed the penitent boy again, and he went with subdued feelings, but strong resolutions to do right in future, up to his chamber.

"What a dear good girl our Anna is," said Mr Lee, after Anna, on leaving the tea-table, had been drawn out of the room by John.

"She is a blessing to our house," returned Mrs. Lee, earnestly. "What should I do without her? For my sake, she has denied herself the pleasure of going to Mrs. Leslie's to-night, although she had made every preparation, and had promised herself, I know, much enjoyment. I urged her not to think of me; but she was firm, and presented her reasons in such a way, that I could not strongly oppose her."

"She has acted from a sense of right, and I am glad that she has done so."

"I cannot but say the same, although my feelings have plead strongly for her; and I have felt sad to think that my indisposition was the cause of her disappointment."

"To me," returned the husband and father, "this little incident, trifling as it may seem, has given a deeper satisfaction than anything that has occurred for a long time. I see in it the true safeguard for our child, in this the most danger-fraught period of her whole life. She is beautiful, innocent, accomplished. To know her is but to love her. Already we find that many young men are beginning to seek her acquaintance. That in company she is courted, and her hand sought in the dance by those who have strong powers to captivate a maiden's heart. If a love of doing right — if a spirit of self-denial for the good of others — be the principles that rule in her life, they will be as a panoply of defence for her in the dangerous paths through which she will have to walk. We cannot keep our child out of the way of temptation. We can only give her true principles to sustain her in them."

"Yes, yes," returned the mother, in a half musing tone, replying only to a portion of her hus-

band's remarks—"she is already awaking in the minds of those with whom she associates, something deeper than a passing regard. One young man, I have noticed of late, who is more than others attentive to her. He called, by appointment, to go with her to the party to-night."

"Who is it?"

"Young Gardiner."

"Indeed!" This was said with apparent pleasure. "I saw him dance with her through two sets at Mrs. Farnham's, and chat with her afterwards a good deal; but I supposed him nothing more than a dancing acquaintance. And he really called here?"

"Yes."

"Herbert Gardiner belongs to one of the best families in the city."

"Yes, and his father is said to be a man of immense wealth."

The father and mother ventured no more. The fact that young Gardiner seemed inclined to be pleased with their daughter, gratified them both more than they were willing to express to each other.

When Anna re-entered the room, and their eyes rested upon her face, it was with warmer affections, mingled with something of pride.

CHAPTER IV.

MAIDEN DELICACY AND ITS OPPOSITE CONTRASTED.

"What in the world kept you away from Mrs. Leslie's?" said a young friend and companion, about her own age, who called in to see Anna Lee on the next day. Her name was Florence Armitage. "We had a most delightful time. Everybody was asking for you, and everybody was disappointed at your absence. I was afraid you were sick, and have called in to see. What *did* keep away?"

"Mother was not well, and I did not think it right to go out and leave her."

"Was she very ill?"

"She had one of her violent attacks of head ache, and was in bed nearly all day."

"I'm sorry. But did that keep you at home?"

"Yes. The children were to look after, and, I knew if I were out of the way, and mother not able to attend to them, that there would be trouble. Something, I was afraid, might occur to disturb

her mind, and bring back the head-ache; and then she would have been sick all night. I would rather have missed a dozen parties, than that should have happened."

Florence did not seem altogether satisfied that the mere fact of her mother's not being well, was a sufficient reason why Anna should forego the pleasures of company. But she did not say this. She only remained silent for a moment or two, and then began to speak of the delightful time they had had.

"I don't know when I have spent a more pleasant evening," she said. "We missed you very much. And that isn't all. Your absence deprived us of the company of another, whose presence all would have welcomed. Or, at least, it was the opinion of some of us that such was the case."

"Of whom do you speak?" asked Anna.

"Of a certain young man."

The eyes of Anna fell to the floor for an instant. Then raising them to the face of her friend, she said,

"Speak out, Florence. Who do you mean? I know of no one who was absent on my account."

"O, yes you do."

"No, Florence."

"Mr. Gardiner was not there." And as Flo-

rence said this she looked at Anna with an arch smile.

The latter could not prevent a soft blush from stealing over her face, and her eyes were again cast upon the floor. Lifting them, however, after a thoughtful pause, she said to her friend in a serious voice,

"Florence, are you sure Mr. Gardiner was not there?"

"He came, it is true; but only staid a little while. It was almost as good as if he hadn't been here at all."

"But you ought not to say that my absence kept him away."

"No. Only that your absence caused him to go away." This was laughingly said.

"You have no right to draw such an inference, Florence. I would much rather it should not be done. I am yet too young to have my name associated with that of any young man."

"What harm can it do, Anna? I am sure you needn't be ashamed to have your name mentioned with that of Herbert Gardiner. *I* certainly should not. I only wish he would take a fancy to me. Mother would have to have something more than a sick head-ache to cause me to decline going to

a party with him. Such a prize don't go a begging every day."

"Why do you call him a prize?"

"Why?" And Florence looked really surprized at the question. "Why? Isn't he rich? Isn't he one of the most elegant and agreeable young men you have ever seen? I don't think you can point out his equal. Try now, and see if you can?"

"As to that, my acquaintance with young men is not very extensive. I am not prepared to make any comparisons. As I before said, I am yet too young to suffer my mind to become interested in these matters."

"How old are you, pray? Perhaps I have mistaken your age. Are you fifteen yet?" This was said laughingly.

"I believe I am about eighteen."

"It isn't possible! And too young to make comparisons between young men, or have a lover Why, I'm not quite your age, and I have had two or three lovers. It's delightful!"

Anna shook her head.

"I know you like young Gardiner," continued the friend. "You can't help it. And all I blame you for, is that you did'nt go to Mrs. Leslie's with him, through thick and thin."

...y a sick head-ache.
gone well enough."

"Not with a clear conscience without that, I could not have b where. External circumstances the scale of happiness, if all be n I can say from my heart, that I far more at home than I could pos at Mrs. Leslie's, no matter who v there."

"You don't deny, then, that y Gardiner?"

"I said nothing in regard to him. I deny or affirm on the subject? anything about him. I have only s times in company; and I would be indeed, either to think or wish mys a man who is almost a total stranger

"He is no stranger. Doesn't ev city know his family and standing?

"But what ..."

whose attentions are received?—Who is admitted, as your intimate, in the character of a lover?"

"Certainly. But, then, it is easy enough for any one to see, at a glance, what a young man is. I can do so. There is young Hartley, who tries to be so gracious with me. It is no hard matter to see what he is."

"How do you estimate him?"

"As a very narrow-minded person. I don't like him at all."

"Why?"

"I have just said. Because he is narrow minded."

"That is, you think so. Now, I differ in opinion, judging from the few opportunities I have had of observing him. I should call him a young man of strong good sense; and one who could never stoop to a mean action."

"You don't know him as well as I do."

"Perhaps not. As before intimated, I do not think much about the characters of young men."

"It seems you have thought about Hartley's character."

"My opinion of him is only one of those first impressions which are usually received by us all. I have met him some three or four times, and in every conversation I have had with him, I have

been pleased to remark a strong regard for truth and honour, and a generous feeling towards every one, except those who deliberately do wrong."

"But he is mean, I am sure."

"How?"

"Narrow minded, as I have said. Penurious, if you please."

"As to the latter, I have no means of judging. How do you know it?"

Florence thought a moment, and then said—

"I will tell you. Fanny Ellsler, you remember, was here three or four weeks ago. A few of us girls were dying to see her, and we hatched up a plot among ourselves, that we would make some of our gentlemen acquaintances take us to the theatre."

"Why Florence!" ejaculated Anna, in grave astonishment.

"To be sure we did! You need not look moon struck about it. Where is the harm, I wonder? Well! I talked at Hartley until I was downright ashamed of myself, but the mean fellow wouldn't take. Sarah Miller had no trouble at all with Mr. Granger. She had only to turn the conversation upon Ellsler, and then express a strong desire to see her, to be invited at once. Harriet Jones did the same with young Erskine, and all was settled

to her heart's content. But I tried my best, and Hartley would not understand me."

"What did he say?" asked Anna, curious to learn how the young man had received such a strange application—for such it really was.

"Oh!" tossing her head, "he affected to disapprove of the attendance of young ladies at the theatre—at least while these public dancers were exhibiting themselves."

"My father thinks as he does."

"As to that, so does mine. But I don't agree with him in all his opinions. He's like a great many other old people; old-fashioned in his notions, and full of prejudice against modern improvements."

"But, would you have gone to see Fanny Ellsler dance against your father's wishes?"

"Would I? Certainly I would—and did."

"Florence!"

"Certainly. If I were to do only as he thought and said, I would have to give up all pleasure. Hartley wouldn't take me, and so I tried Mr. Archer; who did not need a second hint."

"Not William Archer!"

"Yes."

"Did you really go to the theatre with William Archer?"

"I did."

"My dear friend," said Anna Lee, with a look of deep regret, laying her hand upon the arm of her young and thoughtless companion, "how could you be so unguarded?—how could you be so imprudent? I need not tell you that his character is very bad."

"With that, you know, I had nothing to do. I merely went to see Fanny Ellsler with him, and was much obliged to him for taking me. His character, good or bad, can have no effect upon me."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; very sure. What effect could it have?"

"Apart from the friendly feelings you may have entertained for a bad man, which are always more or less injurious to an innocent-minded woman, you have placed yourself in a position that may cause you to be lightly spoken about by those who do not know you. Whenever a woman appears at any place of public amusement with a man of notoriously bad character, she becomes, in a degree, tainted. Light things are said about her, and she no longer holds that position in the minds of truly virtuous persons that she did before."

"You speak from the book. How do you know all this?"

I have heard my mother say as much, and in her judgment I have great confidence. Besides, it is a truth that must be apparent on the least reflection."

"Oh, as to that, I have heard my mother say such things a hundred times over. But I let them go in at one ear and out at the other. These old people think it necessary to give line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a good deal, to us young things, as if we had no more sense than little children, and were blind as bats."

"I think you are wrong to talk so. I am very careful never to do anything against my mother's opinion of right."

"Does your mother approve of the theatre?"

"Not in its present state."

"Have you never been there?"

"O yes. Several times."

"Indeed! And against your father and mother's opinion as to its being a proper place for young ladies?"

"No—for I was not made fully acquainted with their views on the subject, until after I had been for a few times."

"Who went with you?"

"My father and mother."

Florence lifted her hands in astonishment.

"Your father and mother take you to the theatre! Goodness! Mine would as soon take me to my grave."

"Are they not aware of the fact that you went to see Fanny Ellsler?"

"They? No indeed! And I wouldn't have them find it out for the world. It would almost kill them. They would think I was ruined completely."

"Such being the case, Florence, I cannot but say, that I think you have done a double wrong—first, in deceiving your excellent father and mother; and next, in going to the theatre with a man whom every pure-minded woman should shun with horror."

"In that we may differ in opinion. But, there is one thing that I do not exactly understand," replied Florence Armitage; "and that is, how your father and mother could take you to the theatre when they disapprove of theatrical representations."

"No—don't misunderstand them. They do not disapprove of scenic representations in the abstract, but of theatres as now conducted. If the stage, I have heard my father say, were only made an accessory to virtue, it would be all-powerful

for good, because principles are seen and felt more clearly and distinctly when in ultimates; that is when brought out into their lowest and fullest plane of activity, or, in other words, personified."

"But still I do not understand how your father could take you to the theatre as it is, when he disapproves of it."

"I can explain that. He knew that I must hear the stage alluded to—he knew then my imagination must be excited by glowing representations of its attractions, and he feared that, possibly, I might be tempted to do as you have done."

"How?"

"Go without a parent's knowledge."

"Well, never mind that. Go on."

"He, therefore, determined to go with me himself, to guard me from evil. To go with me himself, and point out the perversions of the drama so clearly that I might see them myself, and from a rational conviction shun their false allurements."

"And did he succeed? Could you see the evil he was so anxious to point out?"

"Clearly. It was as plain to my eyes as a dark spot in the beautiful azure of heaven."

"Indeed! I must have been blind then; for I could never see it."

"And my vision might have been obscured, had not there been one by my side to take the mist from my eyes."

"What great evil did you discover?"

"I saw that vice and crime are too often made attractive, instead of being condemned. Let me give an instance. On one occasion my father took me to see the opera of Fra Diavalo."

"Were you not delighted?"

"I was very much pleased. The music of the piece was exquisite. Some of the choruses have haunted me ever since."

"And were you not struck with the bold bearing, the nobility, if I may so speak, of Fra Diavalo himself?"

"I must confess that my sympathies were too much with him; and that, when he was circumvented and killed at last, I was disappointed. On returning home, my father said—'How were you pleased Anna?'

"'Oh, I was delighted,' I replied.

"'Do you think that representation, aided by such noble music, calculated to inspire any heart with a love of virtue?'

"This was putting a new face upon the matter Such a thought had not once occurred to me.

"'The brigand's song was *encored*. Were you pleased to hear it again?'

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'Did your mind revolt at the sentiments?'

"'No,' I answered.

"'Why?' he continued.

"'It was the music, I suppose, that made even cruel words, and a boast of evil deeds, pleasant.'

"'Yes, that was it, aided by the external attractions of beautiful scenery, and a gay company, apparently filled with delight at the brigand's rehearsal of his valiant achievements.'

"'Do you think it good to feel such pleasure at witnessing the representation of evil?' asked my father.

"I could not but answer 'No.'

"'Suppose,' he continued, 'that the spirited air just alluded to, had been sung to true and elevating sentiments—to a national song, for instance, inspiring the heart with a love of country—would not every one who heard it, and in whose memory it fixed itself as a familiar friend, feel a deeper love of his country than he had ever known before? Extend it farther. You doubtless felt an emotion of pain, when the brigand lost his life. That is, you regretted to see a robber and murderer receive the just reward of his deeds; for all

the charms of music, scenery, and inspiring circumstances, had led your mind away into an overmastering sympathy with a bold brigand. How much better, had the hero of the opera been a true nobleman of nature; one who sought the good of his fellows; one who could perform deeds of daring—could be bold, and brave, and noble in the cause of virtue. No harm, but great good would result from such representations. The stage would be the hand-maid of morality and religion, if pledged to virtue, as it now, alas seems pledged to vice. You understand, now, my child, I hope, why I think it is not good for young persons to visit the theatre, as it now is?"

"I could not but approve all my father had said. His remarks opened up to my mind a new view. He had given me a standard by which to estimate the stage, and I could now determine its quality for myself. And I do determine, and pronounce its tendency to be downward, and its effects injurious to young minds."

"Really! you meet the whole matter in the broadest manner. Then you think there is no good whatever in the stage as it now is?"

"If there were no good at all—if all were evil, in scenic representations, as they are now conducted—my father says, and it seems reasonable.

that they would no longer be permitted to exist in the order of Providence. There cannot be such a thing, he says, as mere gratuitous evil; that is, evil which is not permitted, in order to elevate some from lower degrees of depravity, or to prevent their sinking into deeper moral obscurity. In all the representations of real life that we see upon the stage, we find something that is good—something that impresses the mind with the beauty of truth and virtue—something that makes us think of God as a Divine guide and protector. Take, for instance, in the opera just alluded to, that portion of the chamber scene in which Zerlina murmurs a prayer in her sleep, and the hand of the assassin, already raised to strike her innocent heart, is stayed, and the wretch shrinks away in trembling consciousness that He to whom that prayer was sweetly breathed, even in sleep, was present. That was good. It was a boldly redeeming point, and could not fail to make a due impression on every mind. Have you seen Fra Diavalo?"

"O yes."

"You remember the scene?"

"Yes. It was more distinctly impressed upon my mind than any other."

"How were you affected by it?"

"Not pleasantly."

"Why?"

"It caused me to recollect, too distinctly, that I was at that very moment acting directly in opposition to the wishes of my father and mother; that I could not now pray, as I had once prayed in earlier years, that God would watch over me while in sleep."

"You can now understand, I am sure, what I mean by the balance of good yet to be found in the stage."

"Yes, Anna, I do," Florence said, after a silence of nearly a minute. She spoke in a voice that was slightly touched with sadness. "And from my heart, I wish that my parents had laid aside a portion of their prejudice, and taken me to the theatre, as yours did you, and then as carefully lifted my mind up and enabled me to see the good and evil so intimately blended, as they doubtless are. You have been often, you say?"

"Yes; that is, a half a dozen times, perhaps."

"Did you see Ellsler?"

"No."

"I think you would have been delighted with her dancing. It was, truly, the poetry of motion."

"I did not wish to see her."

"Why?"

"I have witnessed stage dancing."

"Who did you see?"

"Celeste."

"Ah! I wanted to see her badly; but no one invited me to go. How did you like her?"

"There was a charming grace and ease in all her motions; and some of her pantomimic performances were admirable. But my cheek burned the whole time. Could a modest woman expose her person as she did? No! nor could a truly modest woman look upon such an exposure without a feeling of deep shame and humiliation."

"But crowds of the most respectable women went to see her, night after night. She could not have exposed her person more than Fanny Ellsler did; and yet I saw present, Mrs. L——, and Miss T——, and Mrs. S——, and dozens of virtuous women, and no cheek was covered with blushes of shame. Indeed, every one was charmed with the creature's airy and sylph-like motions. No one thought of the exposure you allude to."

"Didn't you think of it?"

"Yes; perhaps I did."

"And so did others. Would you be willing to expose yourself, as she did, in a drawing-room filled with gentlemen and ladies?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I shouldn't be willing to exhibit myself under any circumstances."

"Suppose your friend Mary Gaston were to dress herself in short clothes, and flourish about in a company of men and women, after the fashion of Fanny Elssler, would you approve of it? Wouldn't you blush with shame?"

"I think I should."

"Is the fact of the exposure any different because it is made under the different circumstances now presented? I think you will not say so. Dwelling upon it, the way in which stage dancing is now conducted, is but a tribute to an impure and perverted taste, and no woman, in my opinion, can look upon it with pleasure, without parting with a portion of woman's purest and most holy feelings."

"If you were to say so to some persons that I know, you would offend them," Florence said, in a more subdued tone than any in which she had yet spoken.

"I could not help that. I believe all I say, from my heart."

CHAPTER V.

A DANGEROUS CHARACTER.

Herbert Gardiner, notwithstanding the light manner in which he had permitted himself to speak of Anna Lee, among his convivial friends, felt strongly attracted towards her. As has been seen, he could not hide the disappointment he felt at her refusal to go to Mrs Leslie's party. He believed the reason she gave to be the true one, but considered it altogether insufficient.

"If she cared as much about my company as I do about hers," he said to himself, as he walked in half ill-humour away, "she would have gone if all the family had been sick. What do I care for this party if she is away? Not that!"

And he snapped his fingers disdainfully.

"But I shall have to go, I suppose, for the mere sake of appearances; though I shall soon make myself scarce. Confound the girl's mother! What business had she to get sick just at this moment?"

With such thoughts, the young man slowly

pursued his way towards Mrs. Leslie's dwelling. Mrs. Leslie was a widow lady, with one son and a daughter, who occupied a kind of middle ground between the highest and second class. Her husband, who had been dead some years, belonged to one of the best families in the state. From causes not necessary to mention here, he lost a large portion of his property; and when he died, left his family only in moderate circumstances, although by no means poor. Compelled to give up to a great extent, the style in which she had lived, Mrs. Leslie yet retained all of her former associations. Gardiner was intimate with her son; and, therefore, often visited in the family.

Mr. Lee had lived neighbour for some time to Mrs. Leslie, and owing to this circumstance, his wife and daughter became acquaintances of the latter. Pleased with Anna's beauty, intelligence, and charming manners, Mrs. Leslie introduced her into company at her house, and this brought her into a different circle from the one she had been used to moving in. Here she first met Florence Armitage, with whose opinions and conduct the reader has already been made acquainted; and here she also first met Herbert Gardiner, who had been struck with her appearance on the street. The father of Miss Armitage was in better circum-

dances than Mr. Lee, although his position in society was no higher. Gardiner's station has already been mentioned.

Mrs. Leslie was one of that dangerous class of persons known as match-makers. She had made some efforts to bring about an arrangement between Gardiner and her own daughter; but that was set at rest by the announcement of Emma Leslie, that she had already engaged herself to an individual, to whom the mother did not feel inclined to make any serious objection. Having, therefore, no views of her own in regard to the young man, she, very naturally, following the bent of her inclinations, looked about to see who would suit him. The evident impression made upon his mind on meeting Anna Lee, determined her course of action. The young man was half in love, she saw, and also perceived that Anna was not displeased with his attentions.

"The very thing," murmured Mrs. Leslie, with an inward glow of delight. "They will make a charming couple. She is worthy of just such a match, and it shall be made for her."

What Mrs. Leslie considered a "good match," regarded external circumstances alone. Of the moral fitness of a young man and a young woman for becoming married partners, she never thought

for a moment. It was beyond the circle of her ideas. To Gardiner, she said, as soon as she could get his ear after his first meeting with Anna,

"She 's just the one for you, Herbert."

"Do you think so?" returned the young man, smiling.

"Yes; and I am really in earnest. I wonder I never thought of her for you before."

"It is strange, certainly. How much obliged I am to my friend Mrs. Leslie for being so thoughtful for me. And you really think this young lady just the thing?"

"I do, seriously."

"She is certainly a sweet girl."

"You might say so, if you knew her as well as do. Her mind is as sweet as her face."

"How long have you known her?"

"For some months."

"Tell me who she is, precisely?"

"The daughter of John Lee, President of —— Insurance Company."

"Ah! I know him well enough; and a very clever man he is. But then, Mrs. Leslie, I can't make love to the daughter of the President of an Insurance Company. My old people would never hear to it."

"Tut, my boy! If you can really love her,

pick her out and elevate her to your own station. My word for it she will grace any position. As to your father and mother, any mere objection arising from pride or prejudice will soon give way; and then they will thank you for choosing one whom they cannot but love."

"There is something in that; but I must see her a few times more. I have often met her in the street, and been struck with her appearance; in fact, I have been trying for the last three months to find out who she was."

"Ah, indeed! I am glad of that. Depend upon it, you were cut out for each other."

In this way, Mrs. Leslie managed to fan into a flame the prepossessions which Gardiner had felt in favour of Miss Lee. To Anna, she broached the matter with more caution; for she understood her character very well. At first the maiden seemed to shrink in displeasure from anything like a connexion of her name with that of the young man. But Mrs. Leslie soon saw that what she had said, was working its way into her heart.

When next Anna met Gardiner, her eyes drooped beneath his earnest gaze. Mrs. Leslie saw this, and her lips closed in a quiet smile of self-satisfaction.

"That matter is certain," she said to herself, with exultation.

In all this, the mistaken woman imagined herself actuated by the best of motives. She was sure that Anna was worthy the hand of Gardiner; and she believed that, as the bride of one in his station, she could not but be happy. She knew nothing about the real moral qualities of the young man; indeed she never once thought about them. All was right, in that respect, of course.

"Where is Miss Lee?" she asked of Gardiner, on the night of the party at her house, which had been given for the purpose of bringing certain young persons together, and giving them a chance. "I thought you were to have called for her?"

"And so I did. But she wouldn't come." The young man spoke as if a good deal disturbed

"Wouldn't come? From what reason?"

"She made an excuse that her mother was sick."

"The exact truth, if Anna said so."

"No doubt she was a little indisposed. But I don't believe she was so sick but that Anna could have left her easily enough. In fact, I know this to be the case, from the very manner in which she spoke of her mother's indisposition."

"You come to conclusions too hastily, my

young friend," returned Mrs. Leslie. "If Anna told you that she could not go out on account of her mother's indisposition, she told you only the truth. That was her reason, and none other; depend upon it. I know her well; and know, that if she had not wanted to come, she would have told you so, without the slightest hesitation Anna Lee has a noble love of truth."

"Perhaps so," and Gardiner moved his head incredulously.

"I know that she has, Herbert. And you must believe me in this."

"If I can."

"You are a weak and foolish young man. Faint heart never won fair lady. If you give up so easily, you are not worthy the hand of so sweet a girl as Anna Lee, who has not her equal in this city. I must find some one else to carry off the prize."

"As you please," coolly replied Gardiner.

"Very well. I shall not long have her upon my hands. There is a quiet-looking young man whom you have sometimes seen at my house, named Hartley. He took a fancy to Florence Armitage, some time ago, but it did not last long. He gradually moved himself off from her. Why, I have never learned, though I sounded him more

than once on the subject. Well, this young man has had his eye upon Anna ever since his coldness towards Florence commenced. So far, he has contented himself with observing her, so to speak, from a distance. But I can see his eye begin to brighten up, now, at her name; and he has already asked me several questions about her."

"Hartley? Who is he?"

"Don't you remember to have met him?"

"No."

"Let me see if he is here. Yes, there he sits near the window, talking to Caroline Etheridge."

"Not that smoothed-faced genius?"

"He hasn't your wealth of whiskers, certainly."

"He beginning to think of Anna Lee! Ha! ha!"

"It is true, upon my word."

Gardiner gave his head an indifferent toss, saying, as he did so, —

"If *he* can win her, let him wear her."

"A woman's heart, Herbert," replied Mrs. Leslie, "is a strange substance. It takes impressions easily, but when they are once made, it is impossible to efface them. I should be sorry indeed that any hand should first impress the heart of Anna Lee but yours. See, yourself, that this does not take place."

Their conversation had already been too much

prolonged under the circumstances, and Mrs. Leslie moved from the young man's side, to mingle more generally with her company. When left alone, Gardiner's eye turned instinctively towards Hartley.

"Who is the young man you spoke to me about a little while ago?" he said, when next he found himself at the side of Mrs. Leslie.

"I believe he is clerk or junior partner in a Market Street house."

"Humph!" And Gardiner turned away with a manner that said—"is that all?"

The fact that Anna did not come, made the young man altogether indifferent to the pleasures of society. It was all in vain that a bevy of young girls, with bright eyes, and witching smiles, sought to entrap his heart. He scarcely saw them. Even Florence Armitage, who would have liked to make an impression on him, spite of her friendship for Anna, could not get him to her side.

In about an hour, the young man quietly stole away, and went to the theatre. It was past two o'clock when he came home, more fully under the influence of wine than he had been for months. But neither his father nor mother knew of this. Their senses were locked in slumber, hours before he sought his pillow.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MAIDEN'S FIRST STRONG TRIAL.

It was not long before Mrs. Leslie managed to bring Anna and Mr. Gardiner together at her house. This she did adroitly. Neither of the parties suspected her agency in the matter.

Since their last meeting, Anna had examined her own heart closely; she had also thought much about Gardiner, and endeavoured to analyze his character as accurately as possible. The result was, a distinct conviction that, although she could not but feel an interest in him, he was not one whose moral feelings could harmonize with her own. The glimpse she had obtained of his character, when she told him that she must remain at home on account of her mother's illness, was enough to cause her to shrink from him.

In meeting him again, she could not but manifest the reserve and coldness she felt. This disturbed him; and his disturbed feelings reacted on hers, and thus drove them further asunder. Mrs. Leslie saw all this, and tried hard to remove it

but without success. When Anna and the young man parted that night, both felt unhappy.

From this time, Gardiner, who was piqued at Anna's coldness, was resolved to win her. The very indifference she manifested, only inflamed the passion he felt. Mrs. Leslie became his confi dent and adviser in the matter, and through her he gained a knowledge of all her movements; but not of all her feelings, for these were not communicated freely to the woman who professed for her so warm a friendship.

Thus matters went on for several months, during which time Gardiner called frequently at the house of Mr. Lee to see his daughter, and managed often to throw himself into his company, in a business way. In every casual or prolonged interview with Mr. Lee, Gardiner was exceedingly polite and deferential. The effect of all this upon the father's mind was favourable.

As for Anna, the oftener she met with the young man, the stronger was the sphere of repulsion that surrounded him. She could not tell why; but her heart shrunk from him more and more, daily. Spite of all she could do, she could not forget his manner, nor the expression of his face, on the evening she had declined going with

him to Mrs. Leslie's, on the plea of duty to her sick mother.

One evening she was sitting at her piano, and playing over for her own ear some favourite piece, when a domestic came in, and said that her mother, who was alone in her room, wished to see her.

Anna went up, as desired.

"Sit down, dear; I have something I wish to say to you."

The manner in which Mrs. Lee spoke, caused the heart of Anna to sink heavily. There was something strange and ominous in it. She dropped into a chair by her mother's side, and looked earnestly in her face. Something half whispered to her the nature of what she was to hear.

"Your father, Anna, who went out a little while ago, wishes me to say to you," began the mother, in a voice that was neither clear nor composed, "that Mr. Herbert Gardiner has asked of him the privilege of claiming, with your consent, your hand in marriage."

The maiden rose quickly to her feet, and stood with a quivering lip before her mother.

"You have no doubt expected as much, Anna," added Mrs. Lee, after a pause. "Mr. Gardiner has visited you frequently of late."

Anna tried hard to speak, but it was nearly a

minute before she could articulate. At length she said, in a tremulous voice, the tears starting from her eyes as she spoke—

"Mother—dear mother! Don't speak to me of that. I love you too well to wish to part from you."

And she sunk by her mother's side, and hid her face in her lap. Mrs. Lee was deeply moved. She placed one hand tenderly upon Anna's head, and, with the other, clasped the hand of her child that had fallen upon her bosom. For some time all was still. Then Mrs. Lee endeavoured to raise Anna from her recumbent position; with some difficulty she succeeded in doing so, and placing her in a chair by her side. But the face of the maiden remained concealed in her hands.

"Anna, dear," again began the mother, "I respond with deep tenderness to the love you express. It will be a sad day for me, when I am called upon to give you up. But I cannot hide from myself the fact that I shall have to meet and go through the trial, sooner or later. I will not shrink from it, even if it should be to-morrow, if your best interests were concerned."

There was a pause, but no reply. Mrs. Lee resumed.

"Let your mother speak to you freely She

loves you best. Heretofore, she has always communicated with you unreservedly. Let her do so now. Be calm. Be a woman. Meet this subject, the most important in your life, with unruffled feelings. As I before said, Mr. Gardiner has declared to your father that he wishes to address you with views of marriage. He, in fact, through your father, offers you his hand. Do you accept it?"

There was a breathless silence.

"Speak, my child! What is your decision?"

"If left to my decision, mother, it is soon made," was the murmured reply.

"It rests with you, of course."

A quick shudder passed through the maiden's frame, which was distinctly felt by Mrs. Lee. Then she said in a firm voice,—

"I decline his offer!"

"Anna!" and Mrs. Lee half started to her feet in surprize.

"Did you not say that I was to decide?"

"True. But how can you decide against him, of all others?"

"Because, of all others, I least regard him The oftener I see him, the more strongly I am repulsed by him."

"Why?"

"I cannot tell."

A long silence followed, during which the mother's mind gradually became clear, and its perceptions distinct. Both herself and husband had been greatly pleased at the offer of Gardiner, and neither of them had entertained the most remote idea that Anna would have declined it. In doing so as promptly as she did, Mrs. Lee was thrown back upon herself, disappointed and confounded. But her good sense, true perceptions, and genuine affection for her child, restored, gradually, her mind's true tone and balance.

"It is for you, and you alone, Anna," she at length said, in a serious, yet affectionate voice, "to decide this matter, and your decision must settle the question. But in making it, have you well considered?"

"Mother, I have. Though too young to be called upon to decide a matter of so much importance, I have yet been compelled to do it; and it has not been without many a hard struggle, and many an earnest prayer for guiding light to Him whose wisdom is a lamp to our feet. I cannot say I have not been tempted strongly to make the decision in his favour."

"You knew, then, of his intended proposition to your father?"

"No. But I heard from a mutual friend, that he was visiting me with serious intentions of marriage, if I would con which seemed to be thought a matter of co At that time I weighed the matter well I shortly afterwards decided my course. Nothing has since occurred to make me waver, but rather to confirm my resolution. The oftener I meet him, the more repulsive does he seem to me. Sometimes I have a feeling of suffocation when in his company. And never do I come into his presence, without sending up an almost involuntary prayer, that the Lord would encompass me with a band of angels."

Mrs. Lee drew her arm tightly around her child. She was a woman with a true heart, and enlightened perceptions, and was, therefore, satisfied that Anna was not governed by any childish impulse. That the mind of her daughter was pure as virgin innocence itself, she knew; and she also knew, that the internal repulsion felt towards Gardiner, must arise from the opposition of the spheres of their moral qualities, felt as their thoughts were directed towards each other—for mutual thought makes mental presence, as perfectly as bodily proximity makes physical presence. Feeling thus, not the honour nor wealth

of the world could have tempted Mrs. Lee to sacrifice her child.

In about an hour, Mr. Lee was heard coming in at the street door; and Anna, first kissing her mother tenderly, glided up to her own chamber. Closing the door after her, she sunk down by her bed-side upon her knees, and remained in that attitude for nearly half an hour. When she arose, her face was very pale, but elevated in expression, and beautiful to look upon. Seating herself by the window, she lifted her eyes to the pure sky, jewelled with its myriad stars, and bathed in the soft moonlight. There was about her feelings a holy tranquillity—a deep consciousness of having acted right in a matter involving most vital consequences. The scene accorded with her feelings. Her state of mind was such, that nature could speak to her heart in its low, but earnest voice, a language free from human perverted passion. She listened to this voice. Her heart felt its breathings, and answered to them as the murmuring æolean answers to the gentle breeze that seeks caressingly its yielding strings.

"This is my first strong trial:" thus she thought after a time—"the first temptation my woman's heart has had to endure. How easily might I have fallen into this snare, but for the right in-

structions, and the protecting sphere of a true-minded mother. She gave me right principles by which to estimate [illegible]gs around me, and guided my opening [illegible] to things pure and elevated. Had I [illegible]lessed with such a mother — so wise, so [illegible]tful, so judicious — my weak heart m[illegible]en dazzled by a brilliant offer, and I [illegible]it, to the destruction of all my best hopes here, [illegible] perhaps hereafter."

Anna slightly shuddered as this idea came vividly before her mind.

Some readers may think, that the little knowledge Anna had of the character of Gardiner, was not enough to cause her to feel, in rejecting his suit, so strongly as here represented. Let such a one know, that a maiden with moral feelings as pure and unselfish as were those of Anna Lee, needs but to have a corner of the veil lifted, in order to enable her to determine the quality of a lover's mind. As the quality of the whole ocean may be determined by that of a single drop, so may she, by a single clearly-seen phase of his moral character, determine its whole character. And Anna Lee did so. Not fully, at first, but undoubtingly; when, added to her rational convictions, came an instinctive feeling of repulsion towards him, as one who was impure, and deeply selfish.

CHAPTER VII.

TRIED AND PROVED.

Anna shrunk from meeting her parent, on the next morning. What would be her father's views of the course she had taken, she could not tell. She believed that he would not for a moment hesitate to approve her declaration; and yet doubt would cross her mind, and disturb her young heart to its very centre.

When the breakfast bell rung, she descended from her chamber. Her first glance was at her mother's face. The expression of that told her instantly, that all was not right. She did not look at her father for some time after. At length her eyes sought his countenance; it was thoughtful, and somewhat stern. What could it mean? Did he wish her to marry a man against whom her whole heart revolted? It could not be! Yet why this change?

So deeply did the unhappiness evidently felt by her mother, and the stern look of her father, effect Anna, that she found it impossible to swallow her food, and soon retired from the table.

Before Mr. Lee left the house, he took his wife aside, and said, in a serious voice—

"Anna: you must not let this matter go to rest at once. An offer of marriage, such as this, can never be had again for our daughter. Think! Herbert Gardiner is the only son of one of our wealthiest and most esteemed citizens. The character of the family is untainted, and that of the young man, as far as my knowledge goes, unexceptionable. What folly, then, for our child to refuse such an offer on the mere pretence of a repulsion of spheres. For that, if I understand it, is the only objection urged."

"Do you not believe, husband," returned Mrs. Lee, in a voice almost sad, "in the doctrine, that around every individual is a sphere of his moral qualities, as perceptible to the moral sense of another in whom that sense has not become obtuse, as is the sphere of the quality of a rose, in its odor, around the rose, and perceptible to the physical sense?"

"That doctrine is no doubt true, but—"

"And do you not believe," interrupted Mrs. Lee, "that our Anna's moral sense is unperverted?"

"I do."

"Is it not well, then, to regard its response

as readily as you would regard the response of your tongue, when brought in contact with a deleterious or offensive substance?"

"True in the abstract," replied Mr. Lee, whose usually well balanced mind had been thrown from its just equipoise by the flattering and externally advantageous offer made to his child. —"But I am not so sure that it is true in its practical applications now."

"I believe that it is," Mrs. Lee firmly replied. "And, as the mother of Anna, I would rather see her laid, in her maiden sweetness, in the grave, than become the wife of a man for whom she has so strong a feeling of repulsion as that entertained towards Gardiner,—no matter what external advantages might be offered. External advantages! What are these, my dear husband! when set against internal discordance? Nothing. Nothing! Dust in the balance!"

Mr. Lee still looked grave. The offer of Gardiner had flattered a certain weakness in his character, and obscured the good sense for which he was distinguished. Mrs. Lee had also felt greatly pleased. But her interview with Anna had made all right so far as she was concerned.

The conversation which passed between the father and mother on the preceding evening, was,

perhaps, the most unpleasant ever held by them. Mr. Lee would not hear to Anna's objection, and Mrs. Lee was equally firm in sustaining her daughter in the position she had taken. The discussion was kept up for a long time, and ceased at last, not in the settlement of the difference, but in the unsatisfied and unhappy silence of both parties. The morning, it has been seen, presented no better aspect to the affair.

Still unreconciled to his daughter's objection to Gardiner, Mr. Lee left home, and went to his office. Nothing more passed between Anna and her mother on the subject during the morning. Both avoided speaking about it. At dinner time, Mr. Lee was grave and silent. His manner affected Anna so painfully, that she was obliged to leave the table. As she did so, her father glanced at her, and saw that her eyes were not only full of tears, but that large drops were falling over her cheeks.

Anxiously did Anna wait for his return at evening, in order, once more, to look into his face, in the hope that its coldness would have passed away. But the more Mr. Lee thought about the matter, the more he was dissatisfied. There was, therefore, no light in his countenance for his daughter's eye. There still rested a heavy cloud upon his brow. This continued for three days; at

the end of which period, he was to give an answer to the application made by Gardiner. The nearer the time approached for meeting the young man, the more unhappy did Mr. Lee appear in the presence of his family. On the morning of the day on which a reply to Gardiner's proposition was to be given, he seemed unusually grave. Poor Anna was wretched. Never in her life had she suffered so acutely. She loved her father with the purest feelings—with the deepest tenderness;—there was no sacrifice that she dared make, that would not have been made for his sake, cheerfully. But more had been asked than she could, in conscience, do. For, with her, the marriage rite was felt to be a religious ceremony, and the marriage union one that should be made in the sight of heaven,—thus she had been taught to regard them by her mother, who, since her seventeenth birthday, had sought, gently and almost unconsciously to her child, to lead her to think of marriage as the most holy act of a woman's life.

There were times, it is true, when she felt like yielding to her father's wishes; or, to what she had the strongest reasons for believing were his wishes—of giving herself up, passively, if her heart were crushed in doing so. But the precepts of her mother had been too deeply stored in her

mind She understood clearly, that in the sight of heaven, she dared not make such a sacrifice. That marriage was too holy a thing to be perverted.

Anna knew that on this day an answer would have to be given to Mr. Gardiner—and she, therefore, understood why her father seemed more than usually oppressed in his feelings. After he had gone out, she went up to her own room, and there spent the whole morning alone. Anxiously did she await his return at dinner time. As the hour of his coming approached, the unhappy girl became more and more wretched. An undefined fear took hold of her—a dread of some impending evil. When the clock struck three, and she heard, soon after, her father's well known footstep along the passage, and on the stairs, her heart stood almost still. Mr. Lee went direct to his wife's chamber. Ten minutes more of anxious suspense passed, when Anna heard the ringing of her mother's bell. A domestic went up to her room. Then the steps of the same domestic were heard ascending to her chamber. The door opened.

"Your mother wishes to see you."

The maiden started, and turned as pale as death. But she obeyed the summons, though with a sinking heart. At her mother's door she paused for nearly

a minute, and strove, by a powerful effort, to subdue her agitated feelings; but she strove in vain. When she entered, she was hardly conscious of anything beyond a fear of something undefined. But her eyes sought instantly her father's face. A great change had taken place. Instead of th stern, cold, offended look that his countenance had worn for three days, it was subdued, and tender, and full of affection. He reached his hand towards her, and she sprang into his arms, and sunk weeping upon his bosom.

"Dear father! you love me still!" she at length murmured, lifting her head, and looking him in the face.

"Love you, my child? I have always loved you; but now more deeply than ever."

"Then I am happy—happy!" she said, again letting her head fall upon his breast. I want no other love but the love that makes this home so sweet. It is the first love—the best love—and the most unselfish of all."

Mr. Lee drew his arm tightly around his child, as a response to the sentiment she had just uttered.

"Yes, my daughter," he said, "the loves that make our childhood's home happy, are the most unselfish. May they be long continued to us."

"Amen," was the solemn response, breathed

half involuntarily, yet sweetly, by the maiden, as she clasped tightly her father's hand.

Mrs. Lee's eyes were full of tears; but her whole face was elevated and glad. She looked calmly on the scene passing before her, silently lifting her heart in thankfulness for so good a child.

"Will you pardon the late strangeness of my manner towards you, Anna?" Mr. Lee said, after a little while, raising his daughter up, and looking into her face.

"Do not speak of it, father," she returned, quickly. "If you love me — if you do not blame me—if you will let me still call this my home, and you my best beloved, I ask no more. My cup will be full; full to the brim."

"Blame you, Anna? No! If there has been any blame, I must bear it. You have been right. Love you? We cannot tell you how much we love you. And may the day be far distant when you shall go to another home!"

"You have made me happier, dear father, than I have ever been," Anna said, struggling to hide the emotion that was swelling in her bosom. "Do not again feel offended with me. You have taught me to act from a sense of right in all I do, — you have wisely sought to elevate my understanding, and have given me principles by

which to determine all my actions. These principles I will ever strive to make rules of conduct. By them I will seek to determine between right and wrong, and choosing the right, I will endeavour to abide by it, in all firmness and conscientiousness."

"Do so, my child, even if your father, strange as such a thing may be, should rise up in opposition. Obey him just so far as he wishes you to to obey the truth he has taught you, but no further. You are now a woman, and by your own acts you must be justified or condemned. Take no step in life, without a clear perception that it is right. Seek aid and light from all who are wiser than yourself, but let their *wisdom* guide you, if guided by others at all. If you cannot see with them, do not act from them. Avoid this, as you would a great evil."

After a slight pause, Mr. Lee added,

"I saw Mr. Gardiner to-day, and declined from you his offer. Deeply thankful am I that you had the resolution to refuse him. You acted with true wisdom, and a noble firmness that I shall ever admire. Of all that occurred, your mother will inform you at another time."

CHAPTER VIII.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

When Mr. Lee went to his office on the morning of the day named as that on which he was to give an answer to Herbert Gardiner, he felt in a very uncomfortable state of mind. The cause for this was two-fold. First, he could not help feeling a strong desire for the proposed union; and second, he felt that the interview with the young man, would be an embarrassing one. But it could not be avoided.

He was sitting in his own private room, about eleven o'clock, when Gardiner came in, smiling pleasantly, and bowing with perfect ease and self-possession. But in a few minutes his manner changed. The disturbed state of Mr. Lee's mind was communicated to his own.

"You know the nature of my business, Mr. Lee," he said, after talking indifferently for a short time. "What is the answer I am to receive at your hands?"

"I regret exceedingly," returned Mr. Lee, "to

be compelled to decline your very flattering offer; but my daughter is firm in her opposition to our wishes in the matter. We have—"

"Your daughter objects?" the young man said, with an instantly flushed face, rising quickly to his feet. "Humph!"

There was an air of contempt and conscious superiority in the manner of Gardiner, that seriously offended Mr. Lee.

"Yes sir," he said, his own manner also changing. "She objects, and she, doubtless, has good reasons for it; for she never acts from prejudice or caprice."

"Ha! ha Don't she indeed?" The young man had lost control of himself, and spoke very contemptuously. He was quick-tempered, proud, and could ill bear anything like opposition. The unexpected rejection of his suit from one whose social position was below his, had chafed him severely.

Mr. Lee's eyes were fixed instantly upon the young man with a rebuking look. This, while it made him conscious of the error he was committing, did not tend to soothe the sudden irritation of his mind. For nearly a minute he returned Mr. Lee's steady gaze; and then with a muttered oath, he turned on his heel and strode from the room.

The father of Anna drew a long breath, as soon as he found himself alone—sat with eyes upon the floor for some time, and then got up, and walked to and fro, in a deeply abstracted mood. While doing so, one of the Directors of the Company, of which he was the President, an intimate friend, came in. He noticed that Lee was disturbed, and inquired the reason; when the interview just had was related.

"The puppy!" ejaculated the friend. "And he really had the assurance to offer himself to your sweet Anna?"

"He offered himself," replied Mr. Lee, "but why should that be called assurance."

"Humph! You certainly don't know him."

"I never heard a breath against him, in my life."

"I have then; and words too. Why, this Herbert Gardiner, is no more fit for the husband of a pure-minded creature like Anna, than I am to consort with an angel of the third heaven!"

"You speak strongly."

"Not more so than I should speak. It is strange that you have never heard his character I thought that was notorious."

"He is in business with a very excellent young man."

"Oh yes, his capital does that. But a busin

connexion and a marriage are two very different things. I might be willing to enter into business relations with a man, that I should not like to see the husband of my daughter."

"Very true. But tell me something specific about Gardiner."

"He is, in the broadest sense of the words, *a man about town*. Do you understand what that means?"

"I do. But are you certain?"

"I know it to be the case. His associates are often of the vilest character, and his habits exceedingly irregular. Depend upon it, he would have cursed your child in marrying her. From all I have seen and heard of that young man, I would sooner see Anna in her grave than his wife!"

"Thank Heaven! There is no danger of such a sacrifice. But why should he have sought my daughter's hand?"

"It is a tribute to her loveliness. Even one like him could bow before it. But the love of mere external grace and beauty by a man without principle, is only of brief duration. These do not minister long to his selfishness—and then the flower that charmed for a brief season is thrown

aside with indifference, or trampled upon with scorn."

Wher ned home, his feelings were w m those with which he had lef morning. The reader has seen th-

CHAPTER IX.

A COLD AND CALCULATING LOVER.

"Ah, William! is it you," said Mrs. Leslie, coming into her parlour. "Thomas only said that a gentleman had called to see me. The stupid fellow! I thought he could recollect your face."

"And did! but, like a great many other gentlemen (for I should call your Thomas a gentleman), he is deficient, no doubt, in the memory of names."

"You seem to be in a very good humour with yourself, this morning, William?"

"O yes. That's always the case. Why shouldn't I? This is a very pleasant world, if a man will but have sense enough to take his share of the good things of life, as they are going. But

I have called upon you on a particular business, Mrs. Leslie."

"You have?"

"Yes. And first, I want to know whether, in an affair of the heart—*h-hem!*—I can confide in you implicitly?"

The face of Mrs. Leslie brightened up.

"Confide in me? Of course you can," she replied, affecting a slightly offended air.

"Very well. Then I want to have a good long talk with you."

"But, surely, this isn't my young friend, William Archer? And are you really smitten with the bright eyes of some charming maiden? I am delighted to hear it."

"Hem! Not too fast, Mrs. Leslie. I can't exactly say that I am downright in love; for I don't think it is in me to love any one very deeply, except my humble self. But it strikes me, that I ought to begin to calculate the main chance—to look to the future. I am now twenty-seven, and have gone on at a pretty wild rate. Though I don't think I am quite so bad as some good sort of people are disposed to think me. They talk pretty hard of me, sometimes, don't they?"

Mrs. Leslie assumed a grave face, as became her, and replied,—

"It's a fact, William; you are spoken of, pretty severely. But I have always taken your part I knew there [illegible] you."

"As t[illegible]one. Thank you—thank you, my fri[illegible]s I was saying, I have been going c[illegible]t six or seven years, at a wild rate, and am [illegible]ning to fear that, if I don't sober down [illegible]ill not be quite so good for me in the end. [illegible] how shall I sober down? that is the question?"

"Get a sweet little wife."

"That's just my own opinion. And here I want your advice. If I marry, it must be either for love or money. Or rather, my wife must be the loveliest woman to be found; or she must have some substantial virtues. One or the other of these is indispensable. And I will tell you why. Between you and myself, I have got nearly to the end of my rope. My father left me a fair property, but it's pretty well all used up—in what way, it is now no good to mention. It is enough that it has taken to itself wings and flown away."

"You surprise me, William!"

"It is true; and there is now no use of crying over it. My only wise course is, to make an effort to better my fortune. I have looked around me for some time, and have, finally, selected

two young ladies, between whom my choice must lie. There are plenty to choose from; but, some that I would like to be on very amiable terms with, seem inclined to give me the cold shoulder. One of the two, I have selected, I would prefer to the other. But, if she is not to be had, the other is; at least I think so."

"Don't be too sanguine. But name your choice; and then I can tell you better."

"I may count on your aid?"

"Oh, certainly. You needn't doubt that for a moment. But, why do you think of anything beside a wife with money, if matters are becoming desperate with you?"

"I have an old uncle, who is rich as a Jew."

"So you have."

"But, the old rascal has blown me up several times, for my free way of living. When he finds out that I have run through my patrimony, he will cut me off, I am afraid, without a dollar. But, if I have the sweet creature for a wife I have fixed my eyes upon, she will soften his heart right down, and take me, for her own dear sake, at once into his good graces. I know the old fellow's weakness."

"Ah! That's your game! You calculate with

coolness. Now tell me who this charming creature is. Am I acquainted with her?"

"Yes. Her name is Anna Lee. I first saw her in your ho

Mrs. Leslie l

"No chance for i.. inquired the young man.

"I'm afr

"Is she engag

"No. But she has declined one of the best offers in the city—an offer favoured by her parents."

"She has? Who is the disappointed lover, pray?"

"Herbert Gardiner."

"Possible! Has he offered himself, and been refused?"

"Yes. And angry enough he is about it. I think the girl was a great fool;—indeed I know she was. But it's her own look out."

"There may be a chance for me, though, for all that."

"I should very much doubt it. And I'll tell you why. My opinion is, that she has heard something about Gardiner's habits, and has been silly enough to make that an objection, as if any young men were as pure as saints."

"Ho! ho!" laughed Archer.

"I imagine that here lies the gist of the whole matter. And, as report says a great deal more about you than it does about Gardiner, I should think your chance with the girl not worth speaking about."

"I don't like to think that. She is certainly a lovely creature. And now that she has sent Gardiner off, I should like, above all things, to make a conquest of her."

"It would be something of which to be proud. But, as I said before, I don't believe you have even the smallest chance of success. Who is the other young lady, on whom you have fixed your eye?"

"Florence Armitage."

"Ah! Her father is not so very wealthy."

"No, not so rich as Crœsus. Still he may be worth some forty or fifty thousand now, and is in the way of being worth three times as much in the next ten years. He is doing, at this time, so I have clearly ascertained, about the best business of any man in the city."

"I can't say that Florence is a favourite with me."

"Nor with me either. She lacks maidenly reserve, and that sensitiveness of feeling so beautiful

in a young woman. Do you know, that she once as good as asked me to take her to see Fanny Ellsler kick up her heels in a style that I shouldn't like my sister, if I had one, to witness?"

"You took her?"

"O yes; how could I help it? She was delighted, and called the Ellsler's dancing by all sorts of charming names; while I, who am pretty much of a sinner, and hard to put to the blush, felt half ashamed to look the girl in the face."

"Humph!"

"I can get her for the asking, I know. But I want to try Anna Lee. She is much more to be desired, portionless, even by me, than Florence is, with all her expectations."

"Your chance, I must again say, is a very poor one."

"Do you think it useless to try?"

"Almost. But, it is said, there is nothing like trying."

"Will you aid me?"

"All in my power. But she hasn't been to see me since her affair with Gardiner came to an issue; and I am not sure that she intends visiting me again."

"You must send for her. How soon are you

going to have another of your pleasant gatherings? Pretty soon?"

"I think so."

"How soon? I wish to strike while the iron is hot."

"In two or three weeks."

"Can't you say next week?"

"I don't know. Next week will be here very speedily."

"Can't you, just for my sake?"

"I like to be obliging, especially to my young friends. Perhaps I may be able to do so."

"Say you will."

"No, no, Mr. Impatience! I shall do no such thing. If all things conspire, I will have company next week. But don't forget the adage—'There is luck in leisure;' and that it is specially applicable in matters of this kind."

"I'll win her, as sure as my name is William Archer!" said the young man, his confidence increasing, the more he thought about Anna Lee.

"Don't be too certain. Anna has a cool head, as well as a warm heart."

"I know. But every young lady has her weak point, and I'll try hard to find out hers. Once certain of that, and I am safe."

ER X.

A SCHEM[illegible]P THE HEART OF [illegible]LEE.

About [illegible] interview between Mrs. Leslie and [illegible] as described in the last chapter, a note was left for Anna Lee, containing an invitation for her to spend an evening at the house of the former. "A few friends are to be present," was added to the note.

"What have you there?" asked Mrs. Lee, coming into Anna's room, about ten minutes after, and finding her daughter sitting in a thoughtful mood, with Mrs. Leslie's invitation in her hand.

Anna gave her mother the note. After reading it, she handed it back, and said with a smile—

"Mrs. Leslie is very kind, always to remember you when she has company."

"Yes."

This response was cold, and made in an equivocal tone. Anna said nothing more, and Mrs. Lee did not refer more particularly to the subject. On the day before the one to which the invitation had referred, Anna said to her mother—

'After thinking a good deal about it, I have made up my mind not to go to Mrs. Leslie's to-morrow, nor ever again."

"Have you a good reason?"

"Perhaps not one that I could make fully plain to everybody. But I think you can understand me. I don't *feel* right, when I think of going there."

"There must be *some* reasons for such a feeling."

"And there are. But even these reasons are so linked with feelings, that my mind cannot separate and give them distinctness."

"Freely state to me all your reasons and feelings," said the mother. "Perhaps, together, we can arrive at a distinct, rational conclusion."

"I have liked Mrs. Leslie, because she always seemed pleased to have me visit her, and showed me very kind attentions," Anna remarked. "But, at the same time, there has been something about her that I could not understand, and from which I have felt an involuntary shrinking. She is the intimate friend of Mr. Gardiner; and, I think, must be thoroughly acquainted with his character and habits. She may be a woman of sound principles; but my mind has many doubts. Any how, I do not wish to meet Mr. Gardiner, as I certainly shall, if I go to her house."

"And the invitation may only be intended to procure a meeting between you and that young man," suggested Mrs. Lee.

"I do not know."

"You say, that there was always something about Mrs. Leslie that repulsed you?"

"Yes. Something that seemed instantly to assault my purest and best feelings. I do not recollect, now I begin to think of it, that I ever heard her declare a high principle of action. I am sure I have heard very wrong sentiments uttered by young ladies, in her presence, to which she never opposed the truth. For all she had pleasant words. All she aimed to please. But is it good to be constantly flattered and favoured, and never opposed, even when thinking and speaking wrong? I do not believe so."

"Nor is it, Anna. No true-minded woman can listen to wrong sentiments from the lips of young ladies, without correcting them. She who fails to do so, is not just to her sex."

"So I have felt, whenever anything led me to think about the way in which Mrs. Leslie treats the many young persons who meet at her house."

"Does she talk to them often about their beaux?"

"O yes. It is almost her constant theme.

She is sure to have something to say about how much this or that one is pleased with you, every time you meet her. To me, she was constantly dropping something about Mr. Gardiner."

"And, no doubt, was at the bottom of his proposal to you."

"I have never thought that." And Anna looked up into her mother's face with surprise. "But it may be true."

"I now understand you fully;" Mrs. Lee said. "You are right in not wishing to go to her house again. I would not have you do so on any account. Such a woman is a young maiden's most dangerous friend. She should be shunned as carefully as you would shun an open enemy."

"I am glad you feel as I do about going to her house," returned Anna, seeming much relieved. "Between me and her, there is nothing really congenial. I take no pleasure in talking all the time about young men; and she seems to think there is no theme so interesting—nothing so pleasant to a maiden's ear."

There was a gay company at the house of Mrs. Leslie, on the next evening. But Anna was not there. Archer did not arrive till late. This was intended.

"Where is Miss Lee?" he asked, drawing Mrs.

Leslie aside, soon after he came in. "I don't see her here."

"No. She sent me a note declining the invitation."

"On what ground?"

"No ground at all. I read it as a flat refusal to accept my invitation."

"What did she say?"

"She thanked me for my kind courtesy, but begged, for reasons not necessary to explain, so she said, to be excused."

"Confound it all! It is too bad! Do you think she suspected the whole plan?"

"No. How should she?"

"I must and will see her."

"If you can."

"I'll call at her father's house."

"O, well. You can do that. She can't decline going there—or, rather, staying there. But, what good will it do you?"

"Faint heart never won fair lady."

"True. And a fair lady can usually be won, if the lover persevere."

"The very thing that I will do. I will break through the ice by calling upon her. I have met her often enough here to be authorized to do this."

"And after that?"

"Once let me get at the maiden's ear, and I will try hard to charm it. In the first interview I have with her, I will sweep the whole circle of subjects likely to interest a lady; and when I have found the right one, I will play dexterously upon that string. Before leaving her I will succeed in effecting an engagement of some kind or other;—to go to church or opera; concert or exhibition. At a second meeting, I will talk of virtue and morality like any saint; and even venture to hint something about early errors long since repented of, and, I trust, forgiven by God and man. Don't you think I will make my way into her confidence? After gaining a few of the outworks to the citadel of her heart, I will continue to approach with great caution; and be very careful not to strike foolishly, like Gardiner, before the iron is hot. You see, I understand what I am about."

"Yes. But you have no ordinary person to deal with. Anna Lee will see through you at a glance, and act with a promptness such as you have not been used to meeting in young ladies To me, she is almost too perfect—too free from weakness."

"I'm sorry for that. I like your real women. But women-angels are a little above my comprehension. I don't know how to take them.

Still, as I have set out, I shall go through the matter. There never was any back-out in me, and never shall be. I've come round as good as she is, in my time, and—"

"William!" And Mrs. Leslie raised her finger and affected a grave face.

The young man, who was about to venture, as Mrs. Leslie perceived, upon a boast of wickedness, became silent, but showed no confusion. He had not really offended the lady with whom he was conversing, that he could plainly see. She had only checked him for the sake of appearances; and this was just as apparent to his mind as it was to hers. In a moment he resumed, with a smile,

"I know I 'm something of a bad boy; but you can forgive me, if other people can't. As I was saying, I never suffer myself to be foiled in anything I set my head about; and I shall not be foiled in this."

"We shall see."

"So we shall. And if I don't have this very coy and fastidious young lady completely caged before a month, my name isn't William Archer."

"Success to your adventure!"

"Thank you! You shal' dance at my wedding, before six months."

"Not if you marry Anna Lee."

"Why?"

"She has thought fit to decline an invitation to my house, without alleging a reason. Such conduct from persons standing on my own level, I should not pass by; much less from one to whom I have stooped—from one whom I have been endeavouring to lift from her native obscurity. I feel no unkindness towards the girl; but self-respect will not permit me again to notice her."

"Don't talk so foolishly, Mrs. Leslie."

"I mean just what I say, William. I shall not again notice the girl."

"Suppose she makes an apology? Will that alter the face of things?"

"Certainly. That would restore former relations."

"She shall do it!"

Mrs. Leslie smiled.

"She shall! In less than six weeks you will be on terms of the closest intimacy."

In thus boasting of what he could and would accomplish, the young man was not, consciously, expending mere idle breath Judging from his former success in winning his way into the favourable regard of young ladies, he believed that he would again be successful. He had much in his favour, so far as externals were concerned.

His person was attractive, his manners easy and fascinating, and his tastes cultivated. He had spent two years in Europe, and had come home with all the external advantages a residence on the continent gives to an intelligent mind, and all the moral defects it entails upon an impure one. In heart a villain, he could assume the air of a saint; and he was ready to do so at any moment that it suited his purpose.

Understanding the power of false appearances, and knowing how perfectly he could assume them, Archer did not entirely over estimate his ability to insinuate himself into the good feelings of young ladies. He had already succeeded in doing so, in more than one instance, even to the accomplishment of the most base and infamous purposes; for which he was execrated by many virtuous minds, and by none more deeply than by Anna Lee. At the same time, the melancholy truth must be told, that four-fifths of the entire number of those who were fully conversant with all the sad details of his base conduct, fathers, mothers and daughters, welcomed him to their houses, and associated with him as freely and as cordially as before; while the victims of his infernal passions were thrust out, cast down, trampled under foot, and consigned to hopeless infamy! How the heart sickens at this

picture! Would that it were only an imaginary one! Would that the best society around us contained no William Archers, or that it had the healthy moral force to throw them out, as base and unworthy! But alas! it yet lacks this healthy action at the vitals. And this fact the truly pure and good ought never to forget.

But we will pass on, and see how far the young man Archer is successful in his efforts to woo and win the heart of a maiden, whose perceptions of moral qualities are so acute as those of Anna Lee

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CHAPTER XI.

CATCHING HUSBANDS.

Anna Lee sat sewing one morning, a few days after she had declined going to Mrs. Leslie's, when Florence Armitage, gaily dressed, called in to see her. There were many things about Florence that pleased Anna, although she did not approve much that she did and said. Her mother was a weak woman, and her father was too much absorbed in business to pay attention to his family;

so that, between them, her home education had been very much neglected, and very badly managed as far as it went. Anna really pitied her for the defects of her character; and, whenever an opportunity occurred, strove to correct them.

"Come, Anna, put up your work," Florence said. "The day is too fine a one to be spent indoors. I have called on purpose to take you out."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Florence," Anna returned, smiling, "but I cannot go out to-day."

"Yes you can, I know. What in the world is there to keep you at home?"

"A great deal. We have a large family; and that makes plenty of work. It's as much as mother and I can both do to keep the children's clothes in order, after we get one-half of them made by a seamstress."

"One-half? You don't pretend to make half of their clothes!"

"Yes. Why not, if we can?"

"Just for the reason that you ought not to make a slave of yourself."

"And I don't. I must be engaged, usefully, all the while, and nothing more useful offers. I should be very sorry, indeed, to sit down and fold

my hands in idleness, and put father to the expense of a seamstress in the house, for the whole year round. It would injure me, and be a burden to him. I am sure I should not be as happy as I now am, in the consciousness that I am doing only what I ought to do."

"You are a strange kind of a girl, Anna; and yet, I sometimes wish that I were just like you But I ain't, and can't be, so there is no use in wishing. However, be that as it may, I want you to go out with me this lovely morning."

"Why are you so desirous to have my company?"

"Because I like you, I suppose, and want to have you share a delightful promenade."

"Where?"

"Oh, down Chestnut Street, of course."

"Why down Chestnut Street?"

"To meet the beaux."

"Florence!"

Anna looked at her young friend in surprise.

"Don't put on that grave face, Anna. What arm have I said? Is there anything wrong in walking out to look at the beaux? Haven't you done it yourself hundreds of times?

"Me?" And the colour on the maiden's cheek

deepened to an indignant blush. "Me, Florence No, never!"

"You haven't? What harm is there in it, pray?"

"How can you ask such a question, Florence?"

"Innocently enough, for I am perfectly unconscious of any wrong in the matter. I have walked out, hundreds of times, for no other purpose than to meet the beaux on the streets, and get a bow from this one, a smile from that one, and, perhaps, a very agreeable chat for a square or two, with another. It's delightful! And as to the harm, I think it will puzzle even you to point it out. So come, put up your work for this once, and go with me; I know you will enjoy it as much as I do."

Anna shook her head, and looked even more serious than before.

"Well, you are a strange creature, Miss Lee," Florence said. "And you won't go?"

"No—of course not."

"I know two girls that got husbands just by walking down Chestnut Street every day. There now. What do you think of that, my lady?"

"Why, Florence!" exclaimed Anna.

"It's true. Lizzy Glenn, who was married last week to Gaskill, met him first in the street. He

saw her one day, and was so much pleased with her appearance, that he followed her home to see who she was and where she lived. A day or two afterwards he met her again, and looked at her so hard that she noticed it. For nearly a week they met every day, she encouraging him by looks, until he ventured to bow to her. She returned the salutation. On the following day he not only spoke to, but joined her, and walked for two or three squares by her side. The next advance was to accompany her home. After that, things went on as pleasantly as could be wished, and in two months they were married. Everybody says it is an excellent match. Now wasn't that delightful! For my part, if I thought it would be my good luck to catch a husband so easily, I would walk Chestnut Street from Monday morning until Saturday night. Wouldn't you?"

"Husbands caught in that way, I should hardly think worth having," Anna gravely replied.

"Why not? Isn't Gaskill worth having?"

"I know nothing about him."

"I do then; and I only wish he had fancied me instead of Lizzy Glenn. I think I would have made him quite as good a wife."

"It pains me to hear you speak lightly or so

serious a matter, Florence," Anna returned.— "Marriage is the last subject on which a maiden should trifle. If she think of it all, it should be with subdued and holy feelings. On no account should she be anxious for the duties and responsibilities of wedded life—on no account should she seek to attract attention. But, if sought by one whose principles she can approve, and with whose heart her own can beat responsively, then she should, with a calm, deep, woman's trust, give herself to him, and seek to become one with him. Only in such a union can she hope to be blessed. To desire any other is folly—to form any other is madness. Ah, my friend! if all women had so acted, there would not now be so many sad-hearted wives; and that there are many, many such, even we have been made painfully conscious."

The manner of Anna, and the tone of her voice, as well as her words, caused the feelings of Florence to change. Her character was not all perverted. There was yet enough of the woman in her, to feel that what her friend had said was true. She replied, in a quieter tone than any in which she had yet spoken,

"According to your idea, a young girl should keep out of the sight of young men as much as possible."

"She should not seek to attract their attention This is all I mean."

"Then she ought never to go into company?"

"That does not follow. At a suitable age, let her go into company by all means. But while in company, let her be retiring and modest."

"And so get no attentions paid to her?"

"She may not receive the attentions of those who look no deeper than a gay dress and an imposing manner; but she will lose nothing by this. But, for me, I cannot conceive why a young girl should be anxious about having the attentions of young men."

"As to the *why*, I don't know that there is any great use in stopping to reason about it—the *fact* is indisputable. We *do* like to receive their attentions. Isn't it so?"

"I can only speak for myself," Anna replied. "For one, I neither think about, nor desire the attentions of young men, while in company. I do not object to them. They are, in fact, when made by the honourable-minded, pleasant to me."

"And you would be unhappy, if neglected?"

"No. I have been as happy while conversing a whole evening in a circle of ladies, as I have been when surrounded by gentlemen. Why should I not be?"

"You are not like any other girl I ever saw, Anna. I can't make you out, altogether. If I didn't know you as well as I do, I would say you had no heart. But I know you have, and a warm one too. Ah, me! I wish I could be just like you. And so you won't put by your sewing and walk with me?"

"No, Florence; I cannot spare the time, for one thing—and for another, I could not walk out, unless I had a higher end in view than the one you are proposing to yourself. But suppose you lay off your things, and spend the morning with me."

"No, thank you! I have come out for a walk on Chestnut Street, and I must have it. So, good morning, dear, if I am not to have your good company."

Florence rose, as she said this, and moved towards the door. The friends chatted a few minutes longer, standing, and then the visiter departed.

Going at once into Chestnut Street, Florence Armitage took her way slowly down. She had not gone far, before she met William Archer, who joined her. Although the young man had resolved to make a demonstration in another quarter, he thought it nothing more than a wise policy to maintain with Florence the best possible under-

standing; so that, should he fail, as prophesied by his friend, Mrs. Leslie, in his attempts to win Anna Lee, he might have all things in such a fair train, that an offer could at once be made to Florence. As to the acceptance of that offer, he had no very serious doubts. On this occasion, he strolled about for an hour with Florence, made two or three calls with her, and then saw her to her own door.

On the evening of that day, Anna Lee sat reading to her father and mother, when one of the domestics came in, and said that a young gentleman was in the parlour, who wished to see her.

"Who is it?" asked Anna.

"He did not tell me his name," replied the domestic.

The maiden cast her eyes to the floor, and thought for a moment; then looking up, she said,

"Ask him to send up his name, Margaret."

"Hadn't you better go down, Anna? Perhaps it may be some friend, who will think you rude." Mr. Lee remarked.

Anna thought again, and then replied—

"I would rather Margaret would get his name."

"Go then, Margaret," said Mr. Lee, who was beginning to feel a deeper respect for his daughter's

perceptions of what was right in matters that concerned herself.

"W[illegible]der?" the mother asked, half m[illegible]

Ann[illegible]t sat with her eyes upon the p[illegible] had been reading. In a few m[illegible]ic returned, and handed her a [illegible] flushed the moment she saw the na[illegible] With something of indignation in her [illegible]aid,—

"Say to him, Margaret, that I cannot see him."

"Who is it?" asked the father and mother at the same moment. Anna handed her father the card—

"William Archer!" he ejaculated, in surprise. "What brings him here?"

"He has asked for me," replied Anna; "but I cannot see him."

"Hadn't you, then, better let Margaret say that you will thank him to excuse you this evening?" returned Mrs. Lee. "That would be a milder way of refusing to see the young man."

"I would rather she would say to him, from me, that I cannot see him. That is just the truth, and I wish him to know it. I would not sit alone and talk with that young man for anything that could be given me." And the pure-hearted girl

shuddered with an instinctive feeling of horror at the thoughts of his character.

Nothing more was said, and the domestic conveyed to Archer Anna's precise words. The young man, half-prepared for some such answer, since his name had gone up, retired without a remark, or the evidence of a single emotion. But he was deeply chagrined, and felt angry and bitter towards Anna. A muttered threat of revenge passed his lips as he gained the pavement, and strode off at a rapid pace. But the sweet maiden was safe from all harm he might purpose against her in his evil heart She was surrounded and defended by the sphere of her own innocence.

And were every maiden so surrounded and defended, every maiden would be as safe, though she were encompassed by a host of those who sought her ruin. Even the lion is said to become tame in the presence of a pure virgin. This is much more than a mere figure of speech.

CHAPTER XII.

AN ENGAGEMENT.

On leaving the house of Mrs. Lee, young Archer went direct to his friend and confidant, Mrs. Leslie.

"I called on Miss Lee, this evening," he said, abruptly, as soon as he met that lady.

"Ah! Well, what was the result?"

"The huzzy wouldn't see me!"

"Hush, William! You mustn't speak in that way about young ladies."

"The girl, then; confound her!"

"What did she say?"

"I didn't tell my name to the servant, when I first went in, merely sending up word that a gentleman had called to see her. But I couldn't get the start of her in this way. She would have my name. So I sent up my card. In three minutes the servant came down, and said, 'Miss Anna says she cannot see you.' Humph! Wasn't that telling me to go about my business in the coolest way imaginable? But I'll be revenged

on her! I'll make her repent of this insult—see if I don't! and that before a dozen months are told."

"William! I won't hear you talk so," interposed Mrs. Leslie. "You certainly are forgetting yourself. If Anna didn't wish to see you, she had a right to say so."

"Yes: but—"

"Remember, William," added Mrs. Leslie. "that I told you success was doubtful, if you presented your suit in that quarter. Anna Lee has already refused Gardiner, as you know; and, if I am not mistaken in her reasons, on account of lighter objections than lie at your door."

"Pah! that's mere affectation. A young man is liked all the better for being a little gay. It shows that there is some spirit in him."

"Your doctrine, however true in the main, won't hold good in this case."

"I don't care. I'll be revenged on her. I'll humble her yet. I'll show the world that she isn't the angel she pretends to be."

"I tell you, William, that I will not permit you to speak before me, in this way!" The base threat of the base-hearted young man, awoke even Mrs Leslie's sluggish sense of delicacy and right.

"Well, well! never mind!" he replied, in a

softened tone, conscious that he had said too much "I'll try and keep cool."

"Which will be a much more sensible thing."

"But shall I give up the pursuit?"

"Yes; by all means. No man who has any independent feelings could know, or wish to know, the individual who had refused to see him. There is Florence Armitage, who is to be had, as I know, for the asking. Take her; she will suit you a great deal better. Her tastes are not so refined, nor her sense of propriety so squeamish as are those of Miss Lee. And then, you know, she will have something more solid into the bargain. Depend upon it, she will make you a much more agreeable wife."

"Perhaps so. But in a *wife*, even I would prefer the delicate reserve of Anna Lee, to the free, forward, kiss-me-if-you-dare manner of Florence Armitage."

"Would you, indeed! You are nice in your distinctions."

"So I ought to be, when thinking of a wife. A man ought to reflect a little before he ties himself to a woman's apron string for life."

"You can't get Anna Lee, and you can get Florence Armitage; and you must, so you say, choose between them. What folly, then, to trifle

about it? Go forward, like a man, and take the latter; my word for it, you will never repent having done so."

Urged by his friend, Mrs. Leslie, and by the indignation he felt at the refusal of Anna to see him, Archer, in a few days, determined the question in favour of Florence. With her, he had no difficulty. Matters were soon on the most favourable footing. In about six weeks he offered himself, and was accepted without hesitation by the maiden. Her parents were not so easily reconciled. But a covert intimation that, if consent were not given, an elopement would inevitably take place, brought them to terms. Had they known the real truth, that the young man had actually wasted, in dissipation and gaming, the whole of his property, they would, even then, not have yielded. But this they did not suspect.

After these preliminaries were settled, much to the delight of Florence, an early day was named for the marriage, and all the preparations for the happy event begun.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NEW LOVER.

The reader will remember that mention has once or twice been made of a young man named Hartley.

A few years previous to the opening of our story, James Hartley came to Philadelphia as a poor boy, and obtained, through the recommendation of a friend who knew his family, a situation in a wholesale mercantile house. His honesty, industry and intelligence, soon made him valuable to his employers, who, as he advanced in years, elevated him in their confidence step by step, until, long before he had reached the age of twenty-one, he occupied the position of their chief and confidential clerk. Never, in the slightest degree, did he betray their confidence, or trespass with undue familiarity upon their frankness, and the open, generous manner in which they always treated him. When he became of age, so highly was he esteemed and valued, that he was offered a share in the business, and became one of

the firm of R——, S—— & Co., and entitled to a moderate dividend on the profits.

During his minority, the young man had devoted himself so closely to business, and given to it so much of his thoughts, that he had neglected to adorn his mind by tasteful reading, and to furnish himself with stores of general information. On entering into company, at a pretty early age, he became aware of his deficiencies in this respect, and to make up for them as rapidly as possible, he spent most of his evenings in reading and study. Naturally modest and disposed to think more of his deficiencies than of his attainments, he was retiring in company, and, therefore, attracted but little attention. He was not much of a favourite with young ladies, because he did not pay them very marked or flattering attentions. This was not the result of intention, but arose from want of that confidence in himself, which would have pushed him forward and made him an agreeable companion to all. As he gradually became better and better acquainted with the different ladies in whose society he was thrown, some liked him, and, indeed, highly esteemed him, while others thought him a dull companion. He had never learned to dance, and this tended to keep him back, and to prevent his circle of acquaintance from enlarging.

for while most of the young girls were on the floor, threading the mazes of the graceful cotillion, he was in some corner, in grave conversation with their mothers, or entertaining some neglected maiden, whom no one thought it worth while to take as a partner.

From these causes, as just said, he was not a general favourite with young ladies. Their opinions in regard to him were various. Some thought him dull and stupid; while others, with whom he had conversed more freely, considered him sensible enough, but too puritanical in his views and feelings; others again said that they thought they could like him very well, but that they never could get near him.

Upon the whole, although no one could allege any moral defect against Hartley, there were very few of the younger members of the social circle who cared to be very gracious towards him, or who did not feel under constraint when by his side.

Anna Lee first met him, after he had been going into company for a year or two. He was then a member of the house in which he had served his time. From the moment he saw her Hartley liked Anna; but she was so general a favourite, that it was a rare thing, indeed, that he could get by her side; and when he did, she

always showed a reserve that, acting upon his feelings, already prepossessed in her favour, closed up his mental perceptions, and caused him to appear to very poor advantage. Of this he was clearly conscious.

From the first he had found no difficulty in making the acquaintance of Florence Armitage. She fluttered through the whole circle of young men, and had a word with all. Her policy, as well as her feelings, caused her, to use her own words on a certain occasion, to make herself agreeable to the beaux. Her frank, easy manner pleased Hartley at first. She was kinder and more affable towards him than any young lady he had met, and often came to his aid in company, when, from backwardness, he was losing all of its true enjoyment. For a time, Hartley liked Florence very well. But a close observation of her character, revealed in it very glaring defects. Her efforts to induce him to ask her to go to the theatre when Fanny Ellsler danced, efforts that could not be misunderstood, first took the scales from his eyes. When he heard that she had been seen there in company with Archer, whose principles and conduct he utterly detested, he shrunk from her instinctively. When he met her, he treated her

with politeness, but took no pleasure in her company.

Gradually, as he met Anna Lee again and again in company, Hartley saw more and more of the beautiful order and purity of her character. From pleasure experienced in the observation of these, admiration soon arose in his mind; and this, imperceptibly, as one moral beauty after another unfolded itself to his eyes, deepened into a feeling of earnest regard. At this time, he was concerned to observe that Herbert Gardiner, whom he well knew, was beginning to be very marked in his attentions towards Anna; and he was still more concerned to see that his attentions were not apparently disagreeable.

Coolly, and with more philosophy than is ordinarily to be found in young men, Hartley held himself aloof, and looked on to see the result.

"What a fool!" he heard a young friend say, as he came up and joined a group of acquaintances who were standing at the entrance of a neighbour's store, one day not long after he had marked the advances of Gardiner.

"Who's a fool?" he asked.

"Why, that pretty daughter of Lee's."

"What Lee?"

"President of ——— Insurance Company."

"Pray what has she been doing?"

"A silly thing that she will repent of before she dies," was the reply of one. "She has given our friend Gardiner, across the street, the mitten to hold."

"What!"

"It is said she has declined an offer, made her by Herbert Gardiner. What do you think of that. Isn't she particular? No doubt she will take a drayman before she dies, and be glad to get him."

"Why did she decline him?"

"Some girlish whim, I suppose. Or, perhaps, some apprentice boy has already stolen away her heart."

"She didn't like his character, it is said," remarked one.

"What does she know about that, I wonder?" returned another.

"No, it wasn't that," was added by a third. "I am told that she pretended to have a perception of his moral quality when he came near her, which she pronounced impure."

"Not far out of the way," smilingly replied Hartley.

"It 's coming to a pretty pass, I think," said the other, "when young girls set themselves up to pronounce upon the quality of young men's mo-

rals, merely by the impression their sphere, as I believe it is called, makes upon her. A man might as well have a window in his breast."

"All fal-lal!" ejaculated one of the party, turning on his heel, and going off.

The little group separated at this, and Hartley went to his own store. The fact he had heard thrilled him with pleasure, and gave to Anna Lee, in his mind, a far more elevated position than she had before held.

About a month afterwards, during which time he had not once met Anna, he heard of her refusal to receive a call from Archer. Various reasons were assigned for this, but he was very sure that he understood the true one.

"Noble girl!" he said to himself. "Oh, that every honest woman would stamp, as you have done, the seal of displeasure upon vice!"

Firm and consistent in his own conduct, and ever acting from principles of right, settled as truths in his own rational mind, James Hartley was an admirer in all of firmness and consistency; but how much more an admirer of them in one whom his heart had already begun to love! Gardiner out of the way—and Archer's visit declined, he began to think of approaching, with serious intent, the lovely maiden himself. But, no sooner did

he begin thus to think, than doubts arose in his mind. His own person was plain, and Anna had declined an offer from one who was generally admitted to be one of the most fascinating and noble-looking young men in the city. He had not, as some others, who would seek her favour, those graces of mind which are so beautiful and attractive. He possessed not riches, although he was well connected in business. His family was obscure; in fact, unknown in the city. He was, himself, modest and retiring, and could not go forward and extort attention, as many had the power of doing.

These thoughts made him sad with feelings of doubt and discouragement.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN IMPRESSION MADE.

It must not be supposed that Anna Lee could take the virtuous stand she did in regard to young Archer, without feeling some disturbance of mind. She was not perfect—far from it—she was only in the effort to become so. She was only striving to act from what she saw to be true principles.

In this case, she believed that to receive the visits of a man like William Archer—a man who had been guilty of inflicting upon more than one of her sex, the deepest possible wrong—a wrong irreparable either in this or the next world, would be nothing more than approving and encouraging that wrong. And this she could not in conscience do. She, therefore, firmly repulsed him. Oh, that every virtuous maiden would thus turn from the man who has been the wronger of her sex, let him approach her when and where he will—in the social circle, in the crowded drawing-room, or in the public street! She need not do this with a parade that attracts attention—but only shrink from him as the sensitive plant shrinks from an approaching hand. She is neither true to herself nor her sex if she does not do so. For one, the writer of this always suspects the purity of heart of that woman who countenances or receives the attentions of a man who is known as the betrayer of her sex!

"Have I not done right, father?" Anna said, looking up earnestly into her father's face, as soon as the street door had been heard to close heavily behind the disappointed and mortified young man.

"Yes, dear, perfectly right," replied Mr. Lee.

Anna's eyes fell again upon the page of the book

she held in her hand. Neither her father nor mother made any further remark; and she, after sitting silent for some time, resumed her pleasant task of reading aloud to them. But her voice was neither so clear nor calm as it had been. It was slightly tremulous and husky. She read on, for half an hour, and then shut the book, and left the room. Ascending to her own chamber, and closing the door after her, she sunk upon her knees at the bedside, and lifted up her heart in earnest prayer to be guided aright in all the relations of life; and to be endowed with firmness to act truly her part as a woman.

The incident that had just transpired, and the position she had felt it to be her duty to take, had disturbed her feelings. But now she felt calmer, and more clearly conscious that she had acted right.

The fact that Anna had refused to see, even in her own house, the young man who had called upon her, soon became known and talked about A few silently approved her conduct; but many openly censured her, and some even permitted themselves to draw inferences from the fact, that reflected upon the purity of her character. Of all this, however, she was ignorant. She appeared as usual, in company, but there was a change in

the conduct of young men towards her—that is of a certain class of young men. Those who led an evil life, kept to some extent aloof. They feared to approach her with familiarity, lest they, too, should be made to feel that they were unworthy.

From this reason, although she was still the cynosure of every eye, many a gay flutterer, who had before flitted around her, kept at a distance, lest his wings should be melted by a too near approach. All this favoured our friend Hartley. Anna was more accessible to him in company, for she was not so frequently, as before, the partner of some gay friend.

The more intimately Anna knew Hartley, the more she thought about him. There was something, to her eye, beautiful in the honest simplicity of his mind, and attractive in the moral strength of his character. At first he had seemed a common man. She had responded to his attentions, whenever she was thrown into his company, because she was kind to all who were worthy of kindness; but as she met him oftener, knew him better, and marked the orderly character of his mind, and the healthy tone of his sentiments, she could not but admire him. And when he ventured to call to see her at her father's house, she

received his visit with pleasure, although she had not the most distant suspicion that his call was anything more than a friendly visit.

After he had gone away, Anna sunk down upon the sofa, in the parlour, alone, and fell into a dreamy, musing state of mind. Many images, dim and but half defined, floated before her; and mingled with them was the form of young Hartley. She heard the sound of his voice, and remembered many sentiments he had uttered. And all this was pleasing to her.

The young man trode the pavement, as he walked homeward, with light footsteps, and a lighter heart. Anna had not refused to see him. And more than that: She had sung and played for him — the music sounding sweeter to his ears than anything he had ever heard — and seemed interested in all the conversation that passed between them.

In a week Hartley called again. But this visit was far from being as pleasant as the first. Anna seemed reserved. What could it mean? Had she suspected his feelings? And did she mean to repulse him? The thought embarrassed him, and made their intercourse, during the hour that he stayed, unsatisfactory to both.

The young man did not venture upon a third visit. He was afraid. The coldness of Anna,

was evident to his mind, arose from a dislike towards him, and he shrunk from the direct issue of an open repulse.

Two months passed, and not once during that time had Hartley ventured to call upon the maiden who was in all his waking and dreaming thoughts. Two or three times he had met her upon the street, and, although she had spoken to him, there was something shy about her—something altogether unusual in her manner. He interpreted it to mean a dislike for him; but he was a young man, and little acquainted with the language of a woman's heart.

CHAPTER XV.

A SAD PICTURE.

When it became known to Anna Lee, that her young friend, Florence, had accepted an offer of marriage from Archer, her heart was deeply troubled. When they met, and Florence delicately unfolded the truth to her, the words Anna spoke in reply seemed as if they would choke her. She could not utter congratulations, and she felt

that she had now no right to object to the young man's character. Florence was his betrothed.

"I have a particular favour to ask of you, Anna," said her friend; "and I am sure you will not refuse me."

"What is it?"

"You will be one of my bridemaids?"

Anna's eyes fell to the floor. How could she refuse her friend's request? and yet, how could she grant it? After thinking, hurriedly, for a few moments, and becoming sensible how intimately such a service to her friend would bring her into contact with a man from whom she shrunk with abhorrence, and who could not but feel angry with her, she looked up and said,

"I am sorry to refuse you, Florence, but it will be out of the question. I cannot act as your bridemaid."

"Why?"

Anna was again silent. What could she say?

"You must, Anna; indeed you must," urged Florence.

"No, my friend, I cannot do this," was the maiden's firm answer.

"It is because you don't like William," said Florence, a little warmly, her cheek reddening.

Anna did not reply.

"Speak out the plain truth, and name at once your reason. Isn't it as I say?"

"Suppose that were the reason, Florence, why should you wish to know it?"

"Because I do." Florence was losing command of herself.

"My dear friend," said Anna, with earnestness, "do not let a little thing like this cause you to feel unkindly towards one who has a warm affection for you; towards one who would willingly serve you in every possible way."

"It is not impossible for you to do what I have asked." Florence looked into Anna's face with compressed lips, as she made this reply.

"It is impossible for me to do anything that I think wrong."

"Wrong! Wrong to be my bridemaid!" And Florence rose to her feet with a flushed face. "What do you mean by such words?"

"Enough has been already said, Florence," returned the maiden, with the tears starting to her eyes. "I do not wish to give you a reason for declining your request. Believe me that it does not arise from any indisposition to serve you."

"It is because you do not like Mr. Arcner, then?"

Anna made no reply

"Anna, I must and will have the truth. Tell me at once if that is your reason!" Florence spoke in an agitated manner.

"I cannot withhold my reason, if you insist upon knowing it."

"I do insist."

"You have supposed truly."

"You don't like Mr. Archer."

"No, Florence, I don't. This you have always known. And it is for this reason that I am compelled to refuse your request."

"How can you be my friend, and not the friend of my husband?" Florence had a stern look, as she asked this question, and then moved towards the door.

"It must be as you say, Florence," was Anna's calm reply, although the tears were stealing from beneath her half-closed lashes. "I wish to be *your* friend—I love you as a sister; or, rather, let me say, as a wayward sister, whom I would fain lead by better counsels than those she is following. The man you are about to marry, you well know, I do not like, and that I have good reasons for my feeling. I do not think he will ever make you happy. I wish, from my heart, you had declined his offer."

The exceeding tenderness of Anna's voice, as it pronounced the words "sister," and "wayward sister," caused [illegible] Florence to tremble. Her momentarily [illegible]ger subsided. She looked at the [illegible] face of her friend, and at the tears [illegible] glistening on her cheeks. The [illegible]at was of the woman in her was too s[illegible] she rushed into the arms of Anna, and [illegible]ng upon her bosom.

"O, my dear, good [illegible]!" she murmured, as soon as her emotion had in some degree subsided. "I wish that I had your firm heart that beats so truly and warmly in the right place. I wish that, like you, I were free from weakness. That I could always do what my judgment dictates. I was angry with you but a moment since; no—no—Florence was not angry, it was her pride that was angry. She loves you as truly and as tenderly as she has ever loved you; and may that love never grow cold! But can you, will you still love me, and seek to guide my young heart as you have hitherto sought, but with so little apparent effect? I shall need your counsel—I shall need just such a friend. For in all soberness, Anna, I do not feel that I have done right in accepting an offer of marriage from William Archer. I do not believe that he will ever make me happy."

Anna shuddered, when her friend said this in a voice that was sadder than anything she had for a long time heard.

"O Florence!" And now Anna's tears gushed freely. "Why did you not pause and think before you took this fatal step? Why did you not pray to Heaven for direction, before you spoke that one little word that involves the happiness and misery of a whole lifetime—nay, my dear friend, of a whole eternity?

"Because I was mad. But is not this worse than madness, Anna? I have consented to become his bride. The day is appointed, and, before three weeks have passed away, I shall be a wife. I dare not say a happy wife. But I must strive to be all to him that a wife should be."

"That is your duty, Florence. And if you will only strive to do a wife's part, looking up for assistance in all your duties, and for guidance in every trying circumstance, your marriage with William Archer, although in the nature of things it cannot, at first, be a very happy one, may be the means of elevating and perfecting your character. And still more, of elevating and refining the character of your husband. Although the ordeal may be to you a fiery one, it may prove in

the hands of Providence the means of accomplishing a great good."

"God grant th[illegible]so," murmured Florence.

A responsive "[illegible] all the sound that broke upon the a[illegible] deep, deep silence followed.

From that tim[illegible] Armitage was a changed being. S[illegible]ll she had expressed to Anna, over and over aga[illegible] in the short space that had elapsed since her engagement to Archer: but the expression of her feelings gave them a fixedness and power. They now influenced her external acts, and were seen in the change wrought in her countenance and manner. Her observation had become more acute, and her feelings more truly impressible. She saw more distinctly than she had before seen, the true character of Archer, and how little there was in it for a woman to love. She saw that he was selfish, had a violent temper, and was willing to sacrifice anything so that his own wishes might be gratified.

But what could she do? She had consented to become his wife Had entered into a solemn contract with him and she felt that she dared not violate it.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN EXCITING CIRCUMSTANCE.

During the next three weeks, Florence was unhappy. She dreaded, almost like the approach of death, her wedding-day. The more intimate she became in her association with the man she had promised to marry, the stronger was her repugnance to the union. She was much with Anna during that time, who strove all that was in her power, to cause her friend to look up for light. Anna did not feel that she ought to encourage Florence to break her contract with Archer. Had she done so, Florence would not long have hesitated; for she did not as yet see principles of action clearly in the light of her own mind, and therefore was easily led by others, when their advice favoured her own inclinations.

Archer himself saw that Florence was changed, and he half suspected the cause. This made him more attentive, and more careful to study the inclinations of his betrothed. But enough of his real character was constantly showing itself, to

sadden the heart of Florence, at the thought of becoming his bride. The recollection, too, of a young school-m[illegible] she had been attached, and wh[illegible] rawn from the path of virtue two y[illegible] y Archer, and banished from virtu[illegible] as constantly in her mind. All throu[illegible] the image of that sweet-faced [illegible]efore her; and she would often dream [illegible]ight.

By the time her w[illegible]ay arrived, she had, instead of a pure love, a deep aversion for the man she had consented to marry. Nevertheless, all the preparations went on. A large company was invited to grace the nuptial ceremonies, and they assembled at the house of Mr. Armitage according to appointment. Anna Lee, though still firmly declining to act as one of the bridemaids, was with her friend in her chamber as the hour approached, assisting to dress her for the occasion.

Poor Florence felt wretched. But there seemed no way of escape. She had accepted the young man's offer. There had been a solemn contract, and she did not see how she could break it; particularly, as she knew just as much of the young man's character, as a betrayer of innocence, before, as since, she had agreed to marry him.

All the preparations were completed, and in

half an hour Florence would have to stand at the marriage altar, and pledge her faith to a man for whom she felt a strong internal repugnance — to a man who could not make her happy. She desired to be left alone with Anna during the time that remained, and all retired from her chamber but the true-hearted maiden. For ten minutes not a word was spoken by either. Then the silence was broken by a violent fit of weeping. Florence was not able to control her feelings.

Anna tenderly soothed and encouraged her, until she grew externally calm.

"Ah, my dear friend!" said Florence, when she could trust herself to speak, "you cannot know the dreadful feelings I have. I think I could meet death with calmness; but from this union I shrink with a most intolerable anguish of mind. Last night I dreamed, for, it seems, the twentieth time, that Grace Leary came to see me — you remember sweet little Grace. I thought I was sitting just here, and she opened that door, and came in with a quiet step. She had on a gay dress, much worn and soiled, and a bonnet full of bright flowers, that were drooping and faded. All her beauty was gone; and, instead of the soft light of her sweet blue eyes, that we all used so to admire, her glance had in it a fierce,

demoniac fire. She came close up to me, and stood and looked in the face. I could neither move nor Gradually the whole expression of her ed. Her eyes grew mild as heaven her cheeks rounded into the contour d the rose blushed in them. The taw in which she was dressed changed its of snowy white, and she stood smil ne, the lovely Grace Leary of other days: I started forward to embrace her, but she stepped back, changed instantly to her former appearance; and pointing to a corner of the room, said sternly—

"'For this, *he* is guilty!'

"I looked, and there stood William Archer I was wide awake in an instant. Oh, Anna! where, and what is Grace Leary now? The man I am about to marry, betrayed her; and she is, if still alive, a wretched outcast. That dream I feel to be true—alas! too true! And may it not be sent as a warning? Is it not the voice of Heaven, calling upon me to pause? Oh, if I could only think so, I would stop even here, and start back, from what seems inevitable ruin. There is nothing that I would not do, rather than advance a single step further Anna! dear Anna! You

are wiser and better than I am; tell me what I should do."

Before Anna Lee could frame her thoughts into a reply, the door opened, and a stranger, closely veiled, came in, and advanced towards the two young friends. Both rose to their feet, in instant surprise. The intruder was small in stature, and delicately formed. Her dress was of rich material, but much defaced; and her whole appearance that of one who had experienced some sad change of fortune. For nearly a minute she stood before the astonished inmates of the room, with her head bent towards the floor, and her breast labouring heavily. At last she slowly drew aside the thick veil that concealed her face. It was a young, young face, but sadly marred. There was a broad white brow, and a pair of deep blue eyes, sunken far back in their sockets—delicately-formed lips, and, indeed, a whole countenance of the softest feminine mould. But the face was pale and sad, and had upon it many a line, not written there by Virtue's finger.

"You do not know me," the stranger said, in a low, tremulous voice, breaking the oppressive silence.

That voice stirred a thousand old memories in the hearts of both Florence and Anna.

"It is no wonder," she added, in a sadder tone, "I have changed since we played together as children."

"Grace! ! Can it be possible!" exclaimed forward. But the stranger shrunk

"No— e: I will not let your pure ha o polluted as mine. I have com in one good act, among my thousand This is the wedding-night of Florence ige. I have dreamed of her for weeks past; and now, impelled by something I cannot resist, I have come to warn her against the man to whom she is about to be united. He lured me, with false promises of marriage, from the path of virtue, and then corrupted me more and more, and pressed me down lower and lower, until I am what you see, one of society's vilest outcasts."

"Florence!" and she fixed her eyes upon the young creature who stood trembling before her, all decked out in her bridal robes—"Pause—think—start back! If you advance a single step, you will be wretched for life. I have a right to know the man you are about to marry,—I do know him, far better than you possibly can; and I know him to be corrupt, debased, unprinci-

pled. I hold his promise of marriage; a promise by which he enticed me from the right path; and while that promise stands, he has no right to wed another. He can never be truly your husband, while he is pledged to me."

At that moment the door again opened, and Archer himself, accompanied by the mother of Anna, and the bridemaids, entered. It was the hour for the ceremony to begin.

"Aha!" half shrieked the wretched creature as her eyes fell upon the young man himself who stepped back in amazement and alarm. Then raising her finger, and stretching up her slender form to its utmost height, she said, in a calm, clear voice—

"Base betrayer of innocence! Behold one of your victims! There is an unmarked grave, in a lonely spot near the city. Do you know who sleeps there? Flora Lyons!" This name was uttered mournfully; at its sound, both Anna and Florence started, and grew pale. The excited girl went on,—"I was with her on the night in which she died—alone with her. Oh, it was a dreadful night! She cursed you with her latest breath, and well she might—you were her murderer—yes, worse than her murderer; for you killed both body and soul. And now, after all this, the wolf

's seeking to consort with the lamb. But it shall not be!"

The strong excitement of the girl's feelings overcame her. A[illegible] e last words, her extended arm fell [illegible] drooped upon her bosom, and she [illegible] fallen forward upon the floor, h[illegible] r of Florence caught her in her ar[illegible] e confusion that followed had su[illegible] m Archer was not to be seen. He [illegible] room and the house.

"Thank God [illegible] aved," murmured Florence, as soon as her [illegible] ldered mind grew calm, throwing her arms rou d the neck of Anna as she spoke. They were again alone, after having seen poor Grace Leary, still insensible, laid in bed, and properly attended to.

"Yes, my dear Florence! you are safe. And may the Being you have so fervently thanked for his kind, preserving care, keep you ever under the shadow of His wings. Look up to Him, and you need fear no danger. He will be a light to your feet, and guide you safely through the most dark and difficult parts of life's journey."

"I will look to Him—I will trust in him," murmured the thankful girl, drawing her ar tightly about the neck of her friend.

Of the surprise and confusion that took pl

when it was announced to the company that the wedding would not take place, nothing need be said. Of course there was much embarrassment — many exclamations, and a hundred and one conjectures as to the real cause. All was in due time explained and understood; and all felt glad that Florence had escaped a life of wretchedness.

CHAPTER XVII.

WOOED AND WON.

A FEW evenings after the events which transpired at the house of Mr. Armitage, as just described, had taken place, Hartley, who could not erase the image of Anna Lee from his mind, determined, in a moment of half-desperation, to call upon her once more.

"If she dislikes me, I will see it, and I want some certainty," he said to himself.

Under this feeling, he visited her.

"Mr. Hartley is in the parlour," said a domestic, as she opened the door of the room where Anna was sitting with her parents.

Mr. Lee looked into the face of his daughter, and saw that the announcement had disturbed the quiet tone of her feelings. But whether the effect were pleasing, or he could not tell.

"Tell him I will n in a few minutes," Anna said, rising a light and went to her own room, re-arranged her hair, put on a collar, me trifling alterations in her dress. S a few minutes after this, to give her hat were more than ordinarily ruffled, time to lm down. Then she descended to the parlour.

Hartley had been waiting for her in a state of nervous uncertainty. Upon the character of her reception of his visit, hung all his hopes. If she smiled upon him, he would be the happiest man in existence; if she repulsed him by her manner, he would be the most miserable. He was in this state of mind, when Anna came in, and advancing towards him, offered her hand with a graceful ease, and a manner so frank and warm, that the young man took instant courage. In a little while they were conversing together, perfectly at ease, and each interested in and silently approving the sentiments uttered by the other. When they separated, both felt happier than they had been for weeks. Why it was so

with Anna, she hardly dared acknowledge to herself. To Hartley, as far as he was concerned, the matter was plain as daylight. He did not suffer many days to elapse, before calling again To his great delight, he was received as kindly as before; and even half-blind as he was from over modesty and bashfulness, could see that there was something warmer in the face and eyes of the maiden, than expressed an ordinary friendly feeling towards an acquaintance. He now visited Anna regularly, and was ever a welcome guest.

On one occasion, after Hartley had paid close attention to her for two or three months, there was a freer exchange of sentiments, and the conversation was upon subjects that brought out from both an expression of the leading principles that ought to govern in the common affairs of life. Hartley was pleased to find that Anna had sound views upon all the questions that came up; and she was no less gratified to perceive in him, as she had often before perceived, a basis of good sense, a clearly discriminating mind, and a love of truth for its own sake. They had been speaking of the beauty of moral excellence, when Anna remarked, and she did so to see how far his principles led him,

"But to come to the real truth at last, Mr Hartley, moral excellence is nothing, if the seal of religion be wanting."

Hartley looked n, but did not reply.

"In fact," she re nless all our actions are regulated by s, our morality has but a slender bas upon—is, in fact, only an assumed real morality, and when the storms ions arise, and the floods beat against ll."

He still remained a s t admiring listener; and she went on.

"A man may render civil obligations to his country, because his interest is involved in doing so; and he may act in all the varied relations of life with external faultlessness, and yet not be in heart a moral man, or a good citizen. He may obey the laws, because he thereby secures his own good; and he may be hospitable and kind, and generous from a love of the world's good opinion. But, if he could believe that it would be more to his interest to violate the law, what would hold him in obedience to the law? Or, if he were placed in circumstances where he could not forfeit or gain the world's good opinion, would he be generous and hospitable? But, if he is a good citizen, and a moral man from a rel-

gious principle—that is, because civil laws and moral laws are at the same time Divine laws, can even he be tempted to break them? No. He only, therefore, who is governed by religious principles, is, in reality a good citizen, or a truly moral man. Is it not so, Mr. Hartley?"

"Doubtless, all you have said is true," returned the young man. "But who around us is thus governed by religious principles?"

"Many, I hope."

"Can you name one?"

The maiden's cheek became slightly suffused, as she replied, after a moment's hesitation,

"Yes; one, at least."

"Who is it."

"My father. And it is to him I am indebted for the light that my own mind has received on so important a subject."

"Do you not know another?"

"I do. My mother acts from the same high obligations."

"And you do the same?"

Hartley looked earnestly into his companion's face, as he said this, that not a single varying shade of its expression might be lost.

"I try to do so," was the modestly spoken answer; "but I am conscious, every day, that my

efforts are altogether imperfect. That my character is not yet based upon an ever-abiding love of the truth for its own sake."

"I am glad to [illegible] so," Hartley returned, with a smile.

"Glad?" And [illegible] at the young man with surprise.

"Yes, glad. I [illegible] am struggling to make the laws of [illegible] vil life, one with the laws of Divide [illegible] t my efforts are imperfect, and my progre [illegible] ry slow. Sometimes I seem not to advance at all. Is not that your own experience?"

"It is; and I sometimes fear will ever be. If I advance at all, my progress is so slow that I do not perceive it. But why should you be glad at my imperfections?"

Hartley ventured to take her hand. She yielded it passively. Looking steadily into her mild, blue eyes, he said,—

"Because I feared that you were perfect; and if so, I should have been without hope."

The eyes of the maiden fell suddenly. A burning blush covered her whole face, yet she did not withdraw the hand that was held by her companion.

"But, like myself, you are conscious of imperfections—conscious of weakness and evil, and, like myself, are struggling to rise above them," continued Hartley, tightening his hold upon the small, soft hand, that lay so passively in his. "Shall we not help each other to rise into a higher and better life? Shall we not, together, struggle with temptation, and together find a Sabbath rest, when we have conquered?"

Anna could not reply. But her heart was fluttering with joy. She could only let her hand remain in that of her lover; and she did let it remain, and even returned his tight clasp with a gentle pressure.

When Hartley passed from the door of Mr. Lee's dwelling, he was bewilderingly happy. Anna had consented, with her parent's approbation, to accept his hand in marriage.

CHAPTER XVIII.

YOUTH IN RUINS.

During the [illegible] Hartley was visiting Anna, Mr. L[illegible] ry close inquiries into his charac[illegible] life. All that he heard was fav[illegible] t, even with those favourable test[illegible] ard to the young man, Mr. Lee did [illegible] atisfied altogether, with his attentions to Anna. As the reader has seen, with all his good sense, the father had his weaknesses. He was proud of his lovely child, and could not help wishing to see her the chosen bride, when chosen at all, of one who stood forth from the mass, distinguished in some way; either as a man of wealth and rank, or with a brilliant reputation in some profession.

But the lesson he had received in the case of Gardiner was a salutary one—it rebuked his fond pride, and made him willing to consent for Anna to wed even obscurely, so that in the man of her choice, both the heart and the head were right.

When, therefore, Hartley made a formal proposal for the hand of Anna, Mr. Lee gave his free

consent, although he could not help a feeling of reluctance in doing so. To Hartley he could find no valid objection; only, he was an ordinary man, in the common walks of life.

From the time of the engagement until the wedding-day, nothing of interest to the reader transpired. The more frequently Anna saw, and the better she knew her betrothed, the more thankful did she feel that her young heart had been won by a man of such pure and high principles. By one who could not only see what was true, but who had the strength of mind to act ever according to its dictates. Mr. Lee also esteemed the young man more and more, the oftener he met him, and the more closely he scrutinized his character; and long before the wedding-day arrived, his heart consented to the union as freely as did his head—his will approved as well as his understanding.

After the exciting occurrence which took place at the house of Mr. Armitage, Florence was a very different being from what she was before She had stood, frightened, on the brink of a terrible precipice, just ready to plunge into the awful abyss below, and had been saved at the moment when hope was pluming her wings tc depart. She went abroad but rarely, and when in com-

pany, was modest and retiring. A large portion of her time was spent with Anna, from whose precepts and example she learned to think and feel more as or... upon the untried and unknown s... uld think and feel. She learned to u... ge more justly; to esteem it the mo... act of a woman's life, and as involv... important results.

Like Anna's fa... e did not at first feel reconciled to u... e had made. But the oftener she met... d the more closely she compared him with u... ver and truer standards that were forming in her mind, the more fully did she become satisfied that Anna had chosen with a wise discrimination.

To the unfortunate being who had, in the wild anguish of a wounded and crushed spirit, stepped forward from her guilty obscurity, and saved her from the ruin of all life's best hopes, Florence felt deeply grateful. After the over-excited feelings of Grace Leary had suddenly subsided in unconsciousness, she was removed to another chamber, placed in bed, and every effort made to restore her to animation. It was sad to look upon the white, sunken face of the death-like sleeper, and to think of all she had suffered—of the vine-wreathed bower of virtue that she had forsaken, for

the vile haunts of sin and deep pollution. Towards her betrayer, there was but one feeling—that of the deepest execration. Many hours passed before the girl awoke from the deep swoon into which she had fallen, during which time Anna Lee, who had known her and loved her in earlier days, sat anxiously watching by her side. Perhaps those few hours were the saddest of Anna's whole life. She had never seen such a wreck before—the wreck of youth, beauty, and innocence. She had heard of such things, and had shuddered at the bare imagination; but here lay, pale, and insensible before her, one whom she had loved,—one by whose side she had often sat, and whose slender arms had often been entwined about her neck—one who had left the flowery path of honour and virtue, and been a wanderer in the dark valley of sin.

She was alone by the bed upon which Grace lay, with her head bent partly from her, when a low sigh aroused her to consciousness. She turned quickly. The eyes of Grace were fixed intently upon her. But they soon closed with a languid motion, and the whole face of the wretched girl became marked by strong lines of anguish. Anna arose and leaned over her, and in a tender voice called her name. But there was no answer.

Her lips did, indeed, move convulsively, as if she were about to speak; but in an instant they were firmly compressed, and her head turned away.

No words of kindness from Anna, nor from any who approached her, could induce the girl to make a reply. She seemed to be in great mental suffering, for her lips remained strongly shut together, and her brows corrugated; and once, when Anna went to take her hand, she found the fingers tightly clenched.

Finding all efforts to get her to speak unavailing, she was left alone, in the hope that sleep would tranquilize her mind, and soften her feelings. But when her chamber was entered on the morning, it was found vacant. The unhappy girl had fled from virtue's rebuking presence.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

ANNA's wedding-day quickly came. To her it brought mingled feelings of pleasure and sadness. The maiden was about to take upon herself a wife's duties,—to enter upon an untried sphere of action. To step from the peaceful happy home of her father, into the dwelling of a husband. To begin a new life of deeper and more varied emotions.

Towards her mother, whom she was about to leave, she felt an unusual tenderness; for she realized, in her own mind, how lonely that mother would be when she was away; and there were moments when, from this reason, she half-regretted having named so early a wedding-day. Then her thoughts would turn to the children over whom her care had been exercised, ever since they were babes in their mother's arms. She loved them truly—how could she leave them? Who could fill to them her place? Such thoughts would at times throw a deeply pensive shade over her feelings. But the intense love she bore the

chosen of her heart, would carry away her mind to him, and she would muse with delight over the thought of bec with him in marriage.

Thus passed the d preparations for the ceremonies that take place in the evening. Anna was alone in her room just before nightfall, r mother came in, and sitting down besi took her hand and warmly pressed it within her own. As she did so, the maiden leaned over against her, and let her head rest upon the bosom that had so often before pillowed it, looking up as she did so, into her mother's face with eyes swimming in tears of pure filial love.

"You are about to leave us, my dear child," Mrs. Lee said, in a voice half inaudible from emotion; and then paused to get a better command of her feelings. Anna closed her eyes to keep the tears from stealing over her face.

"You are about to leave us, Anna," resumed Mrs. Lee, "and I pray, that you may be as good a wife as you have been a daughter. I am sure you will. It is hard to part with you, my child; very hard; but it is right that you should go. You are a woman, and must act a woman's part. Act it well, and you will be a blessing to all. I

believe the man who has chosen you to be his companion through the journey of life, is worthy to claim your hand. I believe he will do all in his power to make you happy. Strive to do your part fully. Above all, look upon marriage as a divine institution, as an ordinance of the church. In making your vows, do so, consciously, in the sight of heaven, and fulfil those vows as a solemn religious obligation.

"When you have become a wife, you will find yourself in a new world, with new thoughts and feelings, and altogether new relations. And you may not find your duties in that new world so simple, nor so easily performed as you have imagined. It is no light matter for two minds, bearing the relation that the masculine and feminine minds bear to each other, to enter upon the process of unition; for one end of marriage is to cause two minds that are imperfect in separation, to unite and make one truly perfect man. If the human race had not fallen from the true order in which they were created, this union would be an easy and delightful task; but now it can only take place in the degree that there is a mutual restoration to true order, in the minds of the husband and wife. Just in the degree that each remains selfish, and thus in evil principles, will be the

difficulties and obstructions in the way of this union; and the consequent unhappiness that will follow marri

"Your tr dear child, will be to strive to rem ır own heart all that is contrary to d ıd to help your husband to do the sa far as you do this, will you be happy what may be the external circumstanc ı Providence may place you.

"But this work must be a gradual one, both with yourself and husband: and, therefore, in the very nature of things, there will arise states of mind in conflict with each other. You will feel, sometimes, like setting up your will against that of your husband, and he will be led into the same temptation. When this happens, Oh! remember, my child, that forbearance and submission will be your only safe course. Do not listen a moment to the suggestions of pride. But be patient and yielding; by so doing, you will help both your husband and yourself. You will elevate him into a purer region, where his vision will be clearer, and you will yourself come into that region.

"And now, what more shall I say to you? How shall I rightly prepare you for your new duties? How shall I guard you, more than by

the general precept, to shun all evil as a sin against God, and because it is a sin? If you do this, it will be well with you. The path of duty will be an easy path,—the way of life smooth.

"I give you away to your husband, with a confidence that few mothers can feel. You must, you will be happy in his love, for he is worthy of you. Oh! believe that you can never be more than worthy of the love of such a man as James Hartley. Cherish the deep affection he has for you with the tenderest care; for a heart like his is a rare jewel—it is priceless in value."

Anna lay close to her mother's breast, and quiet as an infant.

More, much more of earnest precept was poured into her ear, to all of which the maiden listened with the most profound attention. Mrs. Lee lifted the veil for her child, and gave her new views of the marriage relation, and of her duties in it: when that child descended to the crowded rooms below, some hours afterwards, and plighted her faith before God and man, it was with sober feelings, and a strong internal resolution to act the wife's part truly, difficult as the task might be to perform.

Shall we say more? What more remains to be said? Anna Lee, the pure-hearted Anna Lee is

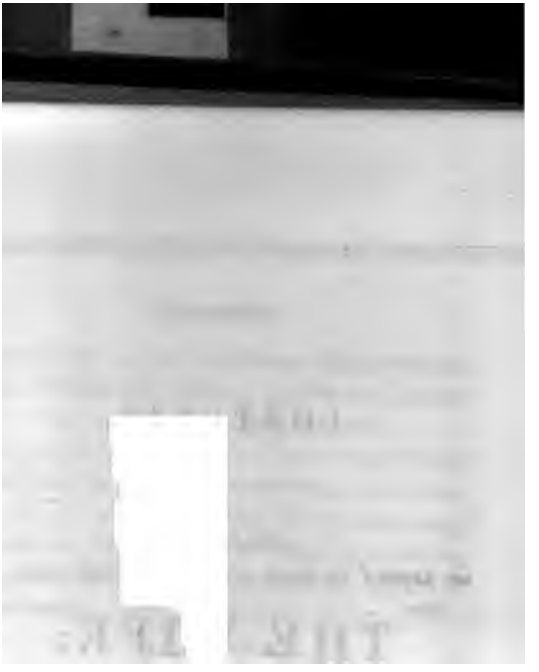
married to the man of her choice. She has passed safely through the perils of maidenhood, and is now a wife—and a [illegible]y wedded.

But we must not lose [illegible]her. As a "Wife," we will still follow h[illegible]e how, in her new relations, she sustains [illegible]onious consistency of character that m[illegible]lovely as a maiden, and blessed all who [illegible]thin the sphere of her influence.

THE WIFE:

A STORY FOR

MY YOUNG COUNTRYWOMEN.



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THE WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

AN EFFORT TO BEGIN RIGHT—A WISE DECISION.

JAMES HARLEY had been married three weeks —three of the happiest weeks he had ever spent; but happier far was his lovely young bride. A form of affection, as every woman is, she could love more deeply, and feel a more intense delight in loving. The more closely she looked into her husband's mind, and the clearer she saw and understood the moral qualities by which it was adorned, the purer and more elevated was her love.

They sat alone, side by side, as the day was drawing to a close, the hand of the wife resting, confidingly, in that of her husband. They were yet in the family of the bride's father, who would not hear to their going away

"It is plenty of time, these three or four months to come, for Anna to take upon herself the cares of d[illegible]ie would say, whenever any allu[illegible]y either his daughter or her husband t[illegible]ion of going to housekeeping.

But both Jame[illegible]nd his bride thought differently, as a [illegible] that passed between them some few da[illegible]ly, will show.

"We have bee[illegible]l now for nearly a month, Anna," remarked Hartley; "and it is full time that we began our preparations for housekeeping."

"A thing, you know, that father will not consent to our doing."

"So it seems. But, is it right for us to remain here longer than is necessary to make proper arrangements for getting into our own house?"

"Is there any reason why we should hurry these arrangements?" returned Anna.

"None in the least. We should make them deliberately and wisely."

"And may they not be made as well three months hence as now?"

"You shall answer that question yourself," replied Hartley, smiling. "We are now husband and wife."

A light, like the flitting of a sun-ray over the face of Anna, was the response to this affirmation.

"As such," continued the husband, "we occupy a new, peculiar, and distinct position in society. The sphere of our influence is a different one from what it was. All who approach us are affected differently from what they formerly were. You can understand why this is so?"

"Clearly. All new relations make a corresponding impression on society. The influence of the maiden is one thing, and the influence of the wife another."

"And they act in different spheres."

"Yes. One is on the circumference of the family circle, so to speak, the other in the centre."

"The exact truth. Now, what position does a wife occupy in a family circle of which she is not the centre? An orderly one?"

Anna shook her head.

"If not an orderly one, then not the most useful one—not the true one."

"But I, as a wife, would make both centre and circumference in the family circle, now. Or, rather, you and I would."

"Even admitting this, which is not exactly clear, we would both be in truer order than wher

on the circumference and not in the centre at the same time. You will admit that."

"I cannot help doing so."

"And if in a better way of acting usefully i.

"Yes."

"Then, as fe, can we too soon take our true s I think not. Life's duties are not so of them can safely be neglected for a It is very pleasant to live here, without a thought or care about external things. But I am not at all sure that it is good for either of us."

"Nor am I, now that I fully comprehend your views, which I see to be correct in every particular. Father and mother will regret our leaving them, I know. But you are now my husband, and I am ready, when I see truth in your rational mind, to stand up by your side in obedience to the truth, even though all the world should be offended."

"Which, of course, they will not be, at our doing so sensible a thing as going to housekeeping in a month or two after our marriage."

Anna smiled sweetly into her husband's face, as he replied thus playfully to her earnestly expressed sentiment

From that time their resolution was taken.

On the occasion referred to in the opening of this chapter, the subject of conversation was their intention of making early preparations for getting into their own house. On the day previous, they had conversed seriously with Anna's father and mother, who, much against their will, could not help yielding a rational consent to the reasons offered by their children for the resolution to take their true place in society.

"There is now a very good house on Walnut street to rent, which, I think, will just suit us," remarked Hartley, while they sat, hand in hand, as we have seen. "I looked through it to-day, and find that it has every convenience that could be desired. It is just below —— street."

"One of those large, handsome houses?"

"Yes. You remember them?"

"Very well. What is the rent?"

"Seven hundred dollars."

Anna made no reply, but sat with her eyes cast thoughtfully to the floor. She not only had no wish to go into so large and expensive a house, but felt an instant reluctance at the thought of doing so. She had no certain knowledge in regard to her husband's worldly circumstances, but she did not believe that he was rich. She had been

living with her father in a plain and comfortable style, and did not think of anything greatly superior.

Hartley looked to the face of his young wife, and its expression.

"How do you li e I mention?" he at length said.

Here came a tr a, the trial of not agreeing with her h Her wish was to yield, in all things, her v his; but, unless her judgment approved, she could not so yield with a clear conscience. In this matter, her judgment did not approve, and she felt an acute pain at the thought of objecting to his proposal. With an effort, and a look that asked forgiveness for opposition, she said—

"It is a very handsome house. But——"

And she hesitated, while a warm glow suffused her face.

"But what, dear?" The kindness with which this was spoken, re-assured Anna, who felt an inward dread of the effects of opposition. The idea that she should ever be called upon to differ from her husband in anything requiring concert of action, had, until now, never crossed her mind.

"Don't you think the rent too high?" she said, in a suggestive tone.

"Not for the house. It is a very excellent one, and there is not a more desirable situation, I think, in the city."

"But for us to pay, I mean?"

Hartley looked again earnestly into the face of his wife—so earnestly that her eyes dropped beneath his fixed gaze. Another silence followed; to Anna a troubled one.

"I don't know but that you are right," the husband said, with a frank smile. "Seven hundred dollars is rather a heavy rent for two young people like us to pay."

"But it is not only the rent, dear," returned Anna, brightening up. "A large and elegant house like that, must be furnished in a liberal and corresponding style. And then there would have to be a free expenditure of money to maintain such an establishment. For my part, I do not desire to come before the world as a young wife, in so imposing a manner."

Hartley returned, to this, an approving pressure of the hand he still held.

"Still," resumed Anna, "if your circumstances justify such a style of living, and you desire it, I, as your wife, will not object for an instant."

This remark helped to set Hartley right. The house in which he was partner, was doing a heavy

business, and there was a prospect of making large profits. If this expectation should be realized, his division would be a[illegible]e. But if not?—That "if" had ne[illegible]resented itself so distinctly to his [illegible]his moment. In thinking about com[illegible]sekeeping, he had felt ambitious to r[illegible]s elevated a condition as possible. [illegible]r along side of the "best and proudest.' [illegible]s was more from impulse and feeling th[illegible]. His pride, not his good common sense was influencing him. At the first blush, although he did not let it be seen, he felt disappointed at the want of cordial approval manifested by Anna, for whose sake, more than for his own, he had fixed upon the handsome house in Walnut street. But the view she took of the subject, so soon as it came directly in front of the eye of his mind, he saw to be the true one.

"That may be a question," he said, in reply to her last remark, speaking thoughtfully. "It is true, that everything looks bright ahead; but it is also true, that clouds often come suddenly over the brightest skies. It was for your sake that I wished to rent that house. I felt a pride in the thought of making you its mistress."

"I shall be much happier, as the mistress of a less imposing residence. Let us begin the world

without ostentation. As we are about to commence housekeeping from a sense of right, let us not consult appearances, but be governed throughout by the right ends that prompted our first decision. For my part, a house at half, or even less than half the rent of the one in Walnut street, will meet all my expectations. To manage its internal arrangements will cost me less care and labour, and you less money. And it is needless to be too free with either in the beginning of life."

"Well and wisely said, Anna. I fully agree with you. I yielded to a weakness when I set my heart upon the house I have mentioned. I will look further and see if I cannot find as many comforts as that presented, in a more compact, and less costly form."

"I am sure you will. And I am sure we will be happier than if we had made our debut in a much more imposing way."

And thus the matter was settled. The reader cannot but say, wisely, when he reflects, that James Hartley was without capital himself, and only a junior partner in a mercantile house, which, although it was doing a heavy business, might not at the end of the year, from causes against which ordinary foresight could not guard, divide anything more than very moderate profits. A woman with

different views and feelings, would never have thought of objecting to become the mistress of an establishment like the one offered by Hartley; but Anna had [illegible] or love of show to gratify. She l[illegible] what was right; or, at least, ever sou[illegible]

CHA[illegible] II.

A THOUGHTLESS WOMAN OF THE WORLD —FLORENCE ARMITAGE.

"You are going to housekeeping, I hear," said Mrs. Riston, a young friend, about a week after the conversation mentioned in the preceding chapter had taken place. Mrs. Riston had called in to see Anna, whose acquaintance she had recently made.

"Yes," was the smiling reply.

"You'll be sorry for it."

"Why so?"

"Oh, it will bring you into a world of trouble. My husband has been teasing me to death about going to housekeeping ever since we have been married. But I won't hear to it."

"That is strange. I thought every married woman would like to be in her own house."

"Oh dear! no. I know dozens who would throw houses and all into the Schuylkill if they could. It makes a slave of a woman, Mrs. Hartley. She is tied down to a certain routine of duties of the most irksome nature; and this, day in and day out, the year round. And what is worse, instead of her duties growing lighter, they are constantly increasing."

"But all these duties it is right for her to perform, is it not?"

"Not if she can get out of them, or delegate their performance to some one else, as I do. In a boarding-house you pay for having all this trouble taken off your hands. And I think our husbands may just as well pay for it as not. I have no notion of being a slave. I did not marry to become a mere drudge, so to speak, to any one."

"It is a question in my mind, Mrs. Riston, whether it is right to delegate the duties we are competent to perform," was Anna's mild reply.

"All nonsense! Get out of doing everything you can. At the best you will have your hands full."

"No doubt I shall find plenty to do; but my

labour will be lightened by the consciousness that it is done in order to make others happy."

"Others happy! Who 'll try to make you happy, I wond

"My husband, l d Anna, gravely.

"Humph! You Husbands aint the most unselfish crea e world. I believ they are not prove rificing much to the happiness of their wiv

Anna felt shocked at But her young friend did not notice the effect her words produced, and continued to run on.

"You had better take my advice, and tell your husband, as I have told mine over and over again, that you are not going to become a domestic slave for him or anybody else."

Anna shook her head.

"Well! Just as you like. If you will go to housekeeping, so be it. It wont hurt me. Have you picked out your house yet?"

"We havn't exactly decided. Mr. Hartley thought, at first, of taking a very beautiful house in Walnut street, at a rent of seven hundred dollars a year."

"But very soon thought better of it, I have no doubt."

"If I had not objected, he would have taken it."

"You objected? Why so?"

"I thought it would involve more expense and style than two young folks like us ought to indulge in."

"Upon my word! But you are a novice in the world! This is the first instance that has occurred among all my acquaintances of such a thing as a wife objecting to style and expense. Precious few of us get the chance, I can assure you! And you 'll soon wish, or I am mistaken, that you had taken your good man at his word."

Anna felt a glow of indignation at this reflection upon her husband. But she forced herself to appear unmoved, merely replying,

"No: I shall never wish that. I shall never have any want, in his power to supply, that will not be readily met."

"So you may think now. But take my advice, and don't put any prudential and penurious notions into your husband's head. If he wants to carpet your floors with gold, let him do it. He 'll never hurt himself by spending money on you or his household. Men rarely, if ever, do, let me tell you. As they grow older, they get to be closer and closer with their money, until, at last, you can get scarcely anything at all. The best time is at

first. The first few years of marriage is the only golden harvest time a woman ever sees."

"You have not been married long enough to speak all this from [illegible]e."

"I have seen a [illegible]more of life than you have, child; a[illegible] my own experience. As far as it goes [illegible]tness fully to what I have said. And [illegible]and is as good as the rest, and much bet[illegible]e mass. I love him about as well, I s[illegible]s most women love their husbands; though I don't pretend to be blind to his faults. But what kind of a house do you prefer, seeing that the elegant one in Walnut street is rather costly and stylish?"

"There is a house vacant close by. Perhaps you noticed the bill as you came up Eighth street."

"Just around the corner?"

"Yes, the rent is three hundred dollars."

"Mrs. Hartley!"

"It is a very good house, and quite genteel, with a great deal more room than we want."

"But, my dear, good madam, it is nothing but an ordinary house, built to rent. There is nothing elegant about it. Don't refuse to take the one in Walnut street for so common an affair as this, if you can get it. Always go in for the best."

"I have been through it, and find it replete with every convenience for a moderate sized family. I have no wish to make a display. That could render me no happier. I go to housekeeping, because I think it right to take my true place as the mistress of a family; and for no other reason. Here I could be happy, without a care. But I would be out of my true sphere."

"You are certainly the strangest creature I ever met," replied Mrs. Riston. "But a few years will take all this nonsense out of you."

The displeasure felt by Anna at Mrs. Riston's insinuations against her husband, began to give way, as she saw more clearly the lady's character, and began to understand that, although there was a good deal of earnest in what was said, there was much more of talk for talk sake. She, therefore, merely replied in a laughing voice to Mrs. Riston's last remark, and sought to change the subject. Before they parted, the friend could not help saying—

"But, my dear Mrs. Hartley, I cannot get over your refusing that elegant house in Walnut street. I should like, above all things, to see you in just such a dwelling, elegantly furnished. If I had refused the splendid offer that you did in Herbert

Gardiner, I would compass sea and land but I'd show him that I had lost nothing."

This very inde[illegible] ill-timed remark, caused the blood to r[illegible] brow of Anna, and her eyes to flash [illegible] indignation. Her volatile friend saw t[illegible] d gone a little too far, and attempted t[illegible] ll right again, by begging "a thousand [illegible] Anna's external composure soon return[illegible] e sought to change, entirely, the subject or c[illegible] rsation. But, in spite of all she could do, the lady would, ever and anon, have something disparaging to say about husbands, and gently insinuate that Anna herself, before she was many years older, would find that all was not gold that glittered.

The warmth of Anna's feeling, gradually, in spite of herself, passed off, as she continued to converse with Mrs. Riston, until she became constrained in her manner. This affected her visiter, who perceived, with a woman's intuition, that her sentiments had not met with the approval they too often did from her lady friends. She tried, before she went away, to soften some things she had said, and laugh at others as having been uttered in jest. After Mrs. Riston's departure, Anna sat in a thoughtful mood for some time. The remarks

she had just listened to, shocked her feelings more and more, the more she reflected on them.

"Can there be any happiness," she mused, "in marriage thus viewed?—in the marriage relation thus perverted? I can conceive of none. To me, such a union would be, of all things, a condition most miserable. No unity of sentiment or end—no confidence—no self-sacrifice for each other's good; but restrictions on the one hand, and encroachments on the other. Ah me! It makes me shudder to think of woman in circumstances so deplorable. To me death would be a thousand times preferable."

While thus musing, another visiter called. It was Florence Armitage, whom the readers of the "Maiden" will remember. Since the severe lesson her heart had received, Florence was a good deal changed. Her thoughtlessness, which had come near involving her in a whole lifetime of misery; and her escape, effected by an incident at once strange and thrilling in its character, made her feel humble and thankful. She visited Anna frequently, and profited much more than formerly by her truthful precepts and life so purely accordant with all right principles.

On this occasion, Anna saw, after a few moments, that her friend was slightly agitated.

"You seem disturbed, Florence. What is the matter?" she said.

The colour dee[illegible] maiden's face.

"Two things [illegible]ed me," she replied. "Who do you [illegible] in the street, just now?"

"I cannot tell."

"William Arc[illegible]

"You did?"

"Yes. And he p[illegible] we approached each other, evidently with the design of speaking."

"But you did not recognise him?"

"No."

"In that, I need scarcely say, you were right Your own heart will tell you that."

"And yet, Anna, I confess to you, that I was tempted to do so."

"Florence!" Anna's voice and countenance expressed strongly the surprise she felt.

"Do not condemn me until you hear all until you know the cause of disturbance. I received a letter from him yesterday."

"Which you immediately returned, unanswered."

"No, I did not feel sure that I ought to do so until I had seen and conversed with you about it.

"What does he say?"

"Here is his letter; read it."

Anna shrunk from touching the epistle, which Florence held towards her.

"Read it aloud, if you particularly wish me to know its contents," she merely said.

Florence did as requested. The letter contained a most solemn denial of charges brought against the writer by a certain individual, who was, he said, evidently not in her right mind, and whose statements should at least be taken with great caution. He knew that rumour had been busy with his name, and had magnified his faults into crimes; "and how easy it is," he urged, "to blast any man's character by false charges, if he is not permitted to refute them;"—with much more of the same tenour. Altogether, the letter was written with tact, force, and an air of great plausibility, and well calculated to create a doubt as to the correctness of the judgment which the general voice had passed upon him. He did not, he said, purpose to renew his suit for the hand of Florence; for that, he was well assured, would be useless. But, it was a duty he owed to himself and society to at least make an attempt to vindicate his character, and in the highest quarter.

After Florence had read the letter, she looked

inquiring.y into the face of Mrs. Hartley Anna returned her steady look, but made no remark.

"There is, at least an appearance of truth about this lette., t length said.

Mrs. Hartley her lips and shook her head, but did

"I am afrai ou sometimes suffer your prejudice he otherwise clear perceptions of yo.

"I trust that I n ew prejudices, Florence. Still, I am but a weak and erring mortal, and may fall into wrong judgments of others."

"We are all liable to err, Anna."

"True. But, if a woman's heart is in the right place—that is, has a love for all that is innocent and virtuous, and a deep abhorrence of everything opposite to these, she will not be very liable to form an erroneous judgment of any man who approaches her, no matter how many semblances o. virtue he may put on. As for me, I do not pre'end to have very acute perceptions, but from William Archer, you well know, I always shrunk with instinctive dislike."

"That arose, no doubt, from the estimate common report nad caused you to form of his character."

"And are you prepared to doubt common report, on this head?"

"Somewhat, I must confess. You have heard his solemn denial."

"And Grace Leary's still more solemn affirmation."

"But she was, evidently, beside herself."

"Do you think so?" Mrs. Hartley said with emphasis. "Recall the whole scene that passed on the evening appointed for your marriage. Bring up Grace Leary before you, in imagination, as she then appeared, and as she then confronted Archer, and answer to your own heart whether she did not utter the truth. If she were deranged, that derangement brought no oblivion. She did not mistake her betrayer. Did a doubt cross your mind then, or the mind of any one present? No!"

Still, Florence seemed unconvinced.

"What do you propose to yourself, in accrediting this letter?" Anna asked.

"Nothing at all."

"Are you sure?"

"I think I am. Perhaps to say that I propose *nothing* is too unqualified an expression. I certainly propose, at least, to treat the young man civilly, if no more, provided I can feel satisfied that he has been wrongfully accused."

"What will satisfy you? His mere denial?"

"No."

"You must see th

"Yes."

"Florence! I sho you had seen proofs enough. But, if not a half hour's conversation with my convince you that the writer of the le old in your hand is quite as base as you ha ed to believe him."

No reply was made. Flo ce folded the letter, and returned it to her pocket, with a deep sigh, breathed forth unconsciously.

Mrs. Hartley was deeply pained at observing this change in the mind of her young friend. But she said no more, trusting that the momentary weakness to which she was yielding would pass away, after conversing with her mother, who knew much more about Archer than the daughter wished to utter, or we record.

CHAPTER III.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

After the conversation between Mrs. Hartley and Florence had taken a new direction, the subject of going to housekeeping was introduced. Like Mrs. Riston, Florence was in favor of the large house in Walnut street, and urged Anna very strongly to change her mind, and let her husband take it.

"He is able enough," she said.

"Are you right sure?"

"He ought to be. Isn't he in the firm of R——, S—— & Co.?"

"As a junior partner I believe."

"He wished to take the house, you say?"

"At first he did."

"He ought to know better than any one else whether he could afford to do so or not."

"True. But he now thinks, with me, that it will be wiser for us to commence housekeeping in a style less imposing."

"I must say," returned Florence, "that Mr. Hartley would have found very few women to object as you have done to a large and elegant

house. I am sure the temptation would have been too much for me."

"If you had [illegible] that it was neither wise nor pruden[illegible]

"That might [illegible]d the case. But I think few but yo[illegible]d have stopped to consider about w[illegible]udence."

"To their sor[illegible]nd, perhaps. I, for one, would much r[illegible] an humble position in society and rise, [illegible] fortune attend me, gradually; than, after taking a high position, be, in a few years, thrust down."

"If there be danger of that, your course was doubtless best. But why should you apprehend any such disaster?"

"I do not apprehend evil, I only act as I think wisely. My husband is a young man who has been in business only for a few years. There are now but two of us, and we do not need a very large house. For both of these reasons, it is plain to my mind that we ought to take our place in society without ostentation or lavish expenditure. It is barely possible that my husband may not find all his business expectations realized. I do not know what his prospects are, for I am in no way conversant with them. I only know that he had no capital of his own when he was taken into

business. That he has told me. Now if he should be very successful, it will be easy for us to go up higher in a few years. If not, and we had come out in costly style, it would be a hard trial and a mortifying one to come down."

"Your good sense is always guiding you aright," Florence could not help saying. "It is best, no doubt, that you should do as you have proposed; but, there is not one in a hundred who would have exercised your prudent forethought; I am sure I could not have done it."

A few days after this, Hartley and his wife decided to take the house in Eighth street. Then came the work of furnishing it. And here the prudent forethought of Anna was again seen. Her husband proposed to give up the whole business to a good cabinet-maker and an upholsterer, who should use their judgment and experience in such matters.

"As neither you nor I know much about these things, it will save us a world of trouble," he said.

Anna shook her head, and smiled at this remark

A shadow instantly flitted over the brow of Hartley. It disappeared as quickly as it came, but Anna saw it. The smile vanished from her lips, and her eyes filled with tears. She felt,

that, because she did not see in all things just as he did, he was annoyed.

"Am I self-willed [illegible] differ with my husband from caprice? [illegible] he self-examining questions of the youn[illegible]

Hartley read her th[illegible] nd said quickly, in a voice of affection.

"You ought to k[illegible]e about all these matters than I do, Anna[illegible] shall decide what is best to do."

"I wish to decide nothing, James. I only wish to see and decide with you in everything You don't know how much it pains me to differ: but ought I to yield, passively, to what you suggest, if my own judgment does not approve? Ought we not to see eye to eye, in all things?"

"We ought, certainly. But I have been so long in the habit of consulting my own judgment about everything, that I am, thus early in our married life, forgetting that, now, there are two of us to decide questions of mutual interest. I thank you for so gently bringing this to my mind, and for doing so in the very outset. Without thinking whether it would meet your views or not to become the mistress of a very elegant house, I decided to rent and fit up an establishment that I already see would have afforded more

trouble than comfort. Your wise objections prevented the occurrence of that evil. Again I have decided to fit up the house we have taken in a certain way, and so decided without consulting you about it. Here is my second error, and you have, like a true wife, in the gentlest possible way, given me to see that I was wrong. I thank you for these two lessons, that had much better be given now than at some future time."

Hartley bent down, and kissed the flushed cheek of his beautiful wife as he said this.

"And now, dear," he continued, "speak out freely, all you have to say. As before, your judgment will, I doubt not, show that mine was altogether at fault."

"Do not talk so, James," returned Anna, her face covered with blushes. "I desire only to see with you and act with you."

"I know that, dear; but I am not perfect. I am like all others, liable to err. And it is your duty when you clearly see me in error, to balance that error by declining to act passively with me. This I hope you will do."

Anna was humble-minded, and it pained her to hear such remarks from her husband, for whose moral and intellectual character she had the highest

regard, while of herself she thought with meekness.

"Tell me, dear," Hartley said, after some time, "what is your object in this plan of furnishing our house?"

"Mainly, to the

"Do you think it will cost more than if we attended to it ourselves?"

"It would, probably double, and not be arranged more perfectly as far as comfort and convenience are concerned, than if we were to do it ourselves."

"I don't understand how that could be."

"Your cabinet-maker and upholsterer would wish to know if you wanted everything of the best; and you would assent. The best would be, no doubt, in their estimation the costliest. I saw a house once furnished in this way—a house no larger than the one we have taken. How much do you think it cost?"

"How much?"

"Three thousand eight hundred dollars."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. And I would agree to furnish a house with just as many comforts and conveniences on half the money."

Hartley's eyes were cast, thoughtfully, on the

floor. It was some moments before anything more was said. The wife was first to speak. She did so in a timid, hesitating voice.

"Had we not better understand each other fully at once?" she said.

"By all means. The quicker we do so the better. Is there anything in which we do not fully understand each other?"

"Before we take another step, ought not I, as your wife, to know exactly how you stand with the world in a business and pecuniary relation? I feel that this is a very delicate subject for a wife to introduce. But can I know how to be governed in my desires if I do not know to what extent they can be safely gratified?"

"I trust there is no desire that you can entertain, dear Anna, that I am not able and willing to gratify."

"That is altogether too vague," replied Mrs. Hartley, forcing a smile. "As your wife, I shall regulate the expense of your household. I wish to do so wisely; and in order to this it is necessary for me to have some idea of your probable income."

"It ought to be four or five thousand dollars a year; and will be, unless some unforeseen events transpire to affect our business."

Hartley seemed to say this with reluctance. And he did so, really. The inquiry grated on his feelings. It seemed to him that Anna should have felt confidence enough to believe that he would not propose any expenditure of money beyond what was prudent would hardly have thought in this way if not actually proposed the very thing now condemned her for suspecting that he had done. He was not, really, so well established in the world as to be able to rent a house at seven hundred dollars, and furnish it in a costly style; nor even to give a *carte blanche* to a cabinet-maker and upholsterer to fit up, according to their ideas, the house he had decided to occupy.

The moment he allowed himself to think thus of his honest-minded wife, he felt an inward coldness toward her, which was perceived as quickly in her heart, as it was felt in his.

Conscious that Anna thus perceived his feelings, and unable, at the same time, to rise above them, and think with generous approval of her motives, he did not, for some time, make any effort to lift her up from the unhappy state into which she had fallen. One unkind thought was the creator of others.

"What can she mean?" he allowed himself to

ask. "Is it possible that she has imagined I was rich; and now, a doubt having crossed her mind, can she be trying to find out the exact state of my affairs? I never could have dreamed this!"

Both their eyes were cast upon the floor. They sat silent, with hearts heavily oppressed. He suffering accusation after accusation to flow into his mind, and lodge there, and she deeply distressed, from a consciousness of having been misunderstood in a matter that she felt to be of great importance, and which she had endeavoured to approach with the utmost delicacy.

Some minutes passed, when better feelings produced better thoughts in the mind of James Hartley. He saw that he had been ungenerous, even cruel in his suspicions. He imagined himself in her situation, and felt how deeply her heart must be wounded.

"She is right," he said, inwardly, lifting his head, with the intention of saying that which should at once relieve Anna's mind. The first thing that met his eye, was a tear falling upon her hand. His feelings reacted strongly. Drawing an arm quickly about her neck, he pressed her head against his bosom, and, bending over, murmured in her ear,

"I am not worthy of so good a wife as you,

dear Anna: What evil has possessed me, that I, who love you so truly, should be the one to make you unhappy? Surely I have been beside myself!"

Anna released herself from the arm that had been thrown around ck, and turned up to the eyes of her husban. arful, serious, but not unhappy face.

"Oh, James! dear Jam he said, in a low, earnest, eloquent voice. "Why do you speak so? I am only weak and foolish. It is enough that we love truly. If we find it a little difficult, at first, to understand each other fully, it is no great wonder. Love, true love, will in the end harmonize all differences, and make plain to each the other's heart. Let us be patient and forbearing."

"What you are; but I have much to learn, and you shall be my tutor."

Hartley again kissed his bride. But she looked serious.

"Not so," she returned. "It is to your intelligence that I am to look for guidance. I am to learn of you, not you of me."

"Never mind," was smilingly replied, by Hartley. "We will reverse the order for a time, until my intelligence of domestic affairs is laid upon a

truer basis than it seems now to be. But I think there will be no harm in our deferring all the matters now under consideration until to-morrow. Both of us will then be able to see more clearly, feel less acutely, and determine more wisely. Do you not think so?"

Anna gave a cheerful assent to this, and the subject of conversation was changed.

CHAPTER IV.

ALL RIGHT AGAIN.

Conscious that he had wronged Anna in thought as well as in feeling, Hartley's words, tones and actions expressed towards her the tenderness that this consciousness awoke in his bosom. By every little art in his power, he strove to obliterate from her mind a recollection of what had passed.

As for Anna, she was grieved to find that her well-meant, indeed, her conscientious efforts, had been misunderstood. It would have been the easiest thing in the world for her to remain passive, and let her husband make all arrangements

as his taste might dictate. But would this be right? That question she could not answer in the affirmative.

"He will think me s illed," she said. "Twice, already, have I d his wishes, and how can he help feeling tha o this from an innate love of having thi y my own way! Oh, if he but knew my h If he could see how gladly I would yield up everything to him, if it would be right for me to do so!"

While Anna thought thus, her husband was experiencing the good results of her firmness. He was closely examining his own ends of action, and asking himself many questions, the answers to which enabled him to see the true nature of the ground upon which he was standing. In his heart he rendered his young wife full justice.

When next they recurred to the subject that had awakened a discordant string, it was seen in its true light by Hartley. He was the first to bring up the question about which there had been a difference of opinion,—felt much more strongly than expressed. This was on the succeeding day.

"I have been thinking a great deal about what took place, yesterday," he began by saying in a serious voice.

Anna's heart gave a sudden bound. She looked

earnestly at her husband. He could see that her lip slightly quivered.

"You are right and I am wrong," he continued. "All that concerns us should have our mutual consideration. As my wife, you ought to know exactly how I stand with the world, and I should not, through false pride, have any wish to conceal this from you. I have had many serious thoughts since yesterday, and to-day I feel that I am a wiser man. Will you forgive my ungenerous—"

"James!—dear James! I cannot hear you speak in this way," interposed Anna. "It is wrong for you to do so. Let what is past be forgotten. In the present let us live to good purpose; to the future let us look with hope."

"Very well. Let the past go with all its lights and shadows. To-day—that is, now—in the present time—we must act. What is our first duty?"

Anna made no reply.

"We have rented a house, and must furnish it."

Anna still remained silent.

"How shall it be done? I proposed one way. But it did not seem to you to be the right way, and like a true wife you said so; and gave a capital reason. It was likely to involve a waste of money. You suggested, on the threshold of our married life, that we ought to understand each other

fully. I have thought about that ever since. At first I could not bear to think of talking to you about the ordinary concerns of life—it seemed descending from a world of romance to a world of vulgar realities. Your intimation that you ought to know something about my pecuniary affairs, I confess did jar upon my feelings: and I could not help showing it. But, Anna, you were right. How could you, as you truly said, govern yourself in your desires, or regulate your expenditures, if you did not know how far I was able to meet them? It is right, then, that you should know, precisely, how I stand with the world, and in telling you the exact truth, I cannot but suffer a little from wounded pride; especially when the large house in Walnut street comes up in my imagination. It is not to be concealed, that I am not in a situation to rent such a house, and incur the heavy expenses that it would involve. I thought that I was—or rather imagined, without much thinking in the premises, that I was bound to make my wife the mistress of a very handsome house, with costly furniture, and all that appertained to an elegant establishment. But my wife had the good sense to undeceive me in this, and I thank her most sincerely for it!

"To come down to the main point, then, with-

out further preliminaries, I am, as you know, a partner in the firm of R——, S—— & Co., one of the most flourishing houses in the city. But, I am a junior partner, and entitled only to a certain dividend on the profits. This dividend, I have every reason to believe, will be four or five thousand dollars a year. It may be less. I ought not to conceal from myself the fact, that a series of heavy losses would reduce my income much below the sum named;—still, I do not really apprehend anything of the kind. To all human appearance, our customers are some of the safest in the country. But it is the part of wisdom to exercise a prudent forethought."

Anna listened with deep attention. She did not reply, although her husband paused some moments to give her an opportunity for doing so.

"There is every prospect, however," Hartley resumed, "of my acquiring wealth rapidly. Our house has doubled its business in the last year, and if we go on increasing in the ratio that we have done for some time past, there will not be a richer firm in the city. My proportion of profit is to be increased to a fifth, at the expiration of five years from the time I was taken into the concern. That fifth ought to be ten or fifteen thousand dollars."

Hartley again paused; but Anna still continued silent.

"I have now told you all freely," he said.

"For which I thank y... Anna replied in a serious voice. "I can n... move forward without a feeling of ins... I shall know the ground upon which I ...

"You will not, I hop... that there is any necessity for a very close ... omy."

"All that either you c... want to make our condition as pleasant as would be desired, you are, I doubt not, fully able to afford. If there is no necessity for a very close economy, there is as little for a very free expenditure. Under all the circumstances, will it not be wise for us to set some limit to our wants?"

"In what way?"

"Determine how much, situated as we are, it should cost us in the year to live."

"I fully agree with you. Suppose, then, we say two thousand dollars."

Anna smiled.

"Too much or too little?" asked Hartley.

"Too much, by at least five or six hundred dollars."

Hartley shook his head.

"We cannot live in a style that my business

connexions require that I should live in, on fourteen or even fifteen hundred dollars a year."

"I am not so sure of that. Fourteen or fifteen hundred dollars, if prudently expended, will go a great way. My father, I know, supported his family and sent three of us to school for a number of years on fifteen hundred dollars. And we lived as respectably then as we do now. We have rented a very good house. Let us furnish it well. After that is done, we shall find the lowest amount I have named quite sufficient for us. If not, it can be easily increased."

"Very true. I believe you see this whole matter in the best light. The furnishing of our house, as you have intimated, is now our first business. How and where shall we begin? As far as I am concerned, I know nothing at all about it."

"It is but little that *I* know," replied Anna, "but there is one on whose experience I can safely rely—my mother. If you think it best I will consult her."

"That will be the wisest course. A moment's reflection would have taught me this at first."

"My father has usually left all things relating to the internal economy of the family to her judgment."

"As I should leave all such things to yours," said Hartley, with a smile.

"No, no. Don't misunderstand me!" quickly replied Anna. "My m as far as I can recollect, never bought anyth importance without referring to my father. familiarity with domestic affairs enabled h judge correctly in regard to what was need it his taste was consulted, and what he approved I have noticed that my mother almost always selected. This set of chairs was bought about a year ago. I remember hearing mother say to father one day,

"'If we can afford it, I think we should get a new set of chairs.'

"We were sitting in the parlour, here, when she said this. Father looked around and examined the chairs attentively for a little while.

"'They do look rather worn,' he answered, 'I did not notice it before. Our new carpets really shame them. By all means we must have another set.'

"The kind to be selected was then talked about Mother proposed a plainer and cheaper style of chairs, but father thought they could afford a set like these, and mother acquiesced. On the next day they went together to a chair-maker's. I accompanied them. Four or five different patterns

were shown; but mother made no choice, until she heard father express himself very much pleased with these. Without the slightest appearance of being governed by his taste, I saw that she inclined, gradually, to a choice of those my father had liked, and when she finally said which she liked best, it was done so delicately, that I am sure father did not suspect that his taste had guided hers. And yet it was so—or so appeared to me. I have witnessed the same deference to his taste frequently since. Now, just as my father leaves domestic affairs to my mother's judgment, do I wish that you would leave them to mine; and just as my mother consults my father's taste, do I wish to consult yours. Shall it not be so?"

"It shall!" was Hartley's instant reply, kissing, with warmth and tenderness, the sweet lips of his young wife, as he spoke.

CHAPTER V.

HOUSE F SHING.

On the next day, I , accompanied by Anna and her mother, started out to select furniture. It must be told that Anna did not defer to the taste of her husband quite so fully as she had represented her mother as doing to Mr. Lee. At the cabinet-maker's, there were several pieces of furniture that she induced him to purchase, notwithstanding he had expressed a decided preference for a different style of the same article. The reason may be easily guessed. A difference of, perhaps, fifty dollars in a sofa; as much more in a set of chairs, or a pair of pier tables, not any better for the additional price, but only a little more showy, was the only cause for this want of deference to her husband's taste on the part of Mrs. Hartley.

Sometimes, the very natural desire to have things his own way, and the disposition felt to make a show, caused Hartley to feel chafed. But his good sense, aided by the experience he had gained since marriage, brought his mind back again to its true balance. He could not but ap-

prove the motives of his wife, and acknowledge that she was acting with prudence.

After their parlour, and a part of their chamber furniture, including carpets, had been selected, Hartley gave up all the rest into the hands of Anna.

In about two weeks the house was ready; the whole work of furnishing it having gone on under the direct supervision and instruction of Anna, aided by the wise counsel of her mother. When all was completed, the young couple took possession of their new home. Hartley was delighted with everything. The parlours were really beautiful.

"That sofa is much handsomer than I thought it was," he said, looking at it with pleasure. "It had a common appearance to me in Mr. ——'s wareroom."

"Because you saw it there in contrast with more showy ones," returned Anna. "I think it a real beauty, myself. I wouldn't ask a better one."

"Nor I, now that I can see what it really is. These chairs, too, are good enough for any one. I don't know that a neater pattern could be found. In fact, everything looks about two hundred per cent. better than I had any idea that it would."

"If we cannot be happy in a house furnished

as well as this is, James, we cannot be happy anywhere," Anna said, leaning hard upon his arm, as she stood with her husband in the centre of their parlour, from which position they had been looking around them. "We want nothing for the sake of display; but only what will make us comfortable, and enable us to maintain that social position in which we can best act for the good of all around us."

As soon as Mrs. Hartley had commenced housekeeping, she was visited, as a thing of course, by all her friends. Some admired everything. Some approved the young wife's taste, and commended her prudence, while others wondered why she chose a particular article of furniture instead of another that was more fashionable; or why she did not get Saxony instead of Brussels carpeting for her parlours, and a great deal more of a like tenor. Among these friends was Mrs. Riston.

"Ah, my dear! So you have done as you threatened," said this lady, meeting Anna with a free air, and then looking around with a scrutinizing eye.

"Yes," was replied. "I have made a fair start in the world, and hope I shall be able to keep steadily on to the end with a clear conscience."

"It is more than many of us will do, then, let

me tell you. Clear consciences are rare things in these days. But let me see what kind of a beginning you have made. These are your parlours."

The lady looked around for a while, and then shook her head.

"What is the matter? Are not things to your taste?"

"Not exactly."

"What do you see wrong?"

"Nothing that can just be called wrong; but much that is not at all in keeping with your husband's condition in life."

"I don't know about that. I think everything is in keeping."

"It is more than I do then. How much did you pay for your sofas?"

"One hundred and sixty dollars for the pair."

"I thought they were not above that price. What in the world possessed you to buy such common looking affairs? Or, did your husband think them plenty good enough?"

The blood mounted to Mrs. Hartley's face, at this reflection upon her husband.

"No, they were my own choice," she quickly replied. "He liked a pair at two hundred and twenty dollars, and would have taken them if I had wished it."

Mrs. Riston shook her head.

"You are a silly child, Anna; but you will know better after awhile. It makes me downright angry with you time I think about that splendid house in t street, which you were foolish enough se. But what else have you got? Solar s and candelabras! Why, in the name of s! didn't you have the gas brought into the ?"

"We did talk about it; t concluded to defer it for the present. It would have increased the cost of furnishing considerably."

"Cost of furnishing! Nonsense! Your husband is able enough to do it."

"That may be, but it is not always the best way to expend money too freely. We both prefer to gain a little more experience than we have, before we dash out too boldly."

"If you don't dash out now, you will never do it. Take my word for that."

"No matter. Happiness in this life doesn't consist in dashing out. I, for one, shall be far happier in this quiet little nook, than I would be if I were mistress of a palace."

Mrs. Riston gave her head an incredulous toss, and said,

"All that is well enough—very good talk.

But I do not believe that you are so far superior to the rest of your sex as not to be captivated by elegance and splendour."

"I could have had a very elegant house and furniture of the most costly kind, if I had said but the word."

"And a great fool you were for not saying the word. You will repent of it one of these days."

Anna could not help smiling at her friend's earnestness.

"A rare display you would make, no doubt," she remarked, playfully.

"Wouldn't I! If I had the purse-strings I'd go to housekeeping to-morrow. Then I'd show you style! I'd make Philadelphians open their eyes."

Anna laughed outright.

"You may laugh. But I'd do it! Mr. Riston has been speering at me for the last three weeks about getting into a house of our own. I'm half inclined to say yes."

"Why don't you?"

"I think I will; but on one condition—that I have full liberty to choose a house and furnish it just as I please."

"Will Mr. Riston agree to that?"

"It 's the only condition I 'll give him a chance of agreeing to. If he makes a slave of me, I am determined to have a palace for my prison."

"Whether your husbar fford a palace or not?"

"Afford." Mrs. Riston's urled. "I hate to hear a woman utter th rd! Afford, indeed! I'll make him aff

The manner in which this said sent a chill through Mrs. Hartley. She shrunk back, involuntarily, a pace or two from her visiter.

"But come," resumed Mrs. Riston, "let me see your chambers. There is nothing very wonderful here."

Anna led the way up stairs. Not a single article in the chambers met the lady's approval.

"Cheap—cheap—cheap," she said, glancing around. "Ah me! when will women get sense? Everything as plain as a pikestaff. Have you no taste, Mrs. Hartley? No love for the beautiful? Has elegance no charm for your eyes?"

"No one can love external beautiful forms more truly than I do," Anna replied, seriously. "But at the same time, I love moral beauties. When there is a just relation between the elegancies of life and the ability to possess these elegancies, the external beautiful forms are but the correspondents

of moral beauties. But, if this correspondence does not exist, there can be no real enjoyment, no matter how beautiful the objects may be with which we are surrounded."

"All Greek to me, my dear! Give me the external beauties, and you may content yourself with the moralities, or whatever else you may choose to call them."

Anna made no further attempt to correct Mrs. Riston's false notions. She saw that it was useless. She permitted her to find fault with, and scold about everything in the house, and when she finally took her departure, bade her a smiling good morning.

CHAPTER VI.

A PRUDENT COURSE THE WISEST.

One day, some three or four weeks after Hartley had commenced housekeeping, a member of the firm of R——, S—— & Co. said to the senior partner,

"I observe that James checked out, yesterday, two thousand dollars."

"Two thousand dollars! [illegible]e you sure?"

"I am."

"Strange! what can [illegible] with that sum of money?"

"You know he is ma[illegible]

"Yes. But what ha[illegible] to do with two thousand dollars?"

"He has gone to housekeep[illegible]g."

"That explains it. He mentioned to me his intention of doing so some weeks ago."

"But don't you think he is pretty free with money? A young man like him should not expect to dash out in very elegant style."

"True. But it is a question whether two thousand dollars will furnish a house very elegantly."

"Two thousand dollars will not go very far towards accomplishing that end, certainly. But, it is more than probable, that the major part of his furniture has been bought on a regular credit of six months, and that the two thousand dollars have been taken to pay for sundries not included in the bills for cabinet-ware and carpets."

"That may be. At any rate, it will be just as well for us to know all about this matter. Sup-

pose you make some excuse to call in upon the young couple some evening this week, and see how they look."

"I will do so."

"Most sincerely do I hope that you will find all right.—That a just regard to James's situation in life will be apparent in everything around them. Too often it is the case, that, so soon as a young man is taken into business, he imagines his fortune made, and forthwith begins to spend money as freely as if it were water. Of this weakness I never should have suspected Hartley. But, there is no telling what influence his wife, if she have a love of show and extravagance, may have over him. If any game of this kind is to be played, we will have to throw him over the wall the first chance that offers."

"Better, I think, to remonstrate with him first. If incorrigible, he will have to be cut off."

"All this, however, is assuming that he is running wild already. Let us be certain of this first. He has always showed himself a prudent young man."

"So he has. And it is hardly fair to suspect him too strongly upon the evidence we now have before us. Two thousand dollars may be for the whole expense of furnishing his house. If so, I

do not think he has exceeded a prudent limit, when it is considered that his dividend on the profit ought to reach four or five thousand dollars per annum, as business now

As determined upon, or he partners called in upon Hartley, and sa an hour with him, on the plea of a confer it some matter of business forgotten durin y.

"Did you see Hartle ening?" asked the other member of the firm, when they met next morning.

"Yes."

"Well? What was the result?"

"All right, I should think."

"I am glad to hear it. What is the appearance of things?"

"Elegant."

"Elegant?"

"Yes; but not too costly."

"How were the parlours furnished?"

"With admirable taste, considering the outlay, which could not have been extravagant."

"I am really gratified. Then, the two thousand dollars must have been to meet the whole cost of their furniture?"

"Yes. If the rest of the house be in keeping

with the parlours, which is no doubt the case, two thousand dollars is ample."

"I thought James had too much good sense to be led aside from prudence. Did you see his wife?"

"Yes."

"How did you like her?"

"Very much. I should call her a charming young creature."

"Is she handsome?"

"I think so."

"And a lady?"

"If she is not one, ladies are hard to find. Her face is very sweet; and, although she looks young, there is nothing childish about her."

"Who is she?"

"The daughter of old Mr. Lee, in the —— Insurance Company."

"Ah! Wasn't there a good deal of talk about her refusing a very advantageous offer some time ago?"

"Yes. She refused the hand of Gardiner."

"So she did. I remember now; and that I, in opposition to a good many lady friends, applauded her course. She is a sensible girl, I take it."

"So do I. Sensible for refusing Gardiner and accepting Hartley."

"Marriage usually makes or mars a young man's fortune," said the other. "I am happy to find that in our young friend's case, the former result is likely to occur. he has a prudent, sensible wife, there nee fear of him."

"That he has, I a vouch," was confidently replied.

It was true, as Hart nior associates in business had supposed. thousand dollars paid all the bills that were made by Hartley in furnishing his house. Had he not been governed by his wife's better judgment in matters of domestic economy, the cost would have been nearly doubled. The way in which this would have affected his standing in the eyes of the principal members of his firm, the reader can easily guess.

Of all this careful observation of his conduct, Hartley had not the most remote suspicion. Had he married a woman whose love of display had seconded his desire to make an imposing appearance in the world, the first intimation of his error would have been, in all proba ility, a notice that he must curtail his expenses at least one-half, or leave the firm of which he was a partner. The mortification that this would have occasioned need not be described. So far from a fine house and costly furniture producing happiness, they would have made both himself and wife miserable.

CHAPTER VII.

A FOOLISH WIFE.

"I TELL you, Mr. Riston, it's no use to talk to me. As I have told you a hundred times before, I am not going to let you nor anybody else make a slave of me."

"But, Ellen, this is all folly. As a wife, you should be willing to discharge a wife's duties. You cannot expect your husband to be contented without having some place in the world that to him is really home."

"No doubt it would content his heart vastly to see me drudging away from morning till night in the kitchen."

"Don't talk so like a silly woman, Ellen! You know better."

"I am silly enough in your eyes, no doubt. A woman is usually estimated by everybody else higher than she is by her husband."

"If so, it is easily explained," Mr. Riston said, in a slightly sarcastic tone.

"How is it explained?" asked the wife, with a look of defiance.

"Because he knows her best," was coolly replied.

"Mr. Riston, I won't allow anybody to insult me!"

"Nor will I, Ellen. If one should insult you, let me know, and resent it on the instant."

"Your language and manner are insufferable, sir!"

"As is your unwife-like conduct, madam! I have borne with you until all patience is exhausted. I am sick to death of this way of living, and want to get into a house of my own. But you, from a selfish love of your own ease, refuse to perform the solemn pledges into which you entered at marriage. Your regard is all for yourself, and in no degree for your husband."

"And pray, sir," retorted Mrs. Riston with spirit, "in what direction turns your regard? Is it towards me, or towards yourself? Just to gratify your peculiar notions, you would make your wife a domestic slave. Is that so very unselfish? Humph. You had better take the beam out of your own eye, before you endeavour to get the mote out of mine."

"Ellen!" and Mr. Riston's voice was sterner, and his countenance darker than usual—"All this

is the worst and vainest of trifling. For four years I have yielded to your pleasure in this matter. It has been a source of constant disturbance between us. I am resolved that it shall not remain so any longer. You may do as you like. But my course is determined. I shall go to housekeeping. If it does not suit you to become the mistress of my house, I shall hire a competent person, and confide to her the care of it."

"Oh dear!" Mrs. Riston laughed scornfully.

"Do not think, for a moment, that, in this matter, I am merely blustering," the husband said, with unusual seriousness. "It has taken me a long time to resolve upon this step. I have looked at the subject in every light. I have regarded your feelings and wishes up to the point where such a regard ceases to be a virtue. Now I feel that a woman who acts as you do, deserves not to be considered a moment by the man whom, in her marriage vows, she has cruelly deceived. I have already chosen a house."

"What!" Mrs. Riston started to her feet with a countenance deeply flushed.

"It is true, as I have told you," calmly replied her husband. "I have selected a house. If it does not meet your approval, I will defer to your wishes in the choice of one that does, if you think

proper to join me in doing what I have told you it is my intention to do."

"I join you!" half shrieked the wife, bitter contempt and defianc ones. "I join you, indeed! No! I wi fore any man shall force me into his a easure. You have mistaken your woman, let n tell you."

"And you your ma s coldly returned.

A dead silence succe The opposition and bickering of years had broken out at last into an open rupture. Mr. Riston's patience could hold out no longer against the selfishness of his wife, that did not permit her to regard his wishes or comforts in the least degree. Often before had he assumed an air of determination, in the hope that she would yield to his wishes, but with no good effect. Now, the determination was not assumed, but real. Mr. Riston had looked around him for a house, and had selected one with the fixed intention of renting and furnishing it, unless his wife should consent to go to housekeeping, and desire a different situation or style of house for a residence. The wife did not believe that he was in earnest; but in this she was mistaken. No good had resulted from yielding, on his part. He was at last resolved to use a different kind of influence.

Mrs. Riston, after the last remark of her husband, turned her back to him, and moved her chair so that her person would not fall within the range of his eye. It was in the evening, and both sat moody and silent until bed-time. Mrs. Riston was indignant; and Mr. Riston firmly resolved to do what he had threatened.

On the next morning, before descending to breakfast, he said in a very calm voice,—they were the first words spoken to his wife since the previous evening—

"Ellen, I wish you to consider all that I have said, as in earnest. I have the key of a house in Ninth street, through which I went yesterday. That house I shall rent, unless you choose another, and consent to go with me into it. I will not compel you to go into any house that you do not like; but, if you do not yourself select a house, I will take the one of which I have the key, and furnish it."

Mrs. Riston made no reply. She did not even look towards her husband.

"I will give you three days to make up your mind. After that, if you still decide to persevere in your present course, I shall certainly take mine, and the evil resulting from it, must rest upon your own head."

The breakfast bell rang at the moment, and Mr. Riston left the chamber and descended to the dining room. His wife remained behind, and did not make her appe t table during the meal

"My dear Mrs. R do you do? I am delighted to see you this morning. But how grave you look! has happened, my dear?"

This was said by Mrs. e, one of the lady's particular friends, upon whom Mrs. Riston called to communicate her troubles, as soon after breakfast as she thought it right to make a call.

"O dear, Mrs. Leslie! I am in a world of trouble this morning."

"What is the matter, dear?"

"Oh, that husband of mine, the perverse creature! has got into one of his tantrums again."

"Has he?"

"Indeed he has, and he seems worse than ever. He does lead me such a life!"

"What new crotchet is in his head?"

"New? I wish to goodness it was something new! But it's that old notion about housekeeping; and he is stark, staring mad about it."

"Oh dear!"

"I declare, he worries the very life out of me,

notwithstanding I have told him over and over again that if he talked until doomsday about it, I would not consent to become his slave. Go to housekeeping, indeed! I have seen too many women in that beautiful situation to wish to get into it myself."

"If your mind is made up about it, why give yourself so much trouble? It is only necessary to stand by your resolution, and he cannot help himself."

"So I have believed. But, would you have thought it! he is actually going to rent a house and furnish it all himself."

"But he can't put you into it by bodily force."

"No, but he says he will hire a housekeeper to take charge of it if I don't go with him."

"Humph! That would be a pretty piece of business."

"Would'nt it!"

"But you don't believe he is in earnest?"

"I am afraid he is. I never saw him in such a temper. I declare, his manner frightened me."

Mrs. Leslie did not know what to reply. While she sat with her eyes still upon the floor in a musing attitude, her friend resumed.

"If he does really mean to push things to extremities, I shall have to give in, because I

would'nt have people think, for the world, that we did not live upon the most affectionate terms. I am too proud to [illegible]self the town talk. But, if he once gets [illegible]hand of me, there is no telling how far h[illegible]y the tyrant. That is the difficulty in th[illegible]en after I have conquered my own will, [illegible]s no light task."

"Yes, that is to [illegible]considered. If you give way an inch to som[illegible], they will certainly exact the ell."

"And my husband is just one of those kind of men."

"You must yourself manage, if you do give an inch, to take three ells from somewhere else."

"That 's it exactly, Mrs. Leslie! That is just what I have thought of doing. And it is to consult you about this that I have called in. But, the first question to settle is, shall I yield?"

"I think you have taken, already, a very sensible view of that subject. You do not wish to be the town talk."

"No, I do not. I dread that only a little more than giving up to my husband, a thing that a woman of spirit never should do if it is possible to avoid it. If the matter could be kept between him and me alone, I would die before I would yield an

nch; but in this movement he has completely outgeneralled me."

"So it would seem, if he means really to do what he says. Suppose you let him go on a little further. If he does take a house and furnish it, you can become its mistress at the last pinch, and so avoid the exposure you dread."

"Yes, but look here, Mrs. Leslie. If I consent to go to housekeeping—if I give that one inch, I must have my three ells, you know. Now where are they to come from?"

"That is for you to determine."

"With the assistance of your advice."

"It shall be freely given. But I want a small portion of ground to stand upon. Some clue to your wishes."

"Let me see," mused Mrs. Riston. "How shall I thwart him? How shall I get the complete upper hand? Where are the three ells to come from? Yes, I think I have it. He loves money, and hates to spend it. And I love it, too, but only to spend it freely. If I go to housekeeping, I must have a splendid establishment."

"That's it, dear! That's your game! Put your hand deep into his pocket. If he will push matters so far—if the thing must be done, take care to have it done as you like."

"Trust me for that. He said if I didn't like the house he had taken, I was at liberty to choose one for myself."

"Did he? Then you im."

"Havn't I? If I am lave, I will choose a splendid captivity. pay for it. Before a twelvemonth ro d, if he isn't sick to death of housekeepin no prophet."

Instead of wisely seeking t urn the current of Mrs. Riston's thoughts into a better channel, Mrs. Leslie encouraged her folly, and confirmed her in the mad resolution she had taken

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CHAPTER VIII.

A SAD PICTURE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

Mr. Riston did not make his appearance at dinner time, preferring to get something to eat at one of the public dining rooms, to meeting his perverse-minded wife. He did not know that she was prepared to give him a much pleasanter reception than he had every reason to believe that she would.

Evening came, and the unhappy husband —for unhappy, though resolute, he really was—took his way homeward. When he entered his boarding-house, he went to the public parlour, and sat down there to await the ringing of the tea bell, instead of going up to his own room. At the supper table he met his wife for the first time since morning. They sat side by side. But he did not speak to her, nor even look into her face. He was not a little surprised when she asked, in the ordinary indifferent tone with which she usually spoke to him, why he had not come home to dinner. He replied that he was very busy, and preferred dining down town. Mrs. Riston did not believe this of course. It was acting on his part as well as hers, and both understood that it was. But Mr. Riston felt puzzled.

After tea the husband and wife retired to their own apartment. Mr. Riston made no attempt to introduce the subject about which they had jarred so heavily on the night before; but his wife dexterously brought it in, and then declared that, rather than there should be the exposure he threatened, she would submit, though with great reluctance. A few convenient tears watered this concession. Mr. Riston was softened.

"I cannot yield the point of going to house-

keeping," he said. "But I am very willing to defer to your judgment in the selection of a house, and to let your taste go[illegible] in furnishing it."

"Where is the hous[illegible] ave fixed upon?" asked Mrs. R.

"In Ninth street."

"What kind of a he[illegible]?"

"A very good hou[illegible] ave no doubt but that you will like it. [illegible]row we will walk round there. I have the[illegible]

Mrs. Riston thought it just as well to reserve her objections until she saw the house, for then she could have something real upon which to ground them.

On the next day, after breakfast, in apparently a very good humour, the lady started out with her husband to visit the house he had pitched upon.

"How much is the rent?" she thought proper to ask on the way.

"Three hundred and fifty dollars," replied Mr. Riston.

"It can't be much of a house at that price," quietly remarked the lady.

"I think it a very excellent house. In some situations it would rent for five hundred dollars."

Mrs. Riston said no more, but walked on. Her mind was made up as to the game she would play.

In thinking how she would thwart her husband, she felt a secret delight. At length they were at the door. The key was applied, and they entered the house. First they looked through the parlours.

"These are very fine rooms," said the husband.

"Miserable paper!" said the wife.

"I don't know. I think it very good."

"Hardly fit for a garret. Isn't it astonishing that anybody could have the execrable taste to select such a pattern?"

"No doubt the landlord will give us new paper."

"And such mantelpieces! I wouldn't be forced to look at them every day for a month if anybody would give me their weight in gold."

"I am sure, Ellen, that I don't see anything so offensive in them."

"Well, I do, then. But come; let us go up into the chambers."

Up they went.

"Just as I supposed it would be. No paper on the walls."

"The landlord will paper the chambers, if we ask him, I am sure."

"He may paper them with gold leaf, if he chooses, but I would not live in his house."

"Why, Ellen! What do you mean?"

my mind there is no reason whatever why a man should pay more rent for a store than for a dwelling."

"But look at it fo nent in a common sense ——"

"I don't pretend t nything about common sense, Mr. Risto

"Really, Ellen, you e most unreasonable woman I ever met in m "

"Quite complimentary! No doubt you think so. But thank goodness! your opinion of me will never break my heart."

A pause in the coming tempest succeeded this fitful gust.

"You cannot be in earnest about the house you speak of in Arch street?" at length resumed the husband.

"Why not, pray?"

"I cannot afford such a rent, Ellen."

"You don't suppose, for a moment, that I believe that kind of nonsense," retorted the wife.

"I tell you it is true!" Mr. Riston spoke with some warmth.

The lady tossed her head incredulously.

"As to paying nine hundred dollars for a house, I can assure you at the threshhold that the thing is not to be thought of for a moment."

"Well, just as you like. You can go and rent that pigeon box in Ninth street if you please, and keep bachelor's hall. I shall not go into it, nor into any such mean concern. When I go to housekeeping, if go I must, it will be in a decent way."

"Decent? Pray what do you call decent?"

"I call the house in Arch street a decent house."

Mr. Riston was angry and bewildered.

"It is no use for you to think of a house at nine hundred dollars, Ellen," he said. "The thing is out of the question. My circumstances are not such as to——"

"There, there, now, Mr. Riston, I don't want another word about your circumstances! I have heard nothing else I believe since we were married."

"But won't you listen to common sense, woman?"

"Woman! Indeed!"

"Wife, then, if that will sound any better to your ear, though a very strange kind of a wife you are, let me tell you!" This remark would have made Mrs. Riston very angry if it had been uttered under different circumstances. But her mind was intent upon thwarting her husband, and she knew that she was chafing him severely. Considering

nis temperament, she was neither surprised nor pained at his words.

For two or three days the contention about the house in Arch street was continued. The husband remained so firm, that Riston, after several conferences with her Mrs. Leslie, deemed it best to yield a little on the rent of the house, with the determination of making it up in the furniture. The handsome dwelling in Walnut street, which Mr. Hartley had wished to take, still remained vacant. The rent of this was seven hundred dollars per annum. With much tact, Mrs. Riston directed the thoughts of her husband to this house, and actually induced him, by seeming herself to be resolved on the house in Arch street, to propose to rent this one. With apparent great reluctance the lady yielded, finally, her preference for the nine hundred dollar house.

The contention with his wife about the choice of a dwelling had been such a severe one, that when a new difference of opinion in regard to the style of furnishing it showed itself, Mr. Riston retired at once from a combat in which he felt that inglorious defeat awaited him. With a sigh, and a foreboding of evil, he resigned to her the task of selecting the furniture, not, however, until he had expressed a willingness to remain where they

were, rather than be subjected to the heavy expense which he saw too plainly housekeeping would involve.

"Oh, no, no," was his lady's reply. "This is all of your own seeking. Things have gone too far now. We have already taken the house, and my heart is set upon having it fitted up in a delightful way. I am not one of your changeables. When I once set my mind upon doing a thing, I must go to the end."

Nothing was left but quiet submission, or a prolonged contention, the result of which in the husband's mind was very doubtful. He weakly chose the former, against all the higher dictates of his reason; thus giving to a self-willed, vain and unfeeling woman, a new and more dangerous power over him.

CHAPTER IX.

FAIR FRIENDS.

While the result of the contention with her husband was still [illegible] Mrs. Riston called upon none of her friends except Mrs. Leslie, who always encouraged her to do just what she wished to do, and whose advice was always such as to aid her in more effectually attaining her own ends. But, no sooner was it settled that she was to become the mistress of an elegant house, than she was on the wing. Among the first persons on whom she called was Mrs. Hartley. She could not restrain the desire she felt to let Anna know that she was herself to occupy the beautiful house she had been so foolish as to pass by.

"I have news to tell you, my dear," she said, with a brightening face, after she had been seated a few minutes.

"Ah? What is it?"

"You wouldn't guess in a month."

"Perhaps not. I never was very good at guessing."

"I am going to housekeeping."

'What?"

"To housekeeping! Aint you surprised?"

"I am truly. What in the world has caused you to change your views?"

"Circumstances. My husband set his mind so determinedly upon it, that nothing was left me but to consent Would you believe it?—the man actually set about renting a house and furnishing it himself, declaring that he would hire some one to keep it for him and live there alone if I did not choose to go with him! It's a fact! Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

Mrs. Hartley looked at her visiter in mute amazement.

"Well may you look surprised!" resumed Mrs. Riston. "But, if I did consent, in the end, after a hard struggle to give up my freedom, it was only after stipulations honourable enough to my pride and ambition. He fought hard, but I conquered by perseverance."

It was impossible for Anna to say a single word, in the pause that followed this sentence. Her heart was shocked. But, of the real impression her communication had made, Mrs. Riston had no idea.

"My husband fixed upon a house very much

like the one you have," the lady continued, "only something more genteel; but I told him *no* at once: that if I [illegible]ed to go to housekeeping, I must at le[illegible] word to say in regard to the style in [illegible] was to live. He yielded a little, and [illegible]shed him up hard, for I knew that noth[illegible] would do. At first I insisted upon havi[illegible]e in Arch street at nine hundred dollars."

"Mrs. Riston!"

"Indeed I did. He looked dumbfounded. I urged, but he said *no*, with such a resolute air, and plead inability so very hard, that I abated a little. You remember the house in Walnut street that you were so silly as to refuse when your husband wanted to rent it? Well, that house still remained vacant, and I settled down upon it, determined not to descend a single step lower. My good man fought hard, but it was no use. I was immoveable. At last he consented, and we have the keys! Aint you sorry now that you did not secure it?"

"No," was the simple reply of Mrs. Hartley.

"You will be, then. Wait until I get it furnished. I'll dazzle your eyes for you. Mr. Riston has left all to my taste."

"Without regard to expense?"

"He tried to limit me to a certain sum, but I told him it was no use. We had no children, and, therefore, no particular reason for being over economical. Other people could live in handsome style who were no better off, and we had just as good a right to all the elegancies of life as any body else. He preached about his not being able to bear the heavy expense: but I wouldn't listen to him a moment. I have heard about that ever since we were married. He would go to housekeeping, and now he shall have enough of it. Oh, but I'll show you style!"

Anna looked grave.

"What is the matter, my dear? Not envious, I hope, in anticipation?"

"No, heaven knows that I am not!" Anna said, with a serious face and as serious a tone.

"What is the matter, then, child?"

"I am grieved at heart to hear any one speak of her husband as you are speaking, Mrs. Riston. Depend upon it you are wrong."

"Wrong for a woman to assert her rights and maintain them."

"A woman has no rights independent of her husband."

"You are crazy, child. Must she be his passive slave?"

"No; nor should she attempt to play the tyrant over him."

"You do not mean to say that I attempt to play the tyrant over my husband."

"Look closely into your own conduct, and answer that question for yourself, Mrs. Riston."

"I am not used to be spoken to in this way, madam!" An angry flush mounted to the brow of the visiter as she spoke, and a slight movement of the body showed that she was about to rise from her chair.

"Think, Mrs. Riston," replied Anna, "whether it would not be of use to you to know exactly what impression your words and conduct sometimes make upon the minds of disinterested friends."

"Ah! Well! Perhaps it would. Please let me have the benefits of your impressions." This was said in a quick, sneering voice.

"Not while you feel as you do now," Anna calmly said. "I have no unkindness in my heart towards you. I hope you will cherish none towards me. But I cannot help being affected, as I am, by your language. It gives me the most exquisite pain."

The manner in which this was said, caused the angry feelings of Mrs. Riston to subside.

"You are a strange woman, Mrs. Hartley."

"I strive always to do right."

"So do I; that is, to have everything my own way, which I think the right way."

"Acting in that spirit, you will rarely be in the right," Anna firmly said.

"Don't you think I am right in opposing my husband's penuriousness?"

"You should first be very sure that what you call penuriousness is not a just degree of prudence. What do you know of his affairs?"

"Nothing at all, except that he is very well off As to the exact amount of his property, or how much he makes in a year, I don't concern myself. Of one thing I am very certain, my extravagance will never ruin him."

"I hope not. But you should not disregard his complaints that you spend money too freely."

"I shouldn't regard it, you mean. But you can't judge of this, Anna. You don't know how constantly it has been rung in my ears ever since we were married."

"Perhaps this is your fault? Perhaps you have, from the first, been disposed to spend money more freely than you should."

"I differ with you; and I ought to know best." This was coldly spoken.

Anna felt that it would do no good to proceed,

and the subject was dropped there. The visiter did not stay long. Mrs. Hartley had made her feel very uncomfortable.

"I must say that I thi[illegible] Anna Hartley a very strange woman," r[illegible] Mrs. Riston, some ten minutes after she lef[illegible] her very particular friend, Mrs. Leslie.

"I always knew that."

"Don't you think she had the coolness to take me to task this morning, because I made my husband rent the house in Walnut street, that she was fool enough to let slip through her fingers?"

"Humph! She has repented of that, no doubt, a hundred times already."

"And is only mad because I had spirit enough to insist upon having it. But I'll be revenged on her! I'll show her what she has missed, at the house warming! I'll make her heart sick of her own two-pence-ha'penny affair! But her time is past. The honey-moon is long since over, and she will find her loving spouse very clear of gratifying the desire that I will create in her bosom. The conceited minx! to think of reading me a lesson in conjugal duty. I'll bet anything that, before six months are past, she and her husband will have many a little tea-party, if not something worse."

'She is a prude."

"And as cold hearted as an icicle. I wonder any man could fancy her."

"She has a pretty face."

"I differ with you. It may be regular; but it has no life—no vivacity."

"We won't quarrel about that. Some have called her really beautiful. Gardiner once thought so."

"When he played the love-sick fool to one who was not worthy of him. But he has expressed himself very differently to me, since."

"Has he? Sour grapes, perhaps Gardiner wanted her very badly, and so did William Archer. By the way, speaking of Archer, I believe public opinion is rather too hard with him."

"You know I have always thought so."

"Yes, I am aware of that. He was here yesterday, and is quite serious about renewing his addresses to Florence Armitage, and claiming the fulfilment of her promise to marry him!"

"Will it be of any use?"

"I think so. Florence is a weak girl, and may be easily induced to look upon him once more with favourable eyes."

"Why does he feel so anxious about pressing his suit in that quarter? There are dozens of

girls to pick among, who are far more loveable than Florence."

"For reasons best know[illegible] himself, no doubt. He wants me to aid him [illegible] and I shall do it. Florence has called in, [illegible]ally, of late, to see me. When next we me[illegible]ll sound her on the subject. He has written [illegible]etter, to which no answer has yet been retu[illegible] It will be very easy to lead her on to speak [illegible]f this, and then I will urge her to reply to it."

"You can persuade her, easily enough, to do this."

"Yes, I presume I can. When she has once answered his letter, no matter what she says, her feelings will be more or less interested in him, spite of all she can do. After that, it will be plain sailing for our friend Archer."

"So I should think."

"Unless the influence of Anna Hartley be stronger than I think it is."

"Is she attached to Anna?"

"Very closely; and she can do almost anything with her. But love for a man is stronger than love for a woman, in a maiden's heart. Here lies William Archer's strong ground of hope.

"She will be his wife before six months passes, Mrs. Leslie."

" Or three either, if I may be allowed to prophecy."

"Success to his suit, say I. He is just as good as she is. Indeed, she ought to be glad to get him; for his family is far more respectable than hers."

"That is true. Her father is nobody. Who ever heard of him until a few years ago? And as for her mother, it would be a hard task to trace her pedigree, and not very flattering to her descendants, when it was done. If it wasn't for her father's money, I don't think William would take much to heart her failure to comply with her marriage promise."

"No, I suppose not."

We cannot follow these heartless, dangerous women, any further in their conversation. Enough of their characters and designs are apparent to the reader.

CHAPTER V

BLIND INF[illegible]ION.

After Florence Armita[illegible] left Mrs. Hartley on the day she showed he[illegible] letter which she had received from Arch[illegible] did not see so clearly as while with her, [illegible] impropriety of making a reply. The image of the young man was constantly before her mind, and, scarcely conscious of it herself, she dwelt with pleasing emotions on that image.

When she went home, she shut herself up in her own room, and read over his letter again.

"I fear to wrong any one," she sighed.

Then came up to the eyes of her mind, with vivid distinctness, the form of Grace Leary; and the whole scene on the night appointed for her wedding arose and passed before her. Shuddering, she strove to banish the blasting visions, but strove in vain. It seemed as if the wretched girl was in the room, and warning her not to give a moment's heed to the tempter.

The excitement, under which she had been for some time, at length subsided. But still her

thoughts turned to William Archer. Resolutely did she strive to banish his image, but she strove without success. It was still present with her.

That night, before she retired to bed, she wrote three letters in answer to the one she had received, and destroyed them all. The first one seemed to her too cold and repulsive in style; and the two last, rather warmer than she thought it right to send.

For days and weeks a violent struggle went on in her mind. She saw Mrs. Hartley frequently during the time, but carefully avoided making any allusions to the subject. One day she met Mrs. Leslie in the street. She had not visited her for some time. That lady urged her so strongly to call upon her, that she promised to do so, and very soon fulfilled her promise. Dexterously did Mrs. Leslie manage to lead Florence to allude to the past.

"Have you never seen him since?" she asked, finally, alluding to Archer, and speaking in a tone that completely betrayed Florence into a misplaced confidence.

"But once," was replied.

"When?"

"A few weeks ago I met him in the street."

"Did you speak to him?"

"Certainly not."

"Poor fellow! He has suffered severely."

"And so has Grac . A thousand times more deeply than as." Florence said this with something gnant warmth.

"That may be: p h! But it is barely possible that he m ocent of any wrong towards her."

"She solemnly accuse m; and charges the ruin of other victims upon him."

"Of all of which he *may* be guilty."

"Can there be any doubt of it?"

"There is always a doubt of guilt where no positive evidence is given."

"But is there not positive evidence in this case?"

"There is the testimony of a vicious woman. How far do you think that ought to be taken?"

"It should be taken with allowance, certainly. But, in this case, her testimony is not the only proof. The wrong done to Grace Leary by William Archer has been a thing of notoriety for a long time."

"There has been a good deal of running gossip on the subject, I know; but a little tattle of this kind is too common to have much weight attached to it. The young man declares his innocence,

and we should take good care that, in throwing him off, we do not wrong the innocent."

"What do you think? What is your opinion, Mrs. Leslie?" Florence asked, with a countenance and tone of voice that betrayed the interest her heart still retained in Archer.

"I believe he has been a wild young man—that, in the thoughtless ardour of youth, he may have been led astray in some things. But, of the errors of his youth, I believe he has sincerely repented, and that it is wrong to condemn him on their account."

Florence did not reply.

"That he suffers acutely in consequence of the present aspect of affairs, I know. He was deeply attached to you, and still is."

"Do not speak so to me, Mrs. Leslie," Florence said, with evident agitation.

"I speak but the truth. Surely you are not afraid to hear that."

"I do not know that Mr. Archer is innocent of the dreadful crime charged upon him in the most solemn manner—a manner that carried instant conviction to my heart, and to every one present."

"And still all may have been but the mad ravings of an insane creature"

"No matter. It was a timely occurrence of so startling a nature as to warrant me in declining to fulfil my engagement with him, and heaven knows, I have no desire now to renew it! In the intercourse I had with him after I consented to become his wife, I saw deeper into his character. He is selfish and overbearing; and I was led to suspect, from evidence not to be eluded, that there was more love for me on his tongue than in his heart."

"You are certainly mistaken."

"I think not."

"Indeed you are."

"That is barely possible. I doubt it."

"But if you refuse to marry him, you need not refuse to speak to him."

"That is another question, and the only one about which I am undecided. I do not wish to wrong any one—to wound any one."

"Of course not. For this reason you should be well assured that there is good cause for the stand you have taken towards Archer, who, let me tell you, still loves you as truly and tenderly as ever."

"Mrs. Leslie! what do you mean?" quickly exclaimed Florence, with increased agitation. "I have just told you that I believed his love for me to be only an empty profession."

"In which belief you have wronged him."

"You speak with a strange confidence."

"I have a right to do so. Though so many have judged the young man with the harshest kind of judgment, and turned coldly from him, I have still remained his friend. To me, then, he might be expected to open his heart freely; and he has done so."

Mrs. Leslie looked attentively at Florence to see the effect of her words, and then went on.

"The truth is, William Archer has, himself, told me that for you he still has the purest regard, and if you never look at him, never speak to him, he will still love you and you only, and love you on to the end."

The effect of this was to make Florence turn pale, and tremble from head to foot. The words of the tempter were sinking into her heart. When she parted with this criminally injudicious friend, it was with a half-extorted promise that she would not refuse to speak to Archer, when next she met him. This promise she was soon called upon to perform. On the next day she passed the young man in the street. As they were approaching, their eyes met and were fixed. Florence inclined her head, but did not smile. A respectful bow was returned, and both passed on,

one with a thrill of pleasure, the other with a wildly throbbing heart.

"What am I doin ence asked herself, after her feelings had down. "Where is this to end? I will ca Anna and be guided by her. She always t."

But, conscious that advice would not accord with her feelin deferred calling to see her, day after day, and w ek after week.

The recognition of Archer by Florence, encouraged the young man. A visit to Mrs. Leslie soon after, and a half hour's conference with that lady gave him renewed hope.

Scarcely a month had elapsed before the thoughtless young girl was again on terms of intimacy with Archer, a man against whose character common report had not said one word too much.

With most consummate art did the sordid lover insinuate himself once more into favour. Florence and he met at the house of Mrs. Leslie, who did all in her power to forward his designs. At length Archer ventured to renew his vows of love, and to claim the fulfilment of a promise already given. The weak girl was fully in his toils. She yielded a trembling consent, for reason told her that she was acting wrong.

Thus far no one but Mrs. Leslie knew anything of the state of Florence's mind—not even her parents, who had not the most remote suspicion that she had met Archer since the occurrence of an event that has been more than once alluded to.

"How will your father and mother feel about this?" asked Archer, during one of their interviews, after he had become fully restored to favour with Florence. "Do you think it possible to disabuse their minds of the prejudice against me with which they are affected?"

"I can hardly tell. But they cannot be deaf to reason."

"Do they ever speak of me."

"No. Your name is never mentioned in our house."

"What do you think are their feelings towards me?"

"Unfavourable."

"How shall we approach them on the subject that lays so near our hearts?"

"I cannot tell. I tremble whenever I think about it."

"Will there be any use in asking their consent?"

"I fear not. My father is set in his ways. When he once makes up his mind, it is almost impossible to move him."

"How is your mother?"

Anna shook her head.

"What is to be done

"I do not know," aiden's desponding reply.

"We cannot live ch other."

Florence l aned he onfidingly against her lover, and he drew tenderly about her. There was a deep hat continued for many minutes.

The real truth was, Archer had everything to fear from a general knowledge of the fact that he had renewed his attentions to Florence. For this reason he did not, so far as he was concerned, wish the parents of Florence consulted at all in the matter. His own wish was, to marry clandestinely; and this he meant to propose, if he could see it safe to do so. The reader can now perceive the drift of his leading questions to the infatuated girl.

"Suppose," he suggested, "on making known our wishes to your parents, they should positively refuse me your hand? What will be our position?"

"I have told you," was replied, "that I love you more than life."

"And are you ready to forsake all for me, if called to such a trial?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"No. I would doubt my own heart if I did."

"You must not doubt it."

"If your parents will not consent to our union, as I fear they will not, what course shall we take?"

"It is for you to say that. I am ready to become your wife."

"But you will have to do it in the face of your parents' disapprobation. You will have to act in disobedience to them. Would it not be better to avoid that?"

"Can it be avoided?"

"I think so." And as Archer said this, he regarded the face of Florence with close attention. Its expression encouraged him to proceed.

"How?"

"By a marriage at once, while they are still ignorant that we have met."

"I do not see that such a step will give matters an aspect any more favourable."

"I think it will. Take this view. We can be married privately, and then send a letter explaining why we took the step, laying particular stress upon the unconquerable reluctance we both felt to risking the danger of a refusal by asking consent. Depend upon it, our position will be much better, than if we get married after an expressed disappro-

oation. The act may be excused as a piece of folly, or madness, or may choose to call it. But it will ha thing of direct disobedience, a thing arent to forget and forgive."

Florence felt the . Mrs. Leslie was now referred to, ded the views of Archer warmly. red, and really unhappy girl at length y uctant consent.

"When shall the marriage take place?" eagerly asked the lover.

Florence was silent.

"Name the earliest possible moment. No time is to be lost."

"No, not an hour," said Mrs. Leslie.

"Why need it be delayed at all. We are both ready to join hands as well as hearts. Why may it not take place this very night?"

"O no—no! That is too precipitate," objected Florence. "I must have a little time to collect and compose my thoughts."

"You are willing to marry William?" said Mrs. Leslie.

"O yes. I have said so," she replied.

"And have little hope of gaining the consent of your parents?"

"I fear they would not give it."

"Then why delay what must take place?"

"Let me have a single day for preparation. I ask no more." Tears gushed from the eyes of the excited girl.

Neither Archer nor his friend could say a word more. It was then regularly arranged that the marriage should be celebrated privately, on the next night, at the house of Mrs. Leslie.

As Archer and Florence walked home that night, the latter noticed that a female, small in stature, and with a marked peculiarity of dress, passed them no less than four times. Each time she looked intently into the face of Florence, and once partly paused, and seemed about to speak. The countenance of this person was clearly seen by Florence as the light of a lamp fell upon it It was strangely familiar. But where she had seen it she tried in vain to think. Archer did not appear to notice this female, or, if he did, he made no allusion to her.

"To-morrow night," he said, as he kissed the hand of Florence at her father's door, and then walked rapidly away.

"Cursed creature!" he muttered between his teeth, when a few paces distant—"you thwarted me once; but I defy you now! To-morrow night I will be the husband of Florence, and then your

revengeful spirit will have to seek out some new scheme. If you cross my path many times more, I will murder you!"

The clenched teeth and ds, and the dark face of the young man. plainly that he was really under the i of demoniac pas sions. He hated the obj s animadversions whoever it might be, witn derous hatred.

CHAPTER XI.

AN ACT TO BE REPENTED OF.

Florence entered her father's house and hurried up to her chamber, without meeting either of her parents. Closing the door and locking it, she threw herself panting upon her bed. Her thoughts were all in confusion, and her heart oppressed with a suffocating burden.

"I believe I am mad!" she at length said, in a low, solemn voice, rising up and looking around her. "What have I been doing? What have I promised?"

Sinking down again she covered her face with

ner hands, and lay motionless for a long time. In about half an hour, she arose with a deep sigh, and after walking the floor of her chamber for half an hour, retired to bed.

In the morning her mind was calmer, and she saw, with more accuracy than before, her true position, and the folly of the step she was about to take. But how could she a second time break her promise to the man whom, in spite of reason, she loved? She felt that she could not. As the day advanced, she grew more and more agitated. To conceal this from her mother, she feigned not to be well, and kept her room.

Sometimes she would feel strongly inclined to go to her mother and confess all. But this idea would be abandoned almost as quickly as it was conceived. Her parents, she believed, would hear to nothing but her total abandonment of all expecta tion of becoming the wife of Archer, and to this she was not prepared to submit.

In the afternoon the infatuated girl went, according to promise, to the house of Mrs. Leslie, there to await the hour appointed for the performance of the marriage rite, which was to stamp upon her whole life the seal of wretchedness. Mrs. Leslie received her warmly, and lavished upon her every attention. But Florence felt un-

happy, because sensible that the step about to be taken was a wrong one. It was now, however, too late to think of retr[illegible] She was ready to fulfil her promise, eve[illegible]r the clear conviction that in so doing sh[illegible] acting madly.

Half an hour after Fl[illegible] left her home, a servant brought to Mrs. Ar[illegible]e a letter which had just been handed in at [illegible] door. She broke the seal and read as follows:

"*Madam*:—The wolf is again entering the sheep-fold. Beware! As you value the present and future happiness of your daughter, guard her more carefully. Last night I saw her in company with that arch deceiver whose attempt to possess her hand in marriage, I once thwarted! Could you have believed it? No! But it is true. The hawk is again seeking to consort with the dove.

Yours, ——"

With this letter open in her hand, Mrs. Armitage went, acting from the impulse of the moment, direct to the room of her daughter. Florence was not there. She called to her, but no answer came from any part of the house. On inquiry she learned that she had gone out.

With much anxiety, and a mind greatly disturbed, the mother awaited her daughter's return. But the afternoon wore away, and evening found

her still absent. When Mr. Armitage came home, she showed him the singular communication she had received. It made him very angry.

"If that girl is really so mad as to encourage and keep company with such an unprincipled scoundrel, she deserves to be turned out of the house!" he said.

"It is no time, now, husband," was the reply of Mrs. Armitage, "to indulge our indignant feelings. Let us rather, looking solely to the safety of our child, strive to keep her away from this Archer."

"But, don't you see that all our striving will be no better than the striving of a weak man against a strong current? If she is so infatuated already as to meet him without our knowledge, she will marry him, if so disposed, without our consent."

"Let us not look at the worst side. And after all, perhaps this letter does not tell the truth. Perhaps it is the work of some cruel-minded person, whose delight it is to give pain to others."

"I believe the letter to be genuine."

"It may be. I fear it is."

"What steps ought we to take? We must act promptly if we act at all."

"The best thing is, I suppose, to show this letter to Florence as soon as she comes home, and judge from the impression it makes upon her, how

far she has suffered her feelings to become again impressed favourably in regard to the young man. When we see the exter evil, we shall be better able to guard agai

But they waited in The warning had come too late. While t anxiously expecting her return, she was g her faith to one who loved her as the wolf the lamb.

On the next morning the papers announced the marriage of William Archer and Florence Armitage, to the astonishment and grief of all who knew them. As early as eight o'clock, a letter was received by Mr. and Mrs. Armitage, from their daughter and her husband. It set forth all their reasons for the hurried step they had taken, pretty much in the order that Archer had previously suggested to Florence, and begged to be taken into favour.

Mr. Armitage flung the letter from him, and left the house, declaring that they should never cross his threshold while he lived. Mrs. Armitage shut herself up in her room and wept all the morning.

When the father and mother again met, both were calm, and deeply thoughtful. Nothing was said about the communication which they had received. The meal passed in silence. Mr. Ar-

mitage went slowly back to his store, and Mrs. Armitage again shut herself up in her room.

"Poor Florence!" said Mrs. Armitage, thinking aloud, as she sat by the side of her husband after the tea things had been removed that evening.

Mr. Armitage sighed.

On the next morning, as her husband was about leaving with a gloomy countenance for the store, Mrs. Armitage remarked that they—

"Should not forget that Florence was still their child."

Her husband looked at her for a moment or two. His face was not stern. It wore an expression of mingled grief and tenderness. But he made no answer; only sighing, and then turning away and leaving the house.

During the morning another letter came from the young couple. It was humble in its tone, and expressed great anxiety for a reconciliation. It was in the hand-writing of Florence, and was soiled, in many places, with tears. The mother wept over it for an hour. When her husband came home she placed it in his hands. He affected a sternness of manner when he saw from whom it had come. But this soon gave way to the power of his real feelings. The mother of Florence watched him closely as he bent over the

letter. Her heart trembled as she saw his hand, after he had read a few lines, go quickly to his eyes, and dash aside a tear that dimmed his vision. He read on; but, long before he reached the last line, he had thrown down the letter and was weeping like a child.

Before an hour passed Florence was in her mother's arms.

CHAPTER XII.

MARRIAGE CHANGES SOCIAL RELATIONS

"Have you looked over the morning paper?" said Hartley to his wife, when he came home at dinner-time on the day the marriage of Archer and Florence had been publicly announced.

"Not particularly. Why?"

"A friend of yours is married." This was said without a smile.

"Ah! Who?"

"Florence Armitage."

"No?" Anna started, and looked serious.

"It is, I am sorry to say, too true; and she has married that young Archer."

"It cannot be so, James. Surely there must be some mistake?"

"No. They went off together last night, and were married secretly. It is announced this morning in the papers. I am told that no one even suspected that they had met since the time their former engagement was broken."

"The girl must be insane!"

"How long is it since you saw her, Anna?"

"It is several weeks since she was here. Then she told me, as I mentioned to you at the time, that Archer had written to her, and that she felt inclined to believe public opinion judged him too severely."

"What it has not done. He is just as bad as the general voice pronounces him; I believe worse. And this the poor girl will soon find to her sorrow."

"Did you hear at whose house the marriage took place? Or, did they go to a minister's?"

"It is said that the ceremony was performed by an alderman, at the residence of Mrs. Leslie."

"Now I understand. This is the work of that unjudicious woman. Oh, what could she have

been thinking about! She knew the character of Archer well."

"Few knew it b[illegible]ut Mrs. Leslie is a thoughtless woman. [illegible]ally thoughtless."

"I never felt any[illegible]l confidence in her, after I had known her [illegible]a short time. How much of evil such a w[illegible]an do; and yet move in the best society, a[illegible]well received there! Poor Florence! Most[illegible]ely do I commiserate her."

"How will her parents act? Do you think they will be so much incensed at her conduct as to refuse to receive her with her husband?"

"I think not. They will be grieved sorely. It will be a painful affliction. But they will not cast off their child."

"I am glad of that, for her sake."

"Yes. A consciousness of having acted wrong, is grief enough, without anger and banishment added thereto."

"I suppose you will call and see her, and ——"

"No, James. I do not intend calling upon her."

"Ah! Why not? You were friends. She may have acted wrong, but she is still the same."

"Not to me. She is no longer Florence Ar-

mitage, but the wife of William Archer, whose character I detest."

"But, shall you, because his character is vile, cease to regard the good that is in his wife?"

"No. I may regard all that is good in her, still; but I cannot visit her. Would it be right for me to do it when I could not speak to her husband if he were standing by her side? I think not. Reverse the case. Would it be right for me to receive the visits of a lady who would not speak to you?"

"That question is not very hard to answer. I do not think it would. But no lady could have the good reason for avoiding me that you have for avoiding Archer."

"It matters not. Florence believes, no doubt, that her husband is innocent of the heinous sins laid to his charge, and therefore ought not to receive my visits while I treat him as if he were guilty. But more than this. I believe that no woman can love a bad man as her husband, and not suffer a moral perversion. This is another reason why I do not wish to be on terms of intimacy with the wife of Mr. Archer. And a still further reason is, that I ought not to visit freely in the family of a man so justly condemned by public opinion, lest he be thought one of my husband's friends."

"You would not feel bound to treat Florence coldly, if she were to call upon you?"

"No. But I coul[illegible]turn her call. She has shown herself, in [illegible], so destitute of true womanly feeling, that [illegible] not wish to number her among those I call [illegible]ends."

"All will not appr[illegible] your motives. You will be thought harsh a[illegible]sorious."

"I cannot help it. [illegible]re the good opinion of every one, but not at the expense of my own self-respect. Florence has chosen her way in life; and it will, I fear, be a thorny one: but I cannot go along by her side; for I chose a different way."

"I hardly suppose that your visiting Florence occasionally would cause any one to think improperly of me," said Hartley.

"It *might* have that effect; and, while I live, no act of mine shall cast even a flitting shadow over my husband's good name or fortune."

Anna spoke with a generous warmth that caused Hartley's bosom to glow.

"I freely approve of what you say," he returned. "Florence has chosen her path in life, and that path cannot run side by side with yours. If you detest the husband's principles so fully that

you cannot speak to him, you ought not to be on terms of friendly intercourse with his wife."

"No; I *feel* that I ought not; and *feeling*, you know, is sometimes a woman's strongest *reason*."

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. RISTON'S HOUSE-WARMING.

Mrs. Riston liked so little the plain way in which Anna spoke, that she did not again call to see her during the time she was engaged in purchasing furniture and fitting up her house. When all was ready, and she had taken possession, with more pride and triumph in her heart than a queen would feel in coming into her regal rights and honours, she did not forget Mrs. Hartley in her list of invitations to the splendid party she almost compelled her husband to consent that they should give.

This party did not cost less than eight hundred dollars, and was, certainly, one of the most brilliant affairs of the kind that had been seen in

Philadelphia for a long time. Every room in the house, from the first to the third story, was decorated with hired or d ornaments, suited to the purpose, and thrown open to the company. At twelve k a splendid supper was served to nearly undred persons, the table literally crow everything delicate and *recherche* that cou procured. The variety of confectionary d yed was wonderful. The wines were abundan d the best and most costly that could be procured.

During the whole evening, Mrs. Riston moved among the company with the air and grace of a duchess. Her vanity led her to call the attention of almost every one with whom she conversed to this or that piece of furniture or ornament. She walked with her guests over the house, and listened with delight to their expressions of admiration. There were few present who did not flatter her vain heart, by approving all, and pronouncing her house the most perfect specimen they ever saw. One exception to this was Mrs. Hartley. But it must not be supposed that she was so unladylike in her deportment as not to call, even while talking with Mrs. Riston, everything around her beautiful; or as to appear cold and unapprov ing. She had too much delicacy of feeling for

that. She had expected, when she left home, to find a house attired with unusual splendour. She did not think Mrs. Riston was right in indulging such an extravagant spirit, but, in her own house, and on a festive occasion, she had no right to show her disapproval.

But, if she had no right to do this, she was not called upon to flatter a weak, vain woman. As far as she believed it delicate for one lady to approve the taste of another lady in the selection of her furniture, and in its arrangement, she did so, but without appearing to think that her guest wished her to be very profuse in her expressions of admiration.

Her manner, as may be supposed, did not please Mrs. Riston. To Mrs. Leslie, who was present, she said, with an ill-concealed sneer—

"Mrs. Hartley is dying of envy. Have you met her?"

"No—not yet. I cannot come across her in this crowd."

"I have been by her side three or four times, and she praises everything, but in such a cold way! Any one can see that she is grieved to death for being such a fool as not to take this house when she could get it. What do you think she says about my gas chandeliers in the parlour?"

"I don't know, I am sure."

"She says they are *very neat!*"

"O dear! They are *mu cent!*"

"So everybody says bu . And so does she say in her heart. I took me up into my chamber; but she only smiled a poor approval."

"She is a narrow-souled creature, Mrs. Riston. I always knew that. I almost wonder at your sending her an invitation."

"I don't think I should have done so, if I hadn't wished to mortify her."

"That you have done, it seems, effectually. She couldn't have dreamed of finding such a palace of a house as this. I must confess, that, large as were my expectations, they fell far below the truth. But what does your dear, good, patient husband say to all this?"

"It will kill him, I am afraid. I have tumbled over him half a dozen times to-night, and it almost makes me laugh to see how sober he looks. I don't believe he has smiled since the company began to assemble?"

"Are you not afraid that this will attract attention?"

"Yes. It worries me terribly when I think of it; but, then, I remember that he has quite a long phiz at the best of times, and people know this.

I wish, however, from my heart, that he wouldn't make such a fool of himself, and expose us to ridicule, as he certainly will."

"What did he say when he saw the style in which the house was furnished?"

"He actually stood aghast! Everything, you know, was left to my taste. I had most of the furniture in, and the house nearly ready before he could spare time from his business—that eternal business, business!—to look in upon my operations. When he saw the parlour, he turned pale. 'Ellen, are you mad?' he said. 'You know I can't afford this.'"

"Ha ha!"

"'You would go to housekeeping,' I merely replied, as coolly as you please. 'It is all your own doings. I told you over and over again that you would be killed at the outlay of money. But nothing would do. To housekeeping I must go—must become a domestic slave. I consented at last, and here, on the very threshold—before we even get into the house, you are fidgeting yourself to death about the expense. I am really ashamed of you.'"

"It will certainly be the death of him," laughed Mrs. Leslie. "But here he comes."

The object of their conversation came up at the

moment, and Mrs. Riston glided away, leaving him with Mrs. Leslie. The lady noticed that, while he endeavoured to l ful, his mind was really depressed.

"You have a brilliant co y here to-night," said Mrs. Leslie.

"Yes," and Mr. Riston f a smile. "The gayest company I have se a long time. I hope you are enjoying you

"O yes. I always enjoy my elf. I am one of your contented people."

"You are certainly fortunate in your temperament."

"So I have often thought. Let the world wag as it will, I always try to look at the bright side of things."

"I wish I could do the same."

"It is the easiest thing in the world. Good and evil come in spite of us. If we will only enjoy the good, and not fret ourselves at, but patiently bear the evil, we shall get on smoothly enough."

The conversation was here interrupted by the presence of others. But Mrs. Leslie saw, or imagined that she saw, in the manner of Mr. Riston, a deeper feeling of uneasiness than what would

arise from the contemplation of an extravagant waste of money, because he loved money.

It was nearly two o'clock when Mr. and Mrs. Hartley retired. As they rode away, both remained silent. Anna sighed once or twice.

"Foolish—foolish woman!" she ejaculated, after they had reached home.

"You may well say that! And foolish, foolish man, to permit such extravagance!" replied Hartley.

"He could not help it, I suppose."

"You mean that he weakly yielded everything to his wife's extravagance."

"Yes. And that was wrong."

"Wrong? It was criminal under all the circumstances. He is not able to waste money after this fashion. Few men in business are pressed harder than he is to make his payments. Scarcely a week passes that we do not have to lend him one or two thousand dollars. And it is whispered about that he has already been compelled to go into the hands of shavers. Still, I believe he would have been able to get over his present embarrassments, which are the result of two or three severe losses, had he not launched out into this extravagance. Now I have great fears for him. His situation is so well known among business

men, that his credit will be shaken. He seemed conscious of this, I should think, for he looked wretched the whole —at least so it appeared to me. How d feel otherwise, I cannot tell, when th a dozen merchants present from whom he nas orrow money almost every day, and who, if ere to refuse to sell him goods, could make ankrupt in a month. If a single one of these withdraws his confidence, the alarm will be general, and poor Riston will fall to the ground like lead——"

"Ruined by his wife's extravagance"—added Mrs. Hartley, finishing, significantly, the sentence uttered by her husband.

"Yes. That will be the truth. He now owes us six or seven thousand dollars, and buys more or less every week, besides borrowing freely. I do not think it will be wise for us to let our account against him get much larger."

"Oh, James! do not be the first to remove a stone from his tottering house, and thus throw it in ruins to the ground. Perhaps he may yet stand."

"That I do not wish to do. But, if Mr. R—— had not been one of the company to-night, I should have felt bound to open my mind freely on the subject to hi n and Mr. S——. But R— is

a shrewd man of the world, and will not hesitate to speak and act for what he thinks the true interest of our business. I should not at all wonder, if it were decided to-morrow, to ask of Riston such prices for goods as would drive him away from our store."

"Oh, James!" said Mrs. Hartley, "is it not sad to think how easily a thoughtless wife may ruin a husband's credit, and thus destroy him? I never saw the danger before."

"I never thought of it much, until recently. Since you so wisely saved me from dashing out as I foolishly wished to do, I have opened my ears to remarks that hitherto made little or no impression upon me. I find, that, where a man in business, whose capital is no larger than is needed safely and successfully to prosecute it, begins to make a show in his style of living, he is looked at with some suspicion, and that remarks detrimental to his credit float about, and often affect him seriously. From some things, casually said by Mr. R—— in my presence, since we went to housekeeping, I feel well satisfied that if we had taken the house, since rented by Mr. Riston, and furnished it elegantly, it would have done me no good, and might, in the end, have led to a separation from the firm."

"Oh no. Don't think so, James. I am sure that would not have taken place," said Anna, laying her hand upon [illegible]nd's forehead, and smoothing back his h[illegible] little act was only an effort to keep d[illegible] feelings that were struggling for expres[illegible] ready to gush forth.

"It is the truth, de[illegible] are my angel-guide, sent from heaven."

Anna's tears flowed [illegible] She could keep them back no longer.

"I will always seek to deserve your love and your confidence," she murmured, sinking into his arms. "You shall never find a single thorn in your path planted by my hand, if God will only endow me with wisdom to act well my part. But I tremble when I look ahead, and reflect, that I am liable, at almost every moment, through error of judgment, to go wrong."

"You will never go far wrong, Anna," was her husband's encouraging reply, "if you continue as you have begun, to seek for direction above-if a religious principle be the life-germ of all your actions. For my own part, I have no fears. Come what may, no disaster that visits me will ever be traced to your selfishness and folly."

"I pray heaven that it may not!" was the wife's fervent answer.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW IT AFFECTED HER HUSBAND'S CREDIT.

Mr. Riston tried his best to entertain, as far as his personal attentions were concerned, the mass of people he had, jointly with his wife, invited to be witnesses of his folly. But he felt like a criminal all the evening. There were more than a dozen persons present to whom he was largely indebted, and upon whose confidence and forbearance towards him depended everything. "How will all this effect them?" was a question constantly in his mind. When, at a late hour in the morning, he shook hands with the last departing guest, and returned to his still brilliantly lighted, but deserted rooms, he threw himself upon a sofa with a heavily-drawn sigh.

"What ails you, man?" said his wife. "It won't kill you outright, I think. It is our first attempt at housekeeping, and we have opened handsomely."

"Have gone up like a rocket," returned the husband, in a tone of bitterness.

Mrs. Riston looked at him with a slight curl of the lip.

"Soon to co[illegible]ke the stick," he added, still more bitte[illegible]

"You talk v[illegible]ly. What am I to understand by such lang[illegible]?"

"Why, that, [illegible]es to one, this brilliant party of yours—n[illegible]—will ruin me."

"You are mad."

"I was mad, I confess, to let you make such a fool of yourself and me too. But I am sane enough now. I tried to tell you that I could not afford all this extravagant waste of money. But you shut your ears and would not hear me. You will both hear and feel before long. Your glory will be as short-lived as the early flower and the morning dew."

"You are raving, Mr. Riston!" said his wife, growing pale.

"I am not a man used to much extravagant speech. It would have been well for both of us, if you had made this discovery earlier; if you had believed me when I said I could not afford to spend money in certain ways proposed by you. I might as well have talked against the wind! But it is no use to upbraid you now. To throw your folly into your teeth. Necessity will do that soon

enough; and Heaven grant that you may profit by the lesson you will receive."

"Mr. Riston, will you be kind enough to tell me what you mean? To speak out in plain and intelligible language?" This was said with an alarmed countenance, but in a steady voice; the wife looking fixedly at her husband. Her lips were firmly drawn together.

"The simplest language I can use is this," replied Mr. Riston; "and it is such as I have used over and over again without being heeded. *I am not able to afford this style of living*, nor to give an extravagant party such as you have given to-night. What is the natural consequence which follows, when a man expends more than he can afford to spend? Of course, he goes to the dogs, where I have now a very fair prospect of going, and that quite speedily. There were more than a dozen men here to-night, either of whom could make me a bankrupt in a week. It is only necessary to raise the cry that I am living beyond my means, which is a fact, and my credit is gone. Take that from me, and I am lost!"

"Credit! Have you nothing but credit?"

"Not much more, at present. I have lost ten thousand dollars by failures, in a year; and now my business is so clogged up that I am obliged to

borrow large sums of money every day, in order to meet my payments. Destroy my credit, and you ruin me. That ev must see."

"But it is more tha see, how this party or this house, is going oy your credit."

"A few weeks will p ly open your eyes," Mr. Riston said, in an a voice; and, rising, he left the room, and w to his chamber.

"All very fine," he m ed, glancing around. "But these are frost-work luxuries. They will soon melt away."

The presence during the evening of so many of the very men on whose estimation of his standing in business depended his safety, had set Mr. Riston to thinking seriously about the ultimate effects of the extravagant expenditures apparent to every eye. It was this that had sobered him so much during the evening. The more closely he thought about it, the more he felt alarmed.

The next day was one of Mr. Riston's hard days. He had three heavy notes to lift, and two thousand dollars, borrowed money, to return. The thought of what was before him, kept him awake during the greater part of the night. He would not have been so uneasy, had he not felt that, after the display he had made, the effort to borrow money would come with a bad grace.

Everything wore a very different aspect at the breakfast table on the morning that succeeded to the splendid entertainment. Mr. Riston sat in thoughtful silence, and tried to eat, but every mouthful was taken with an effort. Mrs. Riston was the picture of distress. The solemn earnestness of her husband, more than his words, had alarmed her. If his affairs should be at the crisis he said they were, it would be, she felt, a terrible stroke. What! To give up her splendid mansion? To shrink back into a still deeper obscurity than that from which she had emerged? The thought alone almost drove her mad.

"You cannot be in earnest in what you told me last night, Mr. Riston," she said, unable to keep silence.

"If I was ever in earnest in my life, I am in earnest now," was replied. "I could have weathered through my difficulties, had I not insanely yielded to your miserable infatuation, and incurred all this expense, and what is worse, laid myself open to remarks and suspicions that will almost inevitably ruin me."

Mr. Riston spoke angrily. His wife made no answer; but burst into tears, and rising from the table left the room.

The unhappy man sat musing for some time,

and then withdrew from the breakfast room and passed the parlours, where he looked around in order to satisfy l y a new observation, in regard to pression that must have been made u minds of certa n individuals who were thoughts. A sigh escaped him as he turn y, and hurriedly left the house. It was nin k when he reached the store. Two or three s had arrived before him. One requested the rn, on that day, of five hundred dollars, borrowed money, that he had not expected to be called on for in a week. The man who made this request had not been invited, with his wife, to the house-warming.

"But he has, no doubt, heard of it already," Mr. Riston said, mentally.

He opened another note. It contained the confectioner's bill. The amount was—three hundred dollars! Crushing this bill in his hand, he thrust it into his pocket, with a muttered execration against his wife, and turned to his desk to examine into his affairs for the day. A few hurried calculations made all plain. To his mind the aspect of things was appalling.

"If a breath of suspicion is whispered against me, I am gone!" he mentally said. "Nothing can save me. In a few weeks, if I can retain the

confidence of every one, I shall be safely past the crisis of my affairs, and on smooth water again. But can I retain it? Alas! I fear not. Confound this housekeeping folly, and this party! They will prove my ruin!"

But idle fears and vain regrets would accomplish nothing. There must be action, and prompt action. As early as half past ten o'clock the merchant was on foot.

"Good morning, Riston!" said the first man on whom he called, extending his hand as the money-seeker entered his store. "Really! that was a magnificent affair of yours last night. I have never in my life been present at a more splendid entertainment. And what a lovely house you have got. What rent do you pay?

"Seven hundred dollars."

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Rather high, I must confess," Riston said. "But we have no children, and my wife must have something to see after. We can live in handsome style, and not be at a very heavy expense."

"True, that does make a difference. Children, especially half-grown daughters, are a great expense. Mine, I know, are terrible hard on money.

But that party must have cost you a thousand dollars, Riston."

"Nonsense! It one-fourth of it."

Riston was far fr cting how near the bill would amount to mentioned.

"If you get off w han a thousand dollars, you may think f a fortunate man. Why, your confection l will be three hundred dollars, at least."

"How do you know?" ed Riston, with surprise.

"I heard it, somewhere, yesterday. I believe it came from your wife."

"My wife, to speak the truth, is a little too fond of making a display. To please her, I consented to give a party, and as I had enough of business matters to occupy my time, I left all the arrangements with her. I must own that she astonished me with the result of her preparations. Three hundred dollars for confectionary! That will never, never do."

"I heard, also, and I believe it came from as authentic a source, that your wines were two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Impossible! They did not cost one-half of that sum."

"My wife saw Mrs. Riston only day before yesterday, and had it from her own lips."

Riston was confounded. It seemed that his wife had not only indulged the most lavish expenditure, but had actually blazoned it about. It was impossible for him to ask this man to lend him money. He could not have looked him steadily in the face while he made such a request. As quickly as he could, he withdrew, and called upon another business friend. Here he was met by remarks of a similar kind, though made with rather more delicacy. Before leaving, he ventured to put the question—

"Can you spare me anything to-day?"

"Nothing at all," was replied. "We have ten thousand dollars to pay."

The same allusions to the splendid party he had given, met poor Riston, go where he would. He found it almost impossible to borrow money: everybody would have been happy to accommodate him, but nobody had anything to spare. At one o'clock he returned to his store, without having accomplished, comparatively, anything at all. He had still five thousand dollars to raise, and no certain prospect of doing it. He had gone the entire round and could get no adequate assistance. Every one congratulated him on his bril-

liant entertainment and splendid house, but few had any money to lend him. Even those who had been most willi , to assist him, were now reserved, and, y, unable to do any thing.

"I am a ruined m said to himself, bitterly, as he sat down ct his thoughts. "As I feared, this last act as decided my fate."

In the hope of sustai himself by a heavy sacrifice, until he could ver his accumulated difficulties, Riston went, as a last resort, to a money broker, and offered him three per cent. a month, besides a liberal commission, if he would get him the amount he wanted, on his own note of hand, at four months. The broker promised to do his best, but was not sanguine. Two o'clock came; nothing had yet been done. Half-past two—the broker was not in his office. Riston was unable to compose himself sufficiently to sit down and wait for him,—he walked the floor with agitated steps for ten minutes.

"All is lost!" he ejaculated, stopping suddenly and looking up at the clock—the time had passed on until it lacked but a quarter to three.

"Even if I had the money now, there would scarcely be time to lift the notes. Fool! fool that I was, not to have gone to the holders of them,

and endeavoured to make some arrangement. It would have been less disastrous than to have my paper dishonoured."

While thinking thus, the broker entered quickly Riston looked eagerly in his face. Hope died instantly.

"I can do nothing for you," said the agent, in a voice of regret. "Money is very tight."

Without a reply, Riston took the note he had placed in the broker's hands, put it into his pocket, and thanking him for the trouble he had taken, retired. He felt, to his own surprise, perfectly calm. The great struggle had ceased. The end had come. He yielded passively to the current, and let it bear him down. Returning to his store, he informed his principal clerk, in a few words, of the state of his affairs; and then gave directions to have all the books settled up with the utmost despatch, previous to a meeting of creditors, which he should call at the earliest possible day, that a full exhibit of his business could be made. He then took his way homeward. As he walked along, with his eyes upon the ground, he thought of his wife—not with anger, but with pity. It was his intention to inform her fully of what had occurred, and to make her see clearly that her extravagance had been the

cause of his ruin. He knew that this must produce acute pain; out it would, he trusted, be salutary

CHAI XV.

TAKING A LOWER PLACE IN SOCIETY.

For some time after her husband went out, Mrs. Riston suffered great distress of mind. The thought of having to give up her splendid house, was almost as terrible as the thought of death. If her husband should really fail in business, she felt that she could not survive the mortification.

"But I don't believe a word of it!" she roused herself by saying. "This is only a bug-bear that he has conjured up to frighten me."

In spite of her effort to believe this, she could not help feeling uneasy. About twelve o'clock, visiters began to drop in. Mrs. Riston was occupied with these for two or three hours. All, with flattering words, ministered to her vanity, and caused her to feel how intimately blended with her happiness were the elegancies with which she was

surrounded. Ever and anon the thought of what her husband had said, would pass through her mind, and produce the most acute pain.

At length she was alone again. It was past three o'clock, the hour for dining, but Mr. Riston had not yet returned. She dreaded to see him come in, and yet felt anxious about his prolonged absence, for it did not seem a precursor of good. The clock was striking four, when she heard his footsteps in the hall. He went into the parlour, but remained there only a moment. She next heard him ascending the stairs with a more deliberate step than usual. She looked up into his face with an anxious and inquiring eye, as he entered the chamber where she was sitting. Its expression startled her. There was something about it that she could not understand. She was not long in suspense.

"The worst has come to the worst, Ellen," he said, in a calm, cold voice, taking a chair by her side, and looking fixedly at her. "As I feared it would be, so it has turned out. I could hear of nothing, go where I would, but the splendid party, and the amount it must have, or really did cost; but nobody had any money to lend. Men who loaned me freely last week, and even yesterday, and who could have done it as easily to-day, had

nothing to spare. From ten o'clock until three, I strove, with all the power I possessed, to get the amount of mone d to keep me from bankruptcy; but in v n now a dishonoured and broken merchant

A cry of anguish b n the lips of his unhappy wife, as he sai

"I do not upbraid y he cause of my misfortune," he resumed, a n as the excitement of Mrs. Riston's feelin d in some measure subsided. "That would avail nothing. But, it is only right for you to know that but for this house, and the style in which it is furnished, and the extravagant display made last night, my credit would have remained untarnished. The money needed to meet my payments to-day would have been easily procured, and in a few weeks my feet would have been on firm ground again. As it is, I shall have to give up all to my creditors, who will place my effects in the hands of trustees. Forced settlements will involve sacrifices, and the end will be, that I shall turn out an insolvent debtor, and be thrown penniless upon the world, to begin life again."

Mrs. Riston was stunned so much by this announcement, that she could not speak. Her face was pale as ashes, her hands clenched, and her

eyes fixed like one in a spasm. So paralyzed was she, that she had to be carried to bed, scarcely sensible of anything that was passing around her.

A downward tendency is always rapid. Mr. Riston called a meeting of his creditors, and submitted, in a manly spirit, a statement of his affairs Trustees were appointed, and all his effects placed in their hands. His elegant furniture was sold at public sale, within three weeks of the date of its purchase, and the cabinet-maker, upholsterer and others, as well as the wine merchant and confectioner, were compelled to await some ten or twelve months before receiving their final dividend on the bankrupt's assets, which left them minus thirty cents in the dollar on their claims.

Mrs. Riston retired to an obscure boarding-house, in the upper part of the city, in ten days after she had taken possession of her palace, as she had called it, with such lofty feelings. She retired a broken-spirited woman. Her husband's conduct in the trying ordeal through which he was compelled to pass, gained him the respect and regard of many, who were ready to assist him. He resumed business, after the lapse of two months, in a small way, and commenced again his upward struggle, fully resolved that his wife should neve

again have any control over him that was not the control of reason.

"If I feel able at any future time to go to housekeeping in a quiet, economical way, I shall not regard her objections," he said to himself, while thinking over his plans for the future. "She will have to be governed by my will. I have yielded to her's long enough. I am willing to devote myself to business early and late, and to take upon myself all its attendant cares and anxieties for our mutual good. It is but right that she should fill the domestic sphere as fully as I do that of business. Had I insisted upon her doing so at first, her mind would never have become warped, nor her desires so extravagant. I might still have retained my good name,—have still been engaged in a prosperous business. But the time past shall suffice. My clear convictions of right shall never yield one iota to her whims, passions or caprices."

Riston was as good as his word. He held, so to speak, a tight rein on his wife ever after. She, it must be said, was a more passive subject than before, and yielded to his wishes much easier. But she was not happy. She hardly ever went out, and scarcely any of her old friends cared about retaining her acquaintance. At home, she drooped about, and went through whatever do-

mestic duties she had to perform, as if she were an automaton. She had no genuine love for her husband, and he felt it. Their meetings were cold, and their intercourse limited to a few common-place remarks, or questions and answers necessary to be made. Thus passed their days, neither of them caring how soon the time came for separation.

CHAPTER XVI.

TRUE LOVE TRIED AND PROVED.

In presenting a contrast to the wise and prudent conduct of Mrs. Hartley, we have kept our leading character in the back ground, for some time. We have done so for two reasons,—in order to present the contrast; and, because we did not think it possible to give picture after picture, of the quiet life of Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, and preserve sufficient interest to compensate the reader. Anna, it has been seen, acted in the very commencement of her married life, with an unselfish regard to the good of her husband. She could

have yielded passively to his wishes, and become the mistress of an elegant house; and she had temptations to do so- women so situated, would have thought g. But she did not love her husband bl selfisnly, but wisely. She thought of her d wife, and manifested the quality of her lo right performance of her duties from the y of her marriage.

But, it was not alone due regard to external things, that Anna m sted the quality of her love. She sought to regulate the affections of her mind, and bring them into due subordination to the highest and purest principles. Her husband had his weaknesses, as have all men; his prejudices, and his passions. And she was not free from imperfections. Reason told her, that if evil overcame evil, in a contention between husband and wife, victory would be as destructive to happiness as defeat. But, that if evil were overcome of good, both the victor and the vanquished would be wiser and better, and therefore happier for the contest.

In acting from this clear sense of right, Anna had many hard contentions with herself. When anything like an arbitrary, self-willed, or unamiable trait in her husband's character presented itself, her heart felt wounded, or inclined to meet

self-will with self-will, or arbitrary words and conduct with stern opposition. But reflection, and a struggle with herself for the mastery over the tendencies of a naturally evil heart, would soon make her vision clear, and her mind calm. And then she could act the wife's true part, well and wisely.

Hartley was not so blind but that he could see all this in Anna. It made him feel humble in spirit, when, after some slight difference, in which he had spoken with a warmth bordering on unkindness, she would answer in gentle terms, that were redolent of a sweet, forbearing spirit; or, when he had opposed his wishes to hers, she would yield to his desires with a cheerful grace, that rebuked his own eager selfishness. He saw that, in every contention, she gained the real victory, even though he, in appearance, carried the point at issue.

"God bless her!" he ejaculated fervently, as he left his house one morning, the tears coming to his eyes. "She is an angel! She saves me from myself. I never dreamed that I was so self-willed, so unamiable, so much in the love of dominion as I am, until she caused me to see my own heart clearly reflected from the bright pure surface of her own. I can understand, now, how a wife's character elevates, or depresses that of her hus-

band. Had she been different. Had she been self-willed—even as self-willed as I am. Had she been fond of dress, (ay, or admiration. Had she been, in fact, ng but what she is, a loving, almost faultles , I tremble to think of the unhappy influe e would have had upon me. I did not l hat I had so many faults of character as I . faults that a selfish wife would have confirm ut which my own dear Anna helps me to rem ve at the same time that she does not appear to see them. God bless her! I say again."

This warmly-uttered tribute to the virtues of his wife, was occasioned by some one of the many instances of forbearance which Mrs. Hartley was compelled to exercise towards her husband, who, excellent as he was, had his weak points, his faults and his foibles. But her manner towards him was always so gentle and kind, that it reproved him the instant he was betrayed into any act or word that was calculated to wound or disturb her.

They had been married for six months. During hat time all external circumstances had conspired to make their life happy. The business prospects of Hartley were more flattering than at first. Trade was brisk, and sales heavier than usual. No wonder that they could live in sunshine, with

but few light clouds to flit over their sky. But a change came. Let us see how it affects them.

When Hartley reached the store on the morning just referred to, he found both of his partners greatly disturbed in mind. On inquiring the cause, he learned that letters had just come to hand with the intelligence of three heavy failures in Cincinnati of houses indebted to the firm nearly fifty thousand dollars.

The effect of this disaster upon their business, Hartley at once saw. The same firm was also largely indebted to several houses in Philadelphia, whose condition was not thought to be sound, and those houses in turn, were debtors to R——, S—— & Co. in heavy amounts. Should the Cincinnati failures prove as bad as the first intelligence represented them to be, it was a matter of great doubt as to the ultimate consequences. R—— was particularly dispirited, and S——, a man of much stronger nerves, was a good deal agitated.

"Bad, very bad, James," the latter said to Hartley. "I am afraid it will break us up."

The young man turned pale.

"Oh, no. Hardly so bad as that, Mr. S——?" he replied in a husky voice.

"There is no telling. We shall be crippled

without doubt. There is a fair prospect of our losing sixty or seventy thousand dollars, by these failures. I need not [illegible] that such a loss will shake us to the foun[illegible] I must own, that I am deeply anxious ab[illegible]onsequences."

The heart of the yo[illegible]n sunk. To him, even if the house stoc[illegible]he effect would be severe. If sixty thousa[illegible]llars were lost, or even one-half that sum, it w[illegible]ld reduce to a very small amount his dividend or the profits, if it left him anything at all. His first thought was of his wife, and, as her image arose in his mind, a pang went through his breast.

During the morning, a hundred floating rumours assailed the ears of Hartley and his associates in business, none of them at all encouraging. The whole prospect was dark. Every one who had debtors in Cincinnati was alarmed. A dozen merchants, there, were talked of as affected by the failures that had already taken place, and in danger of suspending. Several of these were also customers of R——, S—— & Co., who held their paper to considerable amounts.

In this state of anxious uncertainty, the hours passed on, until it was time for Hartley to go home. He shrunk from the thought of meeting his wife. It was impossible for him to conceal

what he felt; her quick eye would read the change in his feelings, the moment he came in.

With an effort to appear as cheerful and free from concern as usual, Hartley came into the presence of his wife at dinner time.

"James! What is the matter?" she exclaimed, the moment her eye rested upon his face. "Are you not well?"

His effort to put on the appearances of a quiet mind had proved vain. He had never practised simulation, and could not do it now. The eager questions of Anna, and her alarmed face, caused his own countenance to assume an expression of deep distress.

"Oh, James! What has happened?"

"Sit down, love, and I will tell you all. But do not be alarmed. It may not be as bad as we fear."

Hartley said this in a voice meant to quiet the anxiety of his wife. But she grew deadly pale—

"My father——" she could but faintly utter.

"O no, no. Nothing of that," replied Hartley, comprehending the nature of her thoughts. "Your father and mother, and all belonging to them are well. I allude to my business affairs, which have suddenly assumed a threatening aspect."

"Is that all?" murmured Anna, in a faint voice,

sinking into her husband's arms. "I feared that something dreadful had happened."

For an instant Ha vexed at the indifference shown by hi a matter that went to his very heart. B ief this seeming indifference afforded his nind was so great, that he began to feel med of himself for discovering so much agi

"That is all," he return fter a short silence, in a calm voice. "But to , it is a very serious matter."

"And if to you, is it not the same to me?" quickly replied Anna, perceiving in a moment, the impression her remark had made. "Vague fears were instantly excited by your looks and words, and they always create a paralyzed condition of mind. But, tell me, dear husband! what has happened? No matter what it is—no matter how it affects us externally, it shall find your wife unchanged. She will stand firmly by your side, if all the world forsake you. Speak to me freely. Do not fear for me. Am I not your wife?"

"Yes—you are truly, my wife—my angel-wife, —my guide, my companion, my comforter. Feeling now, how rich I am in possessing the love of a true heart like yours, it hardly seems possible, that a little while ago, with the danger of the ruin

of our house by heavy failures in the West, looking me in the face, my spirits could have been so prostrated. But it was of you that I thought. I trembled at the prospect of a change that would affect you."

"Think not of me. Fear not for me. Come what will, if I retain your love and your confidence, I shall be happy. But what has happened, James? Don't hesitate to tell me all."

Hartley briefly related what the reader already knows in regard to the certain and probable losses that would be sustained by the Cincinnati failures.

"What the effect will be," he said, in conclusion, "cannot now be told. It may force us to close up our business and dissolve the firm. Most certainly, it will reduce my income for the next year very low, if not cut it off altogether."

In uttering the last sentence, Hartley's voice trembled.

"My dear husband," quickly replied Anna, with a smile, and speaking in a calm tone of voice. "You believe in an overruling Providence; and you know that whatever befalls us here, is of divine permission, and intended for our good."

"I know it, Anna, but it is hard to feel that it is so."

"And yet it is so. We know it is so. This

is faith; but faith that is only in the understanding is nothing. The heart must give its affirmation as well as the thought. [illegible]our hearts do this. We believe the threate[illegible]ents, if they do take place, will be wisely o[illegible]or permitted for our spiritual good. On t[illegible]let us plant our feet, and the waters m[illegible]around us in vain. Think, for a momen[illegible]erses are necessary, in order that our minds [illegible]e opened more interiorly towards heaven, t[illegible]h trials and changes in our external lives, would you, if you had your choice, and your thoughts were clear and calm, hesitate to choose the rougher way in life? James, I am sure you would not! What is our brief day here, compared to an eternal state hereafter? This is the way for us to think and feel."

"True, Anna; still it is hard, very hard, for me to feel as well as think so wisely. If my thoughts *were* clear and calm, and the choice were presented, I believe I would choose the better part. But, the great difficulty is, to keep off doubt and fear, that cloud and disturb the mind. If I could see it all as clear as I now do, it would be easy enough. But, the moment I direct my mind to the circumstances that surround me, and see the ruin of all my worldly prospects staring

me in the face, I cannot help trembling. I am no longer looking up, but downward."

"Let it, then, be my task to point your eyes upward. You, mingling in the busy strife of men, and surrounded by the sphere of business, with its anxiety and care, and fears of the loss of worldly goods and worldly honours, must, necessarily, be influenced by the quality of this sphere, and have your mind affected with like anxieties, and cares, and fears. But I live in another sphere. I cannot be affected, daily, as you are. I can look up with a steadier eye. Mine, then, shall be the duty of holding up your hands. When cares oppress you, come to me, and I will show you how vain they are; if anxious, lean upon me, and I will give you to feel, that no one need be anxious, while the Lord rules in heaven and earth. If we must take a lower position in life, I will take it with you, and encourage you, if you fear, in descending."

As Mrs. Hartley spoke, with a warmly eloquent voice, her face beamed in beauty that was not of the earth, earthy. In the eyes of her husband, she had always borne a lovely countenance, but she was lovelier now than ever. Clasping her with tender earnestness in his arms, he said—

"May Heaven shower upon you its choicest

blessings. You make me ashamed of my own weakness; of my own want of trust in the Providence, that I know governs all well. With you by my side, life's jour never be a very painful one; for you e for me all the rough places of peevish re, even. Come what will, whether pros adversity, I shall ever find your heart as tr ove, as is the needle to the pole."

"Yes, ever," was the low urmured reply.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CHANGE.

HARTLEY returned to the store, after dinner, feeling much more as a man should feel, under circumstances of trial, than he did in the morning The afternoon brought further intelligence from the west. It was decisive. The houses that had suspended payment would each make a most disastrous failure, and it was almost certain would carry two others with them, both of which were indebted to R——, S—— & Co.

When Hartley came home at night, his mind was again overshadowed. Anna had suffered a good deal during the afternoon, for her husband's sake. She could enter into and understand his feelings, and she therefore knew how hard a trial he had to bear in the threatened ruin of his bright hopes of worldly success. Nor was she indifferent, so far as herself was concerned. To all, prosperity and the temporal blessings it brings, is pleasant. And Mrs. Hartley could enjoy them as well as others. It was not, therefore, without an earnest struggle with herself, that she could rise, really, into that state of composure and trust in Providence, that she had so strongly urged upon her husband. When he came in, at the close of day, she saw that he was again depressed in spirits; and again she sought to raise his thoughts above the mere fact of present temporal losses, to a realization of the truth that all things are made, in the Divine Providence, to work together for good. In this, as before, she was successful, even though more recent intelligence than that received in the morning, tended to confirm Hartley's worst fears.

On the day following, things looked still more gloomy. A week elapsed, and all yet remained dark and threatening. A month passed, and the

house of R——, S—— & Co., considered one of the most promising in the city, suspended payment, and commenced winding up its business. There was property enough to pay off all the debts, and leave something over. But, as Hartley had put in no capital, and the profits and more than half of the capital had been lost, he went out of the concern with less than a hundred dollars in his pocket; the two senior partners remaining to close up every thing. Requiring the services of some one, R—— & S—— offered Hartley a salary of one thousand dollars, which he gladly accepted, and from a merchant, with large expectations, fell back into his former capacity of a clerk. It required all the young man's philosophy, aided by the hopeful, trusting spirit of his wife, to bear up with anything like fortitude. For the sake of her who was loved beyond what words could express, he grieved more deeply over this reverse, than he would have done had he stood alone in the world. She would have to bear half of the burden, and the thought of this touched him to the quick.

As soon as Anna knew that her husband had dissolved all connection with the house in which he had been a partner, and that his income was

fixed at one thousand dollars per annum, she said to him with a cheerful face and tone,

"We must look out for another house, James; the rent of this one is too high for us, now."

"I don't know, Anna; I think I can still manage to pay three hundred dollars. I have partly engaged to post a set of books, which I can do by devoting a couple of hours to it every evening. If I will undertake them, it will increase my income nearly three hundred dollars. I would rather do it, than move. I can't bear the thougnt of that. We live so comfortably and genteelly here. It will be impossible to get a house that is respectable, for a rent low enough to make it an object to give up this one."

"So far as mere appearance is concerned, James," replied his wife, "I do not think we should consider that. What is right for us to do? That should be the question. Is it right to live up close to our income?"

"I think not," Hartley could not help replying.

"Can you, after being closely engaged all day, post books for two or three hours every evening, without affecting your health?" pursued Anna.

"I can hardly tell."

"Is it not reasonable to conclude that such incessant application would be injurious? I think

so. How much better would it be to get a smaller house, farther from the centre of the city, and reduce all of our expen[illegible] lowest scale. If good fortune again s[illegible] us, we can easily procure all we now [illegible]. I am sure that I can be just as happy in [illegible] that costs one hundred and fifty dollars, [illegible] be in one at five times the rent. Cann[illegible]e ?"

"I ought to be happy [illegible]rwhere, with you. But, the truth is, it wounds my pride to think of removing you to a lower condition. I would gladly place you on a throne, so to speak, if in my power."

"You cannot depress me below my true condition, nor elevate me above it," Mrs. Hartley said, half-smiling, half-serious. "There is One who sees the end from the beginning—One who governs all things with infinite wisdom—He will take care that I am ever in my right place. But I must be a co-worker with Providence, in freedom according to reason. The same is true, in regard to yourself. Let us then use the reason that has been given us, and act from its dictates, in perfect freedom from all selfishness or pride, or false views of our relations in life. If you seek my happiness, do it in this way, for in this way alone can you secure it."

Hartley could not withstand the force of truth from the lips of so eloquent a reasoner. Three weeks more elapsed. At the end of that time, a snug little house in the district of Spring Garden held the young couple. Were they less happy? No! Hartley's salary was ample, and he felt tha he was still independent, and that his wife had every comfort she desired. Their house was no less tastefully arranged than the one they had left. It was only smaller. But what of that? They had room enough and to spare.

"Is it not much better to be here," Anna said, as they sat together one evening in their little parlour, before a cheerful grate, "than for me to be alone in a larger house, and you away toiling, wearily, beyond your strength, to get the means of keeping up appearances? I am sure it is."

"Yes, Anna, it is better!" Hartley replied. "We were no happier before than we are now."

"Suppose we had rented the house in Walnut street," Anna said, with an arch look.

"Hush!" and Hartley put his fingers on the lips of his wife, playfully. "Don't remind me of my weakness. If you had been a woman at all like Mrs. Riston, how quickly you might have ruined me!"

"And made you and myself both unhappy for life. I am not like her, James."

"No; thank Heav[illegible]u are like nobody but your own dear s[illegible]ou are a wise and prudent woman, and [illegible]wife."

"I can bear to hear [illegible]ises spoken by your lips," Anna returned, l[illegible]er head back upon the breast of her husba[illegible] looking up into his face with a fond, happy s[illegible]

"It comes from the heart—be sure of that."

"And reaches the heart ere the words are half-uttered," was the blushing reply.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

THREE months more elapsed, when an event, looked for with hope and trembling anxiety, transpired. A new chord vibrated in Anna's heart, and the music was sweeter far in her spirit's ear, than any before heard. She was changed. Suddenly she felt that she was a new creature. Her breast was filled with deeper, purer, and tenderer

emotions. She was a mother! A babe had been born to her! A sweet pledge of love lay nestling by her side, and drawing its life from her bosom. She was happy—how happy cannot be told. A mother only can *feel* how happy she was on first realizing the new emotions that thrill in a young mother's heart.

As health gradually returned to her exhausted frame, and friends gathered around her with warm congratulations, Anna felt that she was indeed beginning a new life. Every hour her soul seemed to enlarge, and her mind to be filled with higher and purer thoughts. Before the birth of her babe, she suffered much more than even her husband had supposed, both in body and mind. Her spirits were often so depressed that it required her utmost effort to receive him with her accustomed cheerfulness at each period of his loved return. But, living as she did in the ever active endeavour to bless others, she strove daily and hourly to rise above every infirmity. Now, all was peace within —holy peace. There came a Sabbath rest of deep, interior joy, that was sweet, unutterably sweet. Body and spirit entered into this rest. No wind ruffled the still, bright waters of her life. She was the same, and yet not the same.

"I cannot tell you, dear husband! how happy

I am," she said, a few weeks after her babe was born. "Nor can I describe the different emotions that pervade my heart. our babe is in my arms, and especially es at my bosom, it seems as if angels wer ."

"And angels are ne replied her husband. "Angels love e, and especially infants, that are forms cence. They are present with them, and nother shares the blessed company, for she l her babe with an unselfish love, and this the angels can perceive, and, through it, affect her with a measure of their own happiness."

"How delightful the thought! Above all, is the mother blessed. She suffers much—her burden is hard to bear—the night is dark—but the morning that opens upon her is the brightest a human soul knows during its earthly pilgrimage. And no wonder. She has performed the highest and holiest of offices—she has given birth to an immortal being—and her reward is with her."

Hartley had loved his wife truly, deeply, tenderly. Every day, he saw more and more in her to admire. There was an order, consistency, and harmony in her character as a wife, that won his admiration. In the few months they had passed since their marriage, she had filled her place to

him, perfectly. Without seeming to reflect how she should regulate her conduct towards her husband, in every act of her wedded life she had displayed true wisdom, united with unvarying love. All this caused his heart to unite itself more and more closely with hers. But now, that she held to him the twofold relation of a wife and mother, his love was increased fourfold. He thought of her, and looked upon her, with increased tenderness.

"Mine, by a double tie," he said, with a full realization of his words, when he first pressed his lips upon the brow of his child, and then, with a fervour unfelt before, upon the lips of his wife. "As you have been a good wife, you will be a good mother," he added, with emotion.

Hereafter we must know Mrs. Hartley in the twofold character of wife and mother, for they are inextricably blended. Thus far, scarcely a year has passed since the maiden became the wife. But little presents itself in the first year of a woman's married history, of deep interest. Her life is more strongly marked internally than externally She feels much, but the world sees little, and little can be brought forth to view. The little that we could present in the history of our gentle, true-hearted friend, with some strong contrasts, has been presented. Enough is apparent, we hope,

to enable us to say to the young wife, "Go thou and do likewise." Enough to make all feel the loveliness of her exam

The change in her l external condition was good for them both ed their characters in the beginning, and, han anything else that had occurred, mad ey sensible of the real worth of a pruden self-denying wife. Although months had elap since he was suddenly thrown down from a position so full of promise, into one comparatively discouraging to a man of an active, ambitious spirit, he still remained a clerk, with no prospect of rising above that condition. Had his wife seemed in the least degree to feel this change, it would have chafed him sorely. He would have been unhappy. But she was so cheerful and contented, and made everything so comfortable, and regulated her household expenses, without appearing to think about doing so, according to her husband's reduced income, that he was rarely ever more than half-conscious while at home, that he was not in the receipt of over one-third of his former income.

If we were to lift for the reader, a moment or two, the veil that hides Mr. Riston and his wife from the public eye, a very different picture from this would be seen. But we care no to ak so.

The sayings and doings of Mrs. R. have already filled more than a fair proportion of our pages. Their moral needs no further expositions to give them force.

Poor Florence Armitage has had reason, already, to repent of her marriage. But who will wonder at that? We may have cause to bring her again before the reader.

THE END





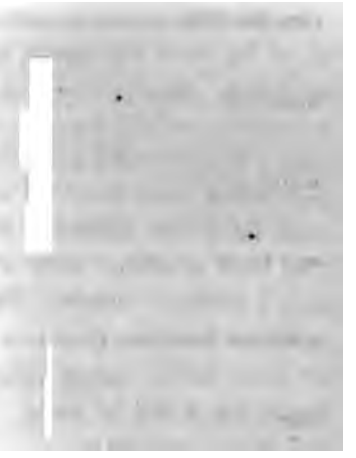
THE MOTHER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR,



TO THE READER.

In this little volume, the author has not attempted to lay down any regular system of domestic education. His object has been to present leading principles—partially brought out into life to give hem a force beyond a mere didactic enunciation—from which every thoughtful mother may deduce rules for specific application in her own family. The book is rather a series of domestic pictures than a sustained narrative. This latter character could not have been given to it without a sacrifice of much that the author wished to present. He hopes that it will be useful. He is sure that it will be so if read aright.





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THE MOTHER.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

SUMMER had passed away, and autumn had verged on towards winter. Instead of a brief, sultry twilight, there were long evenings, and pleasant gatherings of the family circle. Care looked more cheerful; there was a light on the wan cheek of Sickness; and Labour sung merrrily as she turned her wheel.

His daily labours ended, James Hartley returned home on such an evening, his step light, his mind clear, and his spirits buoyant. Scarcely a year had passed since the wreck of his worldly prospects; but in that time, the reacting strength of a manly character had lifted his bowed head and fixed with confidence his steady eye. But this result would have taken place slowly and imperfectly under other circumstances and different influences from

those with which he was surrounded. He owed much to the cheerful d hopeful spirit of his wife. So far from ng at the change in their prospects, or p er husband to murmur, every allusion ... nge was accompanied by Mrs. Hartley essions of thankfulness that all the *rea* the world had to give were left them.

"We have more th for all our wants," she would say—"And be we have each other, and our dear little Marien. Do *you* think we have reason to complain? No—you cannot. Our cup is not empty—it is full to the brim."

As was ever the case, a smile of welcome greeted Hartley on entering his pleasant home. But it seemed to him, after the smile had died away, that there was a thoughtful expression upon Anna's brow. This grew distinct to his eye, as he observed her face more carefully.

"Is Marien asleep?" he asked, soon after he came in.

"Yes. She was tired, and went to sleep early. I tried to keep her awake until you came home, but she was so drowsy and fretful, that I thought it best to put her to bed."

"Dear little creature!"

"She is a sweet child."

"A sweeter one cannot be found. As she grows older, how much delight we shall take in seeing her mind expand, and become filled with images of all that is lovely and innocent. As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined. Anna, all we have to do is to bend this twig aright. Heaven's rain and sunshine will do the rest."

"To bend it aright may not be so easy a task as you suppose, James."

"Perhaps not. And yet it seems to me, that a wise course of government, carefully pursued, must produce the desired result."

"To determine wisely is not always in our power. Ah, James! It is that thing of determining *wisely*, that gives me the greatest concern. I believe that I could faithfully carry out any system of government, were I only well satisfied of its being the true one. But, so conscious am I, that, if in the system I adopt there be a vital error, the effect will be lastingly injurious to our child, that I hesitate and tremble at every step. The twig that shoots forth, unwarped by nature, pliant and graceful, may be trained to grow in almost any direction. But our child is born with an evil and perverse will—a will thoroughly depraved."

"That I do not like to admit; and yet I believe it to be too true."

"Alas! it *is* but too true, James. It needs not Revelation to tell us t eady the moral deformity we have entail ur child, is showing itself every day.— l we correct it?— How shall we change it ty? I think of this almost every hour, and es it makes me feel sad. It is easy to say— the twig is bent the tree's inclined'—but it is asy a thing to bend the human twig as you w here is great danger of creating one deformity i e effort to correct another; or of checking, in its flow, the healthy sap by undue pressure. And still further; our own states of mind, from various causes, are ever changing, and from these changes result obscurity, or a new direction of our thoughts. What seems of the first moment to-day, is not so considered to-morrow, because other ideas are more distinctly before our minds and throw things of equal importance into obscurity. Our own uncorrected hereditary evils are also in our way, and hinder us from either seeing aright or doing aright."

"You are disposed to look at the gloomy side of the picture, Anna," replied her husband, smiling. "Suppose you take a more encouraging view."

"Show me the bright side, James. I will look at it with pleasure."

"There is a bright side, Anna—every thing h

a sunny side; but I do not know that it is in my power to show you the sunny side of this picture I will, however, present to your mind a truth that may suggest many others of an encouraging nature. Into *right ends* there flows a perception of *true means*. Do you not believe this?"

"I have the best of reasons for believing it to be true."

"Can there be a higher or holier end than a mother's, when she proposes to herself the good of her child?"

"I believe not."

"Into that end will there most assuredly be an influx of wisdom to discover the true means. Do not despond, then. As your day is, so will your strength be."

Anna sighed heavily, but made no reply for some moments. She was too deeply conscious of her ignorance of the true means, to feel a profound confidence in the practical bearing of the principles that her husband had declared, and which reason told her were true.

"It is easy to theorize," she at length said. "It is pleasant to the mind to dwell upon true principles, and see how they apply in real life. But, it is a different matter when we come to bring down these theories ourselves. There is in us so much

that hinders.—Self love, indolence, pride, and a thousand other th between our good purposes and their ment."

"True. But, on good resolutions, is One who is all——'

"Right, my dear —Right!" exclaimed Anna, interrupting e that is for us is more than all who a us. If I can only fix my confidence, like or to the soul, upon Him, all the rough place evish nature will be made even—light will break in from a dark sky —I shall see clearly to walk in right paths."

"Ever let us both strive to fix our confidence upon God," responded Hartley in a low but earnest voice. "If we do so, we shall not find our duty so hard to perform as at first sight it may appear to us. Angels love infants and children most tenderly, and they will be our teachers if we keep our minds elevated above all mere worldly and selfish ends, and seek only the highest good for our offspring."

"The highest good,—Yes, that must be our aim. But do we agree as to what *is* the highest good?"

"An important question, Anna. If we do not agree, our task will be a difficult one What do you call the highest good?"

Anna mused for some time.

"The highest good—the highest good—" she murmured abstractedly. "Is it wealth?—Honour? The love and praise of men?—The attainment of all earthly blessings?—No—no.—These can only continue for a time. This life is a brief season at best—a mere point in our being—a state of preparation for our real and true existence. In seeking the highest good of our child, we must look beyond the 'bounds of time and space.'"

"If we do not, Anna, our seeking for the good of our child will be in vain. But, after determining *what* are the best interests of our child, the next great question is *how* shall we secure them? Thousands have decided as we have, but alas! how few have been able to secure the right means. A religious education I know to be the only true education. All others must fail. But what *is* a religious education? It is in the wrong determination of this question that so many fail."

"Can you determine it, James?"

"Not so well as you can. But do you not agree with me in the conclusion I have stated?"

"Assuredly I do. Religion is nothing more than heavenly order, and involves in it the true relation of the creature and the Creator. It is not the abstract, dark, austere and repulsive something that so many make it; a thing of pharisaical sanc-

tity and unmeaning observances. No—no. Religion clothes her [illegible] nents of light, and wears upon her br[illegible]y smile. All who look upon her as sh[illegible] must love her."

"Truly said, for [illegible]very embodiment of beauty. But, how f[illegible]re who see her and know her."

"Too few indeed."

"Still, Anna, we a[illegible]ng but in generals. How are we to educate [illegible]hild upon religious principles?"

"First of all, we should, as I have already endeavoured to do, impress upon her mind the idea of a God, and that he loves her, watches over her, and protects her from harm. This is easily done. No idea is so readily conveyed to a child's mind as that of the existence of God as a good Being.—When I talk to Marien, young as she is, about God and the angels who live in Heaven, she will look me steadily in the eyes, and listen with the most fixed attention. She cannot yet speak her thoughts, but I know that she more than half comprehends me, and that in the tender and most impressible substances of her mind, I am fixing ideas that can never be eradicated. As she grows older, and her mind expands, I shall not only teach her to regard the good of others, but instruct her in

the right means of promoting it. The whole Law and the Prophets hang upon the precept: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself.' Here is the starting point in all religion. With this fundamental doctrine, must all other doctrines square. To love God, is to live according to his commandments; and to love our neighbour is to seek his good—his highest good. If we live only for ourselves, and regard only ourselves, we live a false and irreligious life, and cannot be happy. No matter what doctrines we profess—no matter by what name we call ourselves—if we do not seek the good of others we are irreligious."

"With what truth may it be said—'There is none good—no, not one,'" remarked Hartley, as his wife ceased speaking. "How easy it is to see the truth of a precept, and declare it; but how hard a thing is it to live according to the tenor of that precept."

"Yes—and how easy it is to talk about the education of our child, but how almost impossible will it be for us to accomplish the important task," replied Anna. "Already do I find myself at a loss how to meet and correct certain evil tendencies thus early apparent in our dear little one. These will grow stronger as she grows older. I cannot

remove them—all I can do will be to prevent their attaining sufficient str rule in her mind, at the same time that I ow the seeds of opposite good principl hen she attains the age of rational accou and the great struggle commences, that ace with every one, she may have the n a sure conquest. If we could remove th ndencies with which our children are born, ies would be lighter, for we could then wor th more confidence. But this we cannot do. Each one has to do it for himself, when he comes to mature age—or rather, he has then to fight against the evils in himself, and when from right motives he does this, the Lord will remove them. All we can do for our child, is to keep, as far as it is in our power, her evils quiescent, and fill her mind with active principles of goodness. These will be weapons and proof armour in the strife that must take place, sooner or later. Fighting with these, she must come off conquerer"

CHAPTER II.

BEGINNING RIGHT.

THIS was the first serious conversation that had taken place between Mr. and Mrs. Hartley on the subject of the education of their child. As their thoughts became more and more steadily directed to the subject, they saw their duty clearer and clearer At least, such was the case with Mrs. Hartley, for her's was the task of making the first impression upon her child's mind—the first and most lasting impression. Upon the character of the mother depends, almost entirely, the future character and position of the child. No matter how wise and good the father may be, his influence will do but little if opposed to that of an injudicious mother. Take ten instances where men have risen from humble stations into eminence, and nine of these at least will be found the result of a mother's influence. Her love is a different one; it is more concentrated—and the more we love an object, the more accurate becomes our perception of the means of benefitting that object. The father is, usually,

all absorbed in the pursuit of a business or profession by which to sec emporal good of his family, and has little too often less inclination to devote hin is children. When he retires into his far nind seeks rest from the over excitements ıy, and he is unprepared to give to his udicious instruction, or to administer wise n. He cannot adopt a system, and regularl it out, because he is with them only for a sl e each day, and cannot know their characters thoroughly, nor the means that best re-act upon and keep their evils quiescent. Upon the mother devolves, therefore, of necessity, the high and important duty of moulding the characters of her children—of impressing them for good or evil—of giving them true strength for their trials in after life.

Sensibly did Mrs. Hartley feel this. The path of duty lay clearly defined before her, and she shrunk not from walking therein. Love for her child, and a high religious principle, were her prompters—that religious principle was a reverence for God, and a purified love of the neighbor. It was a religion that showed itself less in external acts of piety (though these were never omitted) than in an orderly and blameless life—an upright walk and a chaste conversation. Her charity con-

sisted in the faithful performance of all known duties—the filling up of her measure of usefulness in the sphere where Providence had placed her.

Her first efforts with her child, as reason began to dawn, were the best a mother can use. She sought to impress upon the mind of her little Marien one idea. Among the first words she taught her to say, were, "Good Man in Heaven." And she always uttered these words with a quiet, thoughtful face, and pointed upwards. Soon, the answer to "Who loves little Marien?" would be "Papa." "Who else?" "Mamma." "Who else?" "Good Man in Heaven."

At every step she endeavored to fix more deeply this impression. The lisped prayer on retiring to bed was never omitted.

The next effort she made was to counteract the selfish tendency of the child. She began with teaching her that she must love God—the second step was to cause her to regard the good of others.

If her husband, from the very nature of his occupation, could not aid her much in the practical application of right means, he was ever ready to confer with her, and to aid her in discovering these means. They thought much, and conversed much together upon the subject.

"The hardest thing I have to do, is to cause Marien to obey me," said Mrs. Hartley, as they sat

conversing about their child, one evening after she had been put to bed.

"No doubt of it," r husband. "And yet obedience is, of all ost necessary. In the young mind must b vessels into which principles of action the rern in manhood, can flow. Obedience forms in the mind vessels that become reci obedience to civil laws, without which all s rder would be destroyed;—and, by an easy pr s, obedience to law changes as the mind rises into higher and better states, into obedience to divine laws. Obedience to these laws involves all the rest. A good Christian is of necessity a good citizen. He does not obey the laws as penal enactments, but because they are founded upon a just regard to the good of the whole. From this view of the subject may be seen the importance of securing the implicit obedience of our children. We cannot hope to make this so perfect that they will always regard our injunctions when absent; but the consciousness that every act of disobedience, if known, will meet with some correction, cannot fail to have a restraining effect, and will cause civil laws to be obeyed until the mind is so far elevated as to observe them from a regard to their sacredness as means of securing the go of the whole."

"This view of the subject," remarked Mrs. Hartley, "causes me to feel, more than I have yet felt, the necessity of obedience in children. I did not see its important bearing upon social order before, nor how it was the only means of leading our children to what is so much desired, obedience to divine laws, when they become responsible beings."

The three great things to attain, as seeming of most importance to Mrs. Hartley, in the education of her child, were to impress fervently and truly upon her mind a just idea of God; to give her an unselfish regard for her neighbor, and to insure perfect obedience. To do all this was a great work, and hard, almost impossible she often felt, to accomplish. But she strove unweariedly after the attainment of her end,—too unweariedly, I had almost said—for she interfered with the freedom of her child—checked too often its innocent outbursts of exuberant feeling—saw too much, and let be seen too fully by her child the bonds with which she sought to hold her. The effect was, consequently, bad, for the rebound of her young spirits, when away from her mother, were too strong. Instead of being happiest with her mother, she was happiest when she could escape from her presence.

Mrs. Hartley saw all this, and it grieved her

deeply. But the cause she did not clearly perceive. Before, however, the evil of her over-rigid system had progressed too far [illegible] of a second child divided her care and a [illegible] gave to Marien a real something that sh[illegible]e understandingly.

CHAP[illegible]

MEANS AND ENDS.

As month after month passed on, and Clarence, the latest born of Mrs. Hartley, began to exhibit some signs of his real disposition, the parents perceived that it was very different from Marien's. The first born was quiet, and easily controlled; but the boy was full of life, and showed very early a resolute will, and passionate temper. Before he had completed a year, he had caused his mother many an anxious hour, and drawn from her eyes many a tear. From his sister he was disposed to take every thing, and if his exacting spirit were not immediately gratified in its desires, he would scream violently, and sometimes throw himself passionately upon the floor. In the first year of her brother's life, Marien had changed a good deal.—

Young as she was, her mother endeavored to interest her in his favor—to lend him her play things when awake, and to rock his cradle when he was asleep, and do many little things for him within her ability to accomplish. To the exacting, imperious temper of the child, Marien was much inclined to yield. To have permitted her to do so, would have been the easiest course for Mrs. Hartley to pursue. But this she saw would be to injure both the children. Were Marien to give up every thing to Clarence, it would be impossible for the mother to impress upon his mind the idea that others had rights as well as himself—rights that he must not violate. It took some weeks after Mrs. Hartley began to teach her child this important lesson before she seemed to make any impression. After that, the simple declaration—"This belongs to Marien," caused Clarence to yield at once. The achievement of so much gave the mother great encouragement. It was fruit to her labour, and the in-gathering even of so small a harvest was delightful.

As the boy added month after month and year after year to his age, his strengthening peculiarities of disposition became sources of constant annoyance to his mother. What could be tolerated in the child of two and three years, was not to be

endured with patience in the boy of five and six. Want of order and cle[illegible] were among the faults that worried her [illegible] as much as his stormy temper, selfish[illegible] a disposition to domineer over his sist[illegible] remained still too much inclined to yield [illegible] than contend with him. Spite of all her [illegible] control herself, these things so disturb[illegible] of Mrs. Hartley, that she would at times [illegible] fretfully, and even passionately to the boy. [illegible] never this was the case, she could see that the effect was bad. She reached nothing in her child—took hold of nothing in his mind by which she could turn him to good. It was a mere external concussion, that moved him just so far, and that against his will.

Unhappy, for hours and days, would the mother be whenever she thus lost her self-command; and long and deep would be her self-communings, and earnest her resolutions to conquer the evils in herself that were re-acting so injuriously upon her child.

"I am not fit to be a mother," she would sometimes say to her husband during these seasons of depression. "I lack patience and forbearance, and it seems, every other virtue required for one in my position. That boy, Clarence, tries me, at times, beyond endurance. And yet, when my mind is

calm and my perceptions clear, I can see that he has very many good qualities, and that these really overbalance the evil. His intellect is remarkably quick, and there is a manliness about him but rarely seen in children of his age."

"Persevere, Anna—persevere," were usually her husband's encouraging words. "You are doing well. If any one can mould aright the disposition of that wayward child, it is you. I only wish that I had half your patience and forbearance."

Time passed steadily on. Another and another babe saw the light, until five bright-eyed children filled their home with music and sunshine. When her care was lavished upon a single child, the mother had both mind and heart full. Now her duties were increased five fold, but she did not feel them to be greater than at first. It seemed to her, when she had but one babe, that there was not room in her heart for another—but now she found that there was room for all.—Each had its appropriate place.

Alike in some general features, these five children were, in particulars, as unlike as possible. Marien, the eldest, was a sweet-tempered girl, ten years of age. Clarence had improved much under the careful training of his mother, though he was still rude, self-willed, and too little inclined to re

gard properly the rights and comforts of his brother and sisters. Henry, next younger than Clarence, was altogether o n character. Timid, bashful and retiring, little confidence in himself, and was too clined to lean upon others. Fanny, a la tle fairy thing, making the house music- er happy voice, and Lillian, the babe, fil e number of Mrs. Hartley's household tre

Nearly twelve years sed since their marriage, and yet neither James Hartley nor his wife were very strongly marked by time. He had a more thoughtful, and she a more earnest expression of countenance. Their external condition had improved. He had again entered into business, though not with the flattering promises that before encouraged him to hope for a speedily attained fortune; but he was in a surer way to competency at least.

During this time, both the father and mother of Mrs. Hartley died, and a maiden aunt, the sister of Anna's mother, had become a member of their household. The puritanical prejudices, narrow views, and constant interference of this woman with Anna's management of her children, were a source of great trial. Aunt Mary had no patience with the wayward Clarence, while she petted and indulged Henry to a degree that was really in-

jurious to a child of his particular disposition. Remonstrance was of no avail; for Aunt Mary imagined that her age and relationship entitled her to all the control in the family she chose to assume. She could not understand that Anna, "the child," as she usually spoke of her, had rights and responsibilities as a parent, with which she ought not to interfere. All this was beyond her comprehension.

Aunt Mary was a strict church-going member. A regular Sunday religionist. She seemed to regard every thing outside of a church as profane. There was sin in a pink ribbon, and carnal-mindedness in a blue bonnet. All amusements were considered by her as offences against God. To attend a ball, or dance, was to insure the soul's perdition. Aunt Mary was not one of those who, while they hold peculiar and strict notions, have the good sense to keep quiet about them where they know their declaration not to be agreeable. She deemed it her duty to preach from the house top, so to speak, on all occasions; and to declare to the children that many of the very things taught them by their parents were wrong. When Marien and Clarence were first sent to dancing school, Aunt Mary preached upon the subject, in season and out of season, for nearly a month.

"You will ruin your children, Anna," she would say. "Isn't it a shame to think that a mother will have no more regard ittle ones."

"How will dancin them, Aunt Mary?" Mrs. Hartley would s s ask in a quiet tone. "I cannot, for my li y evil in motions of the body made to ac good music."

"Dancing is one 's most cunning devices to lure the soul to '

"How is it, Aunt Ma I cannot understand in what the evil lies. Is there any thing in music opposed to the Ten Commandments? Do the Ten Commandments forbid dancing?"

"You reason like a little simpleton, as you are," returned Aunt Mary, peevishly. "The Bible forbids dancing."

"I never saw it, and I believe I have read that good book very carefully. It does say, that there is a time to dance."

"It is wicked to quote Scripture, with the intention of perverting its meaning," replied Aunt Mary, warmly.

"I know that. But I am not so sure that I have done so. The Bible certainly says that there is a time to dance."

"Not in the sense that you pretend to understand it."

"Why not?"

"Because it is wicked to dance, and the Bible never teaches us to do what is wicked."

"Oh! oh!" returned Anna, laughing—"You are like a great many other good people, Aunt Mary. You first call a thing good or evil to suit some notion of your own, and then make the Bible prove it whether it will or no. A convenient method, I own, but it doesn't suit my common sense notions. But to be serious with you, aunt; —we send our children to dancing school from conscientious motives."

"Conscientious motives! Humph!"

"It is true. We are satisfied that all external graces and accomplishments are so many aids tc moral culture. If selfish and worldly-minded people pervert them to selfish and worldly purposes, that is an evil for which they alone are responsible. Shall I, because a glutton makes himself sick on dainty food, refuse to eat any thing but the coarsest bread? Or, because my next door neighbor furnishes her house richly that her taste may be admired, refuse to have a carpet upon my floor, or a mirror in my parlor? It is the end for which a thing is done that makes it evil or good, aunt. All good gifts are from Heaven. There are no positive evils,—all that exist are perversions of good."

"Do you mean to say that the end sanctifies the means?" asked Aunt [illegible]ite fiercely.

"I do, if the means [illegible]?"

"What am I to und[illegible]y that? You seem to be talking riddles."

"Good means neve[illegible] the laws of either God or man. You [illegible]ys be sure that the end is bad, if the mean[illegible]n its attainment are so. But to come back t[illegible]oint from which we started. We can see no[illegible] in music and dancing, abstractly considered."

"But their effects, Anna. Cannot you see their injurious effects upon young people."

"What are they?"

"They make them vain and frivolous, and wean their minds from better things."

"I always find that my children say their prayers as earnestly in the evening of the day they have taken their dancing lesson, as on any other. And, sometimes, I think with a more tender and grateful spirit."

"I shudder to hear you talk so, Anna. You are trifling with holy things. Dancing and praying—Ugh! It makes my very blood run cold!"

"I don't see, Aunt Mary, that any good can grow out of these discussions," remarked Anna, gravely. "The responsibility of our children's

education rests with James and myself. Our guide is the reason that God has given us, illustrated by his Revelation. These teach us that it is right to bring out into ultimate forms all that is innocent in our children. Their buoyant spirits are ever causing them to throw their bodies about in every imaginable attitude. Is it not much better to teach a boy like Clarence to dance gracefully to good music, than to let his excessive flow of animal spirits lead him to turn summersets, stand on his head, or contort his body until it is deformed?—and to let the peevishness of an unhappy temper subside in a similar amusement? We, after much careful reflection, have determined that is best."

"But all amusements are sinful, Anna. How can you reconcile that with your duty to your children."

"As I have often said before," replied Mrs. Hartley, "I do not believe that all amusements are sinful. My opinion is that one person may commit more sin in going to church, than another in going to a ball room."

"Anna!"

"It is the motive from which a thing is done that makes it good or bad," resumed the niece. "If I go to a ball with a right motive, and that I can do, my act is much better than the act of one who

goes to church to be seen and admired, or, as too many go, with a pharisaical spirit."

"It's no use to talk [illegible]!" Aunt Mary said, pettishly. "You an[illegible]are as set in your ways as you can be. [illegible]our children—that's what I do. If ever they [illegible]to any thing, it will be more from good luc[illegible]any thing else. As to their ever caring abo[illegible]igion, I give up all hopes. Mark my words, [illegible], the day will come when you will repent of [illegible]olly. Young folks think old folks fools; but old folks know young folks to be fools. Remember that."

Contentions like these did not change in the slightest degree the system which Mr. and Mrs. Hartley had adopted. They believed that their children would be more useful as members of common society after they arrived at mature age, if endowed with every accomplishment of mind and manners, than if rude and uncultivated, except in the higher and sterner qualities of the intellect. As to the absurd notion that such accomplishments were inconsistent with true religion, they were well assured that, without such accomplishments, religion lost more than half of its means of acting for good in common society.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SECRET OF GOVERNING CHILDREN.

VERY soon after Mrs. Hartley assumed the responsible position of a mother, she became sensible that she had really more to do in the correction of what was wrong in herself, than in her children To remain undisturbed at their disobedience, and unimpassioned when duty called her to administer correction, was next, it seemed to her, to impossible. A calm admonition she always saw did more good than an energetic one—and grief at her child's disobedience was ever more effective than anger. But anger was too ready to lift its distorted visage, and she mourned over this tendency with a real sorrow, because she saw that it exerted an unhappy influence, especially upon the self-willed, excitable Clarence.

"I believe I have discovered a secret," she remarked to her husband, while they sat conversing one evening, about the time that Clarence attained his third year.

"What is that, dear?" he asked.

"The secret of governing my children easily."

"A great secret that. ıre you sure you are right?"

"I think I am. It i ern myself."

Mr. Hartley smiled.

"I believe it is the or e way," returned his wife.

"And so do I, Anna. the government of ourselves is not so easy a ma er."

"I am well aware of that. No one, it seems to me, can try harder than I do to control my feelings when Clarence does wrong. But I cannot do it once in ten times that I make the effort. When I do succeed, the task of correction is easy and effectual. A word, mildly but firmly uttered, or a look, is all that is required. The child seems at once subdued. I am sometimes astonished at so marked a result from what seems so small a cause."

"That you succeed once even in ten efforts, is certainly encouraging."

"It inspires me with the hope that I shall yet conquer myself, through the power sent me from above. The earnest love I feel for my children, shall give me resolution to persevere."

The manner and words of Mrs. Hartley touched her husband.

"For their sakes, persevere, dear Anna!" he said with emotion.

"I will," was her tearful answer—the drops of pure feeling were dimming her eyes.

"There is still another reason why both you and I should resist every evil tendency of our natures," said Mr. Hartley. "We are well convinced, that our children can have no moral perversions that are not inherited from their parents."

"It is, alas! but too true.—How sad the reflection that we entail a curse upon our offspring."

"Sad indeed. But what is our duty?"

"A very plain one," returned Mrs. Hartley. "To resist evil in ourselves, and put it away, that our future offspring, should God add to the number of our jewels, may inherit from us tendencies to good instead of tendencies to evil. This is the way in which we can care best for our children. The forms of all uncorrected evils in ourselves must, by the immutable law that every thing produced bears the likeness and has the qualities of the producing cause, be in our children; and there is enough and more than enough surrounding every one to excite his latent evils. Every wrong temper, every selfish feeling, that we conquer in ourselves, is just so much gain of good for our children."

"Yes, to subdue our own evils is the only sure

way to correct them in our children. We weaken them in their transmission, a[illegible] are in better states to correct them when they [illegible]n to appear."

How very few there are [illegible] think on this subject as did Mr. and Mrs. [illegible]tley. Parents will indulge in all the evil temp[illegible]nd dispositions of an unregenerate nature—[illegible] cherish envy and pride, hatred, malice, and all manner of selfishness, and yet wonder at their existence in their children —will indulge these things in secret, and yet be angry at their children, who have no motive for curbing their passions or hiding what they think or feel. It is not to be wondered at, that so few are successful in the government of their children, when it is seen that they have not learned to govern themselves.

From this time both Mr. and Mrs. Hartley felt a new motive for striving after the correction in themselves of all perverted moral forms. The result was good. Mrs. Hartley found herself growing more patient and forbearing. She was able to stand, as it were, above her children, so as not to be affected by their wrong tempers and dispositions with any thing but an earnest and unimpassioned desire to correct them. Her love was guided by right reason, instead of being obscured by anger as had often been the case.

Having fairly set forth the principles of action which governed Mrs. Hartley in the management and education of her children, let us introduce her more fully to the reader, that she may be seen in the active effort to perform well a mother's part. The period already named, twelve years from the time of her marriage, will be the best for our purpose.

CHAPTER V.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"There come the children from school," said Aunt Mary, looking from the window. "Just see that Clarence! He'll have Henry in the gutter. I never saw just such another boy. Why can't he come quietly along like other children. There! —now he must stop to throw stones at the pigs. That boy 'll give you the heart ache yet, Anna."

Mrs. Hartley made no reply, but laid aside her work quietly and left the room, to see that their dinner was ready. In a few minutes the street door was thrown open, and the children came bounding in full of life, and noisy as they could be,

"Where is your coat, Clarence?" she asked, in a pleasant tone, looking her ...est boy in the face.

"Oh, I forgot!" he repl... ...eerfully, and turning quickly, he ran down ...rs, and lifting his coat from where, in his t... ...htlessness, he had thrown it upon the floor, ... it up in its proper place, and then sprung up ... ...airs.

"Isn't dinner ready yet?" he said, with fretful impatience, his whole manner changing suddenly. "I'm hungry."

"It will be ready in a few minutes, Clarence."

"I want it now. I'm hungry."

"Did you ever hear of the man," said Mrs. Hartley, in a voice that showed no disturbance of mind, "who wanted the sun to rise an hour before its time?"

"No, mother. Tell me about it, won't you?"

All impatience had vanished from the boy's face.

"There was a man who had to go upon a journey. The stage coach was to call for him at sunrise. More than an hour before it was time for the sun to be up, the man was all ready to go, and for the whole of that hour he walked the floor impatiently, grumbling at the sun because he did not rise. 'I'm all ready, and I want to be going,' he said. 'It's time the sun was up, long ago.' Don't you think he was a very foolish man?"

Clarence laughed, and said he thought the man was very foolish indeed.

"Do you think he was more foolish than you were just now for grumbling because dinner wasn't ready?"

Clarence laughed again, and said he did not know. Just then Hannah, the cook, brought in the waiter with the children's dinner upon it.—Clarence sprang for a chair, and drew it hastily and noisily to the table.

"Try and see if you can't do that more orderly, my dear," his mother said, in a quiet voice, looking at him as she spoke, with a steady eye.

The boy removed his chair, and then replaced it gently.

"That is much better, my son."

And thus she corrected his disorderly habits, quieted his impatient temper, and checked his rudeness, without showing any disturbance. This she had to do daily. At almost every meal she found it necessary to repress his rude impatience. It was line upon line, and precept upon precept. But she never tired, and rarely permitted herself to show that she was disturbed, no matter how deeply grieved she was at times over the wild and reckless spirit of her boy.

On the next day she was not very well. Her

head ached badly all the morning. Hearing the children in the passage, when they came in from school at noon, she was from the bed where she had lain down, to at. them, and give them their dinners, when Aunt said,

"Don't get up, Anna. see to the children."

It was rarely that Mi ley let any one do for them what she could self, for no one else could manage the unhappy temper of Clarence. But so violent was the pain in her head, that she let Aunt Mary go, and sunk back upon the pillow from which she had arisen. A good deal of noise and confusion continued to reach her ears, from the moment the children came in. At length a loud cry and passionate words from Clarence caused her to rise up quickly and go over to the dining room. All was confusion there, and Aunt Mary out of humor, and scolding prodigiously. Clarence was standing up at the table, looking defiance at her, on account of some interference with his strong self-will. The moment the boy saw his mother, his countenance changed, and a look of confusion took the place of anger.

"Come over to my room, Clarence," she said in a low voice; there was sadness in its tones, that made him feel sorry that he had given vent so freely to his ill temper.

"What was the matter, my son?" Mrs. Hartley asked, as soon as they were alone, taking Clarence by the hand, and looking steadily at him.

"Aunt Mary wouldn't help me when I asked her."

"Why not?"

"She would help Henry first."

"No doubt she had a reason for it. Do you know her reason?"

"She said he was youngest." Clarence pouted out his lips, and spoke in a very disagreeable tone.

"Don't you think that was a very good reason?"

"I've as good a right to be helped first as he has."

"Let us see if that is so. You and Marien and Henry came in from school, all hungry and anxious for your dinners. Marien is oldest—she, one would suppose, from the fact that she is oldest, would be better able to feel for her brothers, and be willing to see their wants supplied before her own. You are older than Henry, and should feel for him in the same way. No doubt this was Aunt Mary's reason for helping Henry first. Had she helped Marien?"

"No ma'am."

"Did Marien complain?"

"No ma'am."

"No one complained but my unhappy Clarence Do you know why you complained? I can tell you, as I have often told you before. It is because you indulge in selfish feelings. All who do so, make themselves miserable. If, instead of wanting Aunt Mary to help you first, you had, from a love of your little brother, been willing to see him first attended to, would have enjoyed a real pleasure. If you had said—'Aunt Mary, help Harry first,' I am sure Henry would have said instantly—'No, Aunt Mary, help brother Clarence first.' How pleasant this would have been; how happy would all of us have felt at thus seeing two little brothers generously preferring one another."

There was an unusual degree of tenderness, even sadness in the voice of his mother, that affected Clarence. But he struggled with his feelings.—When, however, she resumed, and said—

"I have felt quite sick all the morning. My head has ached badly—so badly that I have had to lie down. I always give you your dinners when you come home, and try to make you comfortable. To-day I let Aunt Mary do it, because I felt so sick. But I am sorry that I did not get up, sick as I was, and do it myself—then I might have prevented this unhappy outbreak of my boy's unruly temper, that has made not only my head ache

ten times as badly as it did, but my heart ache also——"

Clarence burst into tears, and throwing his arms around his mother's neck, wept bitterly.

"I will try and be good, dear mother!" he said. "I do try sometimes, but it seems that I can't."

"You must always try, my dear son. Now dry up your tears, and go out and get your dinner. Or, if you would rather I would go with you, I will do so."

"No, dear mother!" replied the boy, affectionately—"You are sick. You must not go. I will be good."

Clarence kissed his mother again, and then returned quietly to the dining room.

"Naughty boy!" said Aunt Mary, as he entered, looking sternly at him.

A bitter retort came instantly to the tongue of Clarence, but he checked himself with a strong effort, and took his place at the table. Instead of soothing the quick tempered boy, Aunt Mary chafed him by her words and manner during the whole meal, and it was only the image of his mother's tearful face, and the remembrance that she was sick, that restrained an outbreak of his passionate temper.

When Clarence left the table, he returned to his

mother's room, and laid his head upon the pillow where her's was resting

"I love you, mother," I said, affectionately—"You are good. But I hate Aunt Mary."

"O no, Clarence. You must not say that you hate Aunt Mary, for Aunt Mary is very kind to you. You musn't hate any body."

"She isn't kind to me, mother. She calls me a bad boy, and says every thing to make me angry when I want to be good."

"Think, my son, if there is not some reason for Aunt Mary calling you a bad boy. You know, yourself, that you act very naughtily sometimes, and provoke Aunt Mary a great deal."

"But she said I was a naughty boy, when I went out just now; and I was sorry for what I had done, and wanted to be good."

"Aunt Mary didn't know that you were sorry, I am sure. When she called you 'naughty boy,' what did you say?"

"I was going to say, 'you're a fool!' but I didn't. I tried hard not to let my tongue say the bad words, though it wanted to."

"Why did you try not to say them?"

"Because it would have been wrong, and would have made you feel sorry. And I love you.' Again the repentant boy kissed her. His eyes

were full of tears, and so were the eyes of his mother.

While talking over this incident with her husband, Mrs. Hartley said,—

"Were not all these impressions so light, I would feel encouraged. The boy has warm and tender feelings, but I fear that his passionate temper and selfishness will, like evil weeds, completely check their growth."

"The case is bad enough, Anna, but not so bad, I hope, as you fear. These good affections are never active in vain. They impress the mind with an indellible impression. In after years the remembrance of them will revive the states they produced, and give strength to good desires and intentions. Amid all his irregularities, and wanderings from good, in after life, the thoughts of his mother will restore the feelings he had to-day, and draw him back from evil with chords of love that cannot be broken. The good now implanted will remain, and, like ten just men, save the city. In most instances where men abandon themselves finally to evil courses, it will be found that the impressions made in childhood were not of the right kind. That the mother's influence was not what it should have been. For myself, I am sure that a different mother would have made me a dif-

fewest men. When a boy, I was too much like Clarence; but the tenderness with which my mother always treated me, and the unimpassioned but earnest manner in which she reproved and corrected my faults, subdued my unruly temper.—When I became restless or impatient, she always had a book to read to me, or a story to tell, or had some device to save me from myself. My father was neither harsh nor indulgent towards me; I cherish his memory with respect and love. But I have *different* feelings when I think of my mother. I *often* feel, even now, as if she were near me—as if her cheek were laid to mine. My father would *place his hand upon my head*, caressingly, but my mother would *lay her cheek against mine*. I did not expect my father to do more—I do not know that I would have loved him had he done more; for him it was a natural expression of affection. But no act is too tender for a mother. Her kiss upon my cheek, her warm embrace, are all felt now, and the older I grow the more holy seem the influences that surrounded me in childhood. To-day I cut from a newspaper some verses that pleased and affected me. I have brought them home. Let me read them to you.

"I DREAMED OF MY MOTHER."*

I dreamed of my mother, and sweet to my soul
Was the brief-given spell of that vision's control,
I thought she stood by me, all cheerful and mild,
As when to her bosom I clung as a child.

'Her features were bright with the smiles that she wore,
When heeding my idle-tongued prattle of yore;
And her voice had that kindly and silvery strain
That from childhood had dwelt in the depths of my brain

'She spoke of the days of her girlhood and youth—
Of life and its cares, and of hope and its truth;
And she seemed as an angel just winged from above,
To bring me a message of duty and love.

'She told of her thoughts at the old village school—
Of her walks with her playmates, when loos'd from its rule,
Of her rambles for berries, and when they were o'er,
Of the mirth-making groups at the white cottage door.

'She painted the garden, so sweet to the view,
Where the wren made its nest, and the pet flowers grew—
Of the trees that she loved for their scent and their shade,
Where the robin, and wild-bee, and humming-bird play'd.

'And she spoke of the greenwood which bordered the farm,
Where her glad moments glided unmix'd with alarm;

* By Thomas G. Spear.

Of the well by the wicket whose waters were free,
And the lake with its white margin travers'd in glee.

'And she pondered, delighted, the joys to retrace
Of the family scenes of that ruralized place,—
Of its parties and bridals, its loves and its spells—
Its heart-clinging ties and its sudden'd farewells.

'She pictured the meeting-house, where, with the throng
She heard the good pastor and sang the sweet song—
Of the call from the pulpit—the feast at the shrine,
And the hallow'd communings with feelings divine.

'"And listen, my son," she did smilingly say,
"If 'tis pleasant to sing, it is sweeter to pray—
If the future is bright in the day of thy prime,
That brightness may grow with the fading of time.

* * * * * *

'"Look up to thy Maker, my son, and rejoice!"
Was the last gentle whisper that came from her voice,
While its soft soothing tones on my dreaming ear fell,
As she glided away with a smiling farewell.

'There are dreams of the heavens, and dreams of the earth,
And dreams of disease that to phantoms give birth,
But the hearer of angels, awake or asleep,
Has a vision of love to remember and keep.

'I awoke from the spell of that vision of night,
And inly communed with a quiet delight,
And the past, and the present, and future survey'd,
In the darkness presented by fancy, array'd.

I thought of the scenes when that mother was n'gh,
In a soft sunny land, and beneath a mild sky,
When at matins we walked to the health-giving spring,
With the dew on the grass, and the birds on the wing.

'Of the draughts at the fount as the white sun arose,
And the views from the bluffs where the broad rive flows—
Of the sound from the shore of the fisherman's train,
And the sight of the ship as it sailed to the main.

'Of the wild-flowers pluck'd from the glen and the field,
And the beauties the meadows and gardens revealed—
Of all that she paused to explain or explore,
'Till I learned, in my wonder, to think and adore.

'And of joys that attended the fireside scene,
When woodlands and meadows no longer were green—
Of the sports, and the tales, and the holiday glee,
That ever were rife at the fond mother's knee.

'Of the duties of home, and the studies of school,
With the many delights that divided their rule,
'Till the sunshine of boyhood had eaded, and brought
The cares and the shadows of manhood and thought

'And I sighed for the scenes that had faded away,
For the forms that had fallen from age to decay—
For the friends who had vanished, while looking before
To paths that their feet were forbid to explore.

'And glancing beyond, through the vista of time,
With a soul full of hope, and with life in its prime,

Though flowers by memory cherished had died
Life's garden was still with blossoms supplied.

'And oft as that dream to r rit comes back,
A newness of thought re-ill s my track,—'"

* * * * * *

"Pure and tender. The mother who cal ed forth that heart-warm tribute was, doubtless, a good mother," said Anna.

"You remember Cowper's lines, written on receiving his mother's picture?" remarked her husband, after musing for a short time.

"O, yes. Very well. They have often affected me to tears.

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
But roughly with me since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away.'"

"To him, how great was the loss he sustained in the death of his mother. Had she lived, the deep melancholy that seized him in after life might never have occurred. With what simple eloquence he describes his loss." And Mr. Hartley repeated a passage of the poem.

' My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretched, e'en then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss:
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss——
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
Thy parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
'Till all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.' "

Mrs. Hartley leaned her head upon her husband's shoulder, unable to restrain the tears that were springing to her eye.

"If Heaven only spares me to my children, it is all I ask," she murmured. "I will be patient with

and forbearing towards them. I will discharge my duties with unwearied d e. Who can fill a mother's place? Alas! I . If any voice had been as full of love for l , hen a child, if any hand had ministered to him as tenderly, this touching remembrance of his n r would never have been recorded by Cowper.

"'Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st find me safe and warmly laid
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheek bestow'd
By thy own hand, 'till fresh they shone and glowed.
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed too often makes.
* * * * * *
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head and smile)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,

That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.'

"Ah, who could be unkind to a motherless one?"

"The lot of an orphan child is not always as sad a one as must have been that of young Cowper," said Mr. Hartley, "for it is but rarely that a child possesses the delicate or rather morbid sensibility that characterized him."

"I could not bear to think that any child of mine would remember me with less tenderness," replied Mrs. Hartley.

"Even though it embitter his whole life."

"No—no. It was the mother's selfishness, not the mother's love that spoke," she instantly returned.

"To recur to what we were first talking about," said Mr. Hartley, after a pause. "There cannot be a doubt, that the whole life of the child is affected by the mother's character, and the influences she has brought to bear upon him. I could point to many instances that have come under my own observation that illustrate this. The father of one of my schoolmates was a man of a highly cultivated mind, and polished manners; his mother was the reverse. The son is like the mother. As a man, he did not rise in society at all, and is now

the keeper of a billiard saloon. In another instance, the father was a [illegible]ninded man, and inclined to dissipation. [illegible]7 the whole burden of the support of the fa[illegible]ell upon the mother; but her children always c[illegible] to school neat and clean. Their behavior was [illegible]od, and they studied with diligence. Only one of four sons turned out badly. Three of them are now merchants in good business, and the mother's declining years are blessed by their kindest attentions. You see, then, Anna, how much you have to encourage you."

"If there was nothing to encourage me, love and duty would make me persevere."

"But there is much. Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall be found after many days."

CHAPTER VI.

THE BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

"Next Saturday is Marien's birth-day, Aunt Mary," said Mrs. Hartley. "She will be just eleven years old, and she must have a party."

"She mustn't have any such thing, Anna.—What nonsense!"

"Why do you call it nonsense?"

"It will only be putting silly notions into her head You had a great deal better take the money it would cost and give it for some charitable purpose."

"Take care, Aunt Mary, or I shall retort upon you," said Mrs. Hartley, smiling.

"You can retort as much as you please. I'll warrant you can find no fooleries like giving parties to little misses, when they had better be in their beds, to charge upon me."

"Perhaps not. But that giving of the money for charitable purposes, is what I should like to say a word about. Last week you bought a new satin coat, and gave three dollars a yard for the satin. Why didn't you buy one of good warm merino, or even silk, and give the balance to some charity? Answer me that, Aunt Mary!"

"I am not going to be catechised by you, Miss Pert—so just hold your tongue," was Aunt Mary's reply, made half in anger and half in playfulness.

"Very well. So the matter of the charity is all settled—and now what have you to say against the party to Marien, considered upon its abstract merits?"

"A great deal. It will be filling the child's head with vain and wicked thoughts—thoughts of mere worldly show and pleasure. No doubt you

will dress her and the rest of them up like puppets to make them as proud and [illegible] as Lucifer himself. Other people will send their children here tricked out and furbelowed just [illegible] them. And then, what a nice little Vanity [illegible] you will have. It is a downright sin and shame, [illegible]a, for you to think of such a thing. It isn't [illegible] your children that are injured, but you tempt [illegible]er people to injure theirs."

"Heaven grant that neither my children nor the children of my friends may ever be subjected to worse influences than they will be under at Marien's party," said Mrs. Hartley, with some warmth.

Just then Clarence came bounding into the room, singing so loud as to drown the voice of Aunt Mary, who had commenced a reply.

"Do hush, you noisy fellow!" she said, fretfully—"You are enough to set any one crazy!"

The boy did not seem to regard the words of his aunt any more than he would the passing wind. But when his mother said, softly, "Clarence!" and looking him in the face, he was instantly quiet.

Aunt Mary noticed the effect of the mother's low-voiced word in contrast with her own peevish complaint, and it annoyed her so much that she would not trust herself to utter what she was about saying.

"Next Saturday is Marien's birth-day," said
mother, as Clarence came up to her side and lea
against her.

"Is it?" and the boy looked intently in his m
ther's face.

"Yes. She will be just eleven years old. A
she must have a party."

"O, yes!" said Clarence in a quick, animate
voice, clapping his hands together. Marien is
good girl, and she shall have a party."

"You love Marien, don't you, Clarence?"

"Yes, mother."

"Why do you love her?"

"Because she is so good. Every body loves
her"

"Because she is good?"

"Yes."

"Wouldn't you like every body to love you?"

"Yes, mother. But I can't be good like Marien."

"Why?"

"I don't know; but I can't."

"What will you do at Marien's party?"

"I will dance with all the little girls, and be as
kind and good to them as I can."

"Who shall be invited?"

"All the children we know, except Tom Peters
and Sarah Jones."

A frown gathered upon the boy's face as he uttered these names.

"Why not invite them, Clarence?"

"Because I don't like them."

"Why don't you like them?"

"Tom threw stones at me the other day, and Sarah called me a rude ugly boy."

"Why did Tom throw stones at you?"

Clarence was silent.

"Perhaps you did something to him."

"I only laughed at him because he fell down."

"Did he ever throw stones at you before?"

"No."

"You were always good friends."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then you were first in the wrong. You provoked him to throw stones at you."

"I only laughed at him, and I couldn't help it. He fell in the mud, and soiled his clothes all over."

"I don't think that was any thing to laugh at. Suppose Marien had been in your place? What do you think she would have done? Would she have laughed at him?"

"No; I am sure she wouldn't."

"What would she have done?"

"I suppose she would have gone to him, and

brushed all the dirt from his clothes, and told him that she was very sorry he had fallen down."

"You said just now that Marien was a good girl."

"And so she is."

"And that you loved her because she was good."

"So I do."

"Was you good when you laughed at Thomas Peters?"

"I don't think I was."

"Would he throw stones at Marien?"

"No, indeed. Nobody would throw stones at her. Everybody loves her."

"It is plain then, that it was because you were not good that Thomas Peters threw stones at you. He did not throw stones at good Clarence, but at bad Clarence. Is it not so? Now don't you think you can forgive him, when you remember how you provoked him. Suppose you had fallen in the mud, and he had laughed at you, would not you have been just as likely to have thrown stones at him?"

"Maybe I would."

"Suppose the good Lord would not forgive us for all the evil we do, what do you think would become of us? And he will not forgive us, unless we forgive others their trespasses against us.—

Remember that, my dear boy. You will have Thomas invited, I am sure."

"Yes, mother; for I believe I was wrong," the boy replied in a softened tone. "And we will invite Sarah Jones too. I don't believe she would have called me what she did, if I had not run against her little brother and pushed him down. She loves Marien, and I know would be very sorry if she couldn't come to her party."

"That is right, my boy. To forgive is sweet. You feel happier now."

"I don't hate Tom Peters like I did."

"You didn't hate him of yourself, my son. But you allowed wicked spirits to come into your heart, and you felt the hatred they bear towards every one. I am glad that they are cast out. Whenever we permit them to come into our hearts, they make us very unhappy. If we suffer not the evil spirits to come into us, angels will be our companions, and they will make us love every one."

"They must always be with sister Marien then; for she loves every body."

"They will always be with you, if you will let them, my son. Will you not try?"

"I do try, mother. But I am so bad that the angels won't stay with me"

"What nonsense to talk in that way to children," said Aunt Mary, as Clarence, hearing the voice of his sister, glided away to talk to her about her party.

"I believe all I have said to be true," Mrs. Hartley returned.

"True! How can you talk so? Wicked spirits and angels in them! A mere fiction!"

"Not quite so much of a fiction as you may think. But we will not hold an argument on that subject, for it would be of no use. I think, however, that you will admit that, if Marien's party effect no more good than you have just seen done, it will be well worth giving."

"We are not to do evil that good may come." And Aunt Mary pursed up her lips, and looked as grave as a deacon.

Mrs. Hartley smiled, but made no further observation.

All was merriment and glad anticipation, when it became known among the children that Marien was to have a birth-day party. Preparations for it were set on foot immediately, and invitations in due form made out, and sent around to all of her little friends. When the evenmg came, some twenty or thirty bright young faces were seen in the parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Hartley. Among the

number were Thomas Peters and Sarah Jones, and it was a pure gratification to Mrs. Hartley to see Clarence take the former by the hand with manly frankness, and speak kindly to the latter, when they came in. His eye caught the expression of her face at the time. It warmed his heart,—nay, impressed it ineffaceably. He remembered it even in manhood, with pleasure.

The evening was a merry one for all. Even Aunt Mary forgot, more than half of her time, the little objection she had to "profane music," and dancing. Such romping and wild, happy merriment as was there, is not often seen. Mrs. Hartley was among them as if but a child herself, and seemed to enjoy it as much as the gayest little urchin of the whole company. But, while she appeared to enter into the sports of the children as if one of them, she guided all their movements, and maintained a beautiful order throughout all. The ardent temperaments of the older children were restrained by modes not seen nor felt by them, while the younger ones she interested in various ways, that kept them together, and protected from the thoughtless rudeness of their elders. Not a string jarred in harsh discord during the whole evening. When the hour came for separation, a hundred kind wishes were uttered for Marien, and

hey all parted happier and better than when they came.

"I don't know how they can be better," said Aunt Mary, to whom Mrs. Hartley made a remark on the next day, similar to what we have just uttered.

"It is because they love one another more," Mrs. Hartley replied, in her usual quiet way.

It is good thus to bring children together often It creates and cherishes social feelings, and causes them to regard one another less selfishly than all are inclined to do. The spirits of children are active, and will flow out in spite of all that may unwisely be done to restrain them. It is the duty of parents to provide good forms into which these can flow, and find their delight. Can any thing be more suitable than social recreations, in which many can join together in innocent mirth? We hink not. And so thought Mr. and Mrs. Hartley. t was for this reason that the birth-day of every shild was celebrated by some kind of festivities

CHA VII.

CORRECTING A FAULT

Mrs. Hartley noticed with pleasure, that for days after the party, the children were happier, and more easily interested than before. This she had always observed on similar occasions. In a little while, however, things were going on pretty much in their usual course, and she was called upon to exercise all her tact and judgment in drawing the lines between them, so as to protect each one in his or her rights and privileges. All difficulties were submitted to her husband, and the best means to overcome them discussed between them.

"There are two faults in Clarence and Henry," she said to Mr. Hartley about this period, "that I am at a loss how to correct. They are bad faults, and will affect their characters through life, if not judiciously corrected now. Clarence looks with an envious eye upon every thing that Henry has, and manages, sooner or later, to get possession of it by his brother's consent. Henry soon tires of

what he has, and is easily induced to part with it to Clarence for some trifling consideration. It is not long, however, before he wants it back again, and then trouble ensues. Sometimes I think I will make a law that neither Clarence nor his brother shall part with any thing that has been given t him. But I am afraid of the effect of this. It will foster a selfish spirit. It will allow of no generous self-sacrifice for the good of others."

"I think with you, that the effect would not be good. Still, it is very important that a certain feeling of property in what each one has should be preserved. As far as this can be accomplished, without strengthening the selfish tendency of our nature, it should be done. It causes each one not only to protect his own rights, but to regard the rights of his neighbors."

"I see all that very clearly. The happy medium is what I desire to attain. As things are now, the disposition which Clarence has to appropriate every thing to himself is fostered and Henry is losing that just regard to his own rights that he ought to have. Now, what ought I to do? Can you devise a plan?"

"Not so well as you can. But let me see Suppose you try this mode for a while. Make a law, that if Henry give Clarence any of his play

things, the right to possess them shall be as perfect as if you or I had presented them to Clarence as his own. The practical working of this will, in a short time, make Henry reflect a little before he relinquishes his property to his brother."

"That will do, I think," said Mrs. Hartley. "There will be no harm in trying it, at any rate."

On the next day she gave Clarence a new book, and Henry a humming-top.

"Now let me tell you something," she said. "This book belongs to you, Clarence, and this top to you, Henry. I hope they will please you very much, and that you will take good care of them. You can lend them to each other, if you choose; but I would rather you would not give them to each other. Should either of you do so, the one who gives his book or his top away, cannot reclaim it again. Do you understand, Henry?"

"O yes, ma'am, I understand. I'm not going to give any body my top, I know."

"Very well, my son. You can do so if you wish. But remember, after you have once given it away, you cannot get it back again."

"Why can't I, mother?" asked the little boy.

"Because, after you have given any thing away, it is no longer yours."

"I'm not going to give it away," he said, in a positive voice, as he ran off to spin his top in the play room.

For about an hour Clarence was very much interested in his book, while Henry continued to spin his top with undiminished pleasure. After this time the interest of Clarence began to flag, and the sound of Henry's humming top came more and more distinctly to his ears from the adjoining room. At last he closed the book and sought his brother.

"Let me spin it once, won't you, Henry?" he said.

"Yes, I will," returned the generous-minded boy, and instantly handed the top and cord to Clarence, who wound it up, and sent it humming and skipping about the floor at a grand rate.

Henry reached out his hand for the cord, but his brother held it back, saying,

"Just let me spin it once more."

"Well, you may once more," was replied.

But it was "once more," and "once more," until Henry's tears restored to him his toy.

"You are a selfish fellow," said Clarence, as he flung the top and cord at his brother's feet.

Clarence did not resume his book, but stood looking at Henry's top, as he spun it, with a covetous expression on his face.

"If you'll let me spin your top, you may read my book," he at length

"I will," quickly ret Henry.

The top and book we xchanged, and, for a time, both were well But the book was rather beyond the gra Henry's mind. He tired of it soon.

"You may have your book now, Clarence.—I'm done reading it. Give me my top, won't you?"

"I'm not done with it yet. I let you read my book until you were tired, and now you must let me spin your top until I am tired."

Henry rarely contended with his brother. He did not like contention. Knowing how resolute Clarence was in doing any thing that suited his humor, he said no more, but went and sat down quietly upon a little chair, and looked on wishfully while Clarence spun his top.

It was half an hour before Henry again got possession of his top; but the zest with which he had at first played with it was gone. After throwing it for a few times he said—

"Here, Clarence, you may have it. I don't want it."

"May I have it for good?" eagerly asked Clarence.

"Yes, for good."

"You'll want it back."

"No, I won't. You may keep it for ever."

Clarence took possession of the top with right good will, and went on spinning it to his heart's content. After dinner Henry wanted it back again, and when his brother refused to give it up, went crying to his mother. Mrs. Hartley called up Clarence, and asked him why he did not give Henry his top.

"It isn't his top, mother; it is mine," said Clarence.

"Yours! How came it yours?"

"Henry gave it to me."

"Did you give it to him, Henry?"

"Yes, ma'am, this morning. But it's my top, and I want it."

"No, it is not your top any longer if you have given it to Clarence. It is his, and he must keep it. Have you forgotten what I told you when I gave it to you. If you give away your things, they are no longer yours, and you cannot expect to get them back again. I hope, my son, that, hereafter, you will be more careful what you do."

Henry cried bitterly, but his mother would not compel Clarence, upon whom Henry's tears had no effect, to restore the toy. The poor little fel

low's heart was almost broken at this hard lesson in the school of humar

In about a week, Mrs ey tried it over again. Gifts were made to the en, and soon Clarence went to work to get po n of what his brother had. But Henry had rgotten the top, and was, therefore, not qui generous as before. He withstood every effort r the first day. On the second, however, he yielded. On the following day he reclaimed his toys; but his mother interposed again, and maintained Clarence's right to what Henry had given him.

The poor child seemed unable to comprehend the justice of this decision, and grieved so much about it, that Mrs. Hartley felt unhappy. But ultimate good, she was sure, would be the result, painful as it might be to correct her child's fault.

On the next occasion, Clarence found it much harder to prevail upon Henry to give him his playthings than before. The same result following, the little fellow's eyes began to be opened. He would look ahead and think when Clarence wanted him to give him any thing, and the recollection of the permanent losses he had already sustained, at length gave him the resolution to persevere in refusing to yield up his right to any thing that had been given to him. He would lend whatever he

had, cheerfully. But when asked to give, he generally said—

"No.—If I give it to you, I can't get it back again."

The parents did not like to check the generous spirit of their child, but they felt that it was necessary both for his good and the good of his brother, that he should be taught to set a higher value upon what was his own. If he were not led to do this while young, it might prevent his usefulness when a man, by leaving him the prey of every one.—Besides, the want of a due regard to his own property in any thing was not right.

Another fault in Henry they felt bound to visit with a rigid system of correction. He was naturally an obedient child, while his brother was the reverse. He was also very yielding, and could easily be persuaded by Clarence to join in acts which were forbidden by their parents. When called to account, his usual excuse was, that he had been asked by Clarence, or had gone with him. He did not appear to think that he was to blame for any thing, if he acted upon his older brother's suggestions. The only way to correct this, was to let each be punished for offences mutually committed, even though Henry was far less to blame than Clarence. It was only by doing so

the parents felt, that Henry could be made to see that he must be held respo[illegible]le for his own acts. This course soon effected [illegible] they desired. Clarence was usually alone in [illegible] flagrant violations of parental authority.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STRONG CONTRAST.

NEARER than Mrs. Hartley had supposed, lived for many years an old but now almost forgotten friend—Florence Armitage; or rather, Mrs. Archer.

We will introduce her on the very night that Marien's birth-day party took place, by way of contrast. The house in which she lives is a small, comfortless one, in an obscure street not far from the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hartley. Her father has become poor, and her husband, whose habits are more irregular than when a single man, receives a small salary as clerk, more than half of which he spends in self-indulgence; the other half is eked out to his wife, who, on this pittance, is compelled to provide for five children. She has had six, but one is dead.

It was a clear bright evening without, but there was nothing cheerful in the dwelling of William Archer. The supper table was in the floor, and on it burned a poor light. The mother sat near the table, with an infant on her lap, mending a pair of dark stockings with coarse yarn of a lighter color. A little girl, three years of age, was swinging on her chair, and a boy two years older was drumming on the floor with two large sticks, making a deafening noise. This noise Mrs. Archer bore as long as she could, when her patience becoming exhausted, she cried out in a loud, fretful voice—

"You Bill! Stop that noise!"

The boy paused for a single moment, and then resumed his amusement.

"Did you hear me, Bill? you heedless wretch!" exclaimed the mother, after she had borne the sound for some time longer.

There was silence for about a minute—and the noise began again.

"If you don't stop that, Bill, I'll box your ears soundly," screamed the impatient mother.

The boy stopped for the space of nearly two minutes this time; then he went on again with his drumming.

"Do you want me to send you to bed without your supper?"

"No, I don't," replied child.

"Then hush that noise, I shall certainly send you to bed. You set me almost crazy."

Bill, as his mother called him, laid himself back upon the floor, and commenced kicking up his heels. After having amused himself in this way for some time, his drum-sticks were again resorted to, and the room was once more filled with the distracting din he made. Mrs. Archer bore it as long as she could, and then she boxed the child's ears soundly.

After the cries this operation extorted had died away, all was quiet enough for a quarter of an hour, when Mr. Archer came in to tea.

Twelve years had changed him sadly. His brow was gloomy, his eyes sunken, and his lips closely drawn together, giving his countenance an expression of sternness. He looked at least twenty years older. He did not even cast his eyes upon his wife as he entered, but drew a chair to the table, and taking a newspaper from his pocket, began reading it.

"Bill, go and tell Jane to bring up tea," said Mrs. Archer.

The child went out into the passage, and cried down to the cook, in a tone of authority—

"Bring up tea, will you?"

No notice was taken of this by the parents. Jane came up with the tea, looking as sulky as possible.

"Here, take the baby," said Mrs. Archer, handing Jane the child in a most ungracious manner. Jane took the child quite as ungraciously as it was tendered, and managed to keep it crying most of the time they were at supper.

"Where is John?" asked Mr. Archer, looking up at his wife when about half through with silent meal.

"Dear knows, for I don't! He came in from school, but was off at once as usual. He is going to ruin as fast as ever a boy was."

"Why do you let him run the streets in this way?"

"He's got beyond me. I don't pretend to try to manage him. I might just as well tell him to go as stay. It would be all the same to him. It's high time you had taken him in hand, I can tell you. Florence is at her grandmother's, and I intended sending John after her an hour ago. But he hasn't shown himself."

Mr. Archer did not reply; he felt worried and angry. While they were yet at the table, John, a lad of some eleven years old, came in, and threw his hat down in the corner.

"Go and hang your hat up, sir," said his father. "Is that the place for it?"

John did as he was or

"Now, where have you been, sir?" was the father's angry interrogation.

"I've been playing."

"What business have you to go off without asking your mother? I've a great mind to take off your jacket for you, sir. If ever I hear of this again, I'll give you such a lacing as you've never had in your life. Don't sit down to the table there! Go, put on your hat again, and be off for your sister."

"Where is she?"

"Where is she?" mimicking the tones and manner of the boy. "At your grandmother's," said Mr. Archer.—"Go along after her, and be quick. She ought to have been home more than an hour ago."

John went out slowly and sulkily.

"If that boy goes to ruin, you will have no one to blame but yourself," said Mr. Archer, ill-naturedly.

"I don't know how you are going to make that out," returned his wife in a voice quite as amiable as that in which he had spoken.

"You have no government over him."

"I have quite as much as yourself," retorted Mrs. Archer.

"Humph! You don't think so, do you?"—he spoke in a sneering tone.

"I think just what I say. If you paid the least attention to your children, they would grow up very differently. As it is, I have no comfort with them, and never hope to have any. I expect to see them go to ruin."

"So I should think, by the way you let them run. You talk about my government over them, but I should like to know what I can do, when I am not with them an hour in the day. Whatever is the result, you will have only yourself to blame."

"That's just it. Instead of staying at home with your children, and trying to make something out of them, you are off every night the dear knows where, but after no good, of course."

"Hold your tongue, will you?" Mr. Archer gave his wife an angry scowl as he said this.

The wife felt little inclination to contend further. There was a brutality in her husband's tone and manner that stunned her. She said nothing more.

While the father and mother were engaged in a war of words, the little boy, before mentioned, was musing himself by spinning his spoon around in

his plate, which made a most annoying clatter, and served to add to the irritatic felt by both Mr. and Mrs. Archer, although the cause was not noticed until tneir contention was over.

"Do be quiet, child," said the mother, as the noise of the rattling spoon continued to fall upon her ear.

She might as well not have spoken. If any change was produced by her words, it was an increased vigor in the movement of the spoon.

She laid her hand upon the boy's head and said—"Don't make that noise, Bill—you distract me."

The moment the pressure of the hand was removed, like a re-acting spring the movement went on again; the noise, if any thing, louder than ever. A vigorous box on the ear signified that poor Mrs. Archer's patience was exhausted. Almost simultaneous with the loud scream of the child came the loud bang of the door. Her husband had precipitately left the house. A state of sad, dreamy abstraction settled upon the mind of Mrs. Archer. Although Bill, as the little fellow was called, fairly yelled out from passion and pain, she did not hear him

Jane, the cook, who was nursing the babe, waited patiently for some time after Archer had left, to be called up from the kitchen. But minute after

minute passed, and no summons came. It was nearly a quarter of an hour before she ascended to the dining-room. She found Mrs. Archer in a state of entire absent-mindedness, with her head resting on her hand—the little boy was fast asleep in his chair

The mother roused up on the entrance of the cook, and said—

"Here, Jane, give me the baby, and take this child up and put him to bed before you clear off the table." The fair young face and glowing cheeks of the little boy, as Jane lifted him up, met the mother's eye. She sighed deeply, and again fell into her former dreamy state.

In a little while John and Florence came in. Florence was a sweet-faced child, just nine years old. Her disposition was mild, and she was very thoughtful—rendering her mother much service in her attentions to the younger children. Her first act was to go up to her mother and kiss her, and then kiss the babe that lay upon her lap.

"Have you had a pleasant time, dear?" asked Mrs. Archer.

"O, yes, mother. I have had a nice time.—Grandma baked us a whole basket full of cakes, which I have brought home; and she let me help her. I cut them all out. Where is Willy and

Mary?" she added, looking around. "They must have some cakes. Oh, [illegible] Here's sis' fast asleep on the floor. Shall I wake her up, mother, and give her a cake?"

"No, dear, I wouldn't wake her now. The cakes will taste just as good to her in the morning."

"Where is Willy?"

"He's in bed. Jane took him up stairs."

"Shall I hold the baby, while you undress Mary?" asked Florence, as she laid off her bonnet and shawl

"Yes, you may."

"Dear little baby!" murmured Florence, as she took the child from her mother's arms, and sat down with it upon a low stool.

"I want some supper," said John, pouting out his lips, and looking as ugly and ill-natured as possible.

"There's some bread and butter for you. Sit down and eat that, and then take yourself off to bed," replied his mother.

"I want some tea."

"You'll not get any."

"I'll go and ask Jane to give me some."

"Take care, sir; or you'll be sent off without mouthful."

With as bad a grace as possible. John sat down

upon the corner of a chair, and commenced eating. The moment his mother left the room with Mary in her arms, his hand was in the sugar-bowl; a portion of the contents of which were freely laid upon his bread and butter.

"If I don't get tea, I'll have sugar," he said.

He was in the act of helping himself from the sugar-bowl for the third time, when his mother came in. The consequence was that he got his ears soundly boxed, and was sent off to bed.

Florence continued to nurse the babe, or rock it in the cradle, for an hour, when she became too sleepy to hold up her head. Kissing her mother affectionately, the child said good night, and went off, alone, to her room, where she undressed herself and retired for the night. But no prayer was said—her mother had never taught her this best of infantile lessons.

Mrs. Archer sat up sewing until nearly eleven o'clock, and then sought her pillow. As usual, her husband had not yet returned. It was past midnight when he came home.

Too many of the evenings that were passed in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Archer, were similar to the one we have described. The influence upon the children was, of course, bad. The evil qualities of mind they inherited, instead of being weak

ened and subdued, were quickened into a premature activity. There was no [illegible]gth of principle, and no order in the mother's mind to counterbalance the indifference of the father. Had she been fitted for the high and holy duti[illegible] f a mother, she would have left a far different i[illegible]ession upon her children's minds than she had made. The good would have been developed, and the evil held in a state of quiescence. She would have stored up in the minds of her children good and true principles that would remain there, and save them in the day when the trials of mature life came.

CHAPTER IX.

MORE CONTRASTS.

FIVE more years of patience, forbearance, and anxious solicitude passed, and Mrs. Hartley began to see many good results of her labor, especially when she contrasted the habits and manners of her own children with the habits and manners of the children of some of her friends.

One of these friends, a Mrs. Fielding, had four children of naturally very good dispositions. They

were affectionate to one another, and seemed to have more than usual of a home feeling about them. The mother's fireside circle might have been an earthly paradise, if she had been at all disposed to consult her children's good, instead of her own pleasure. But this she was not disposed to do. She was vain, and fond of company.—When she had provided a good nurse for her children, she thought that her duty was done—it never occurred to her that her children needed a companion, such as only she could be to them, as much as they needed a nurse to provide for their bodily comfort.

This woman came in to see Mrs. Hartley one day, and found her sitting at the piano.

"What does all this mean?" asked Mrs. Fielding, in a gay tone. "You playing the piano! I thought you had enough else to do."

"I'm only practising some new cotillions for the children."

"What good will your practising them do the children, I wonder?"

"A good deal, I hope. We have a little family party among ourselves every Wednesday evening, when the children dance, and I play for them."

"And you practise for this purpose during the day."

I practise just one hour every Wednesday for this very purpose, and no [illegible]."

"You are a queer woman. Why don't you let Marien play while the other children dance?"

"Because Marien likes to dance as well as the rest of them. And, more [illegible]hat, she is the most graceful in her movements, [illegible] the most perfect in her steps, and I want the others to benefit by her superior accomplishments."

"Let their dancing master take care of their steps. It is his business, and he will do it much better."

"The school will do little good, Mrs. Fielding, if it be not seconded by a well ordered home education. Of this I am well satisfied."

"But it is no light task to make home another school-house."

"Home need not, and should not be such a place. It should leave its younger members in more freedom than school affords. But, what is learned at school from duty, should be practised at home from affection. Children ought to be led into the delightful *exercise* of the knowledge they attain, simultaneously, if possible, with its attainments. This should be their reward. As soon as they have mastered the rudiments of language, and can read, entertaining and instructive books should

be provided for them; and, at every step in their progress, the means of bringing down into activity all they learn, should be supplied to the utmost extent. It is for this reason that we have musical and dancing parties among ourselves every week, and I find it no task, but a real pleasure, to play for them, and, in order to keep up with the new music, to practise a few hours every week."

"But how do you find time? You, who are such a slave to your family!"

"If every thing is done according to a regular system, we can easily find time for almost any thing."

"I don't know. You beat me out. I do scarcely any thing in my family, it seems—and yet I am always hurried to death when I do that little, so that it isn't more than half done. As to practising on the piano, that is out of the question."

Mrs. Hartley faintly sighed.

"You have four sweet children," she said, after a pause;—"I never saw better dispositions, naturally, in my life. You might do any thing with them you pleased."

"What you say, a mother's partiality aside, is true," replied Mrs. Fielding, with a brightening face. "They are all good children. I only wish I was a better mother—that I was like you, Mrs.

Hartley. I fear I am too fond of society; but I can't help it."

"Oh, don't say that Fielding. Love for our children should be g enough to make us correct any thing in ou s that stands in the way of their good. A r er's duties ought to take precedence over every ing else."

"I don't think a mother ught to be a slave to her children."

"Willing servitude is not slavery. How can you use such a word in connexion with a mother? Her devotion should be from a love that never wearies—never grows cold."

"I don't know how that may be; mine wearies often enough."

"I feel discouraged sometimes," replied Mrs. Hartley. "But my love never abates. It grows stronger with every new difficulty that is presented."

"You are one in a thousand, then; that is all I can say. I know a good many mothers, and I know that they all complain bitterly about the trouble they have with their children."

"They would have less trouble, if they loved them more."

"How can you make that appear?"

"Love ever strives to benefit its object. A true

love for children prompts the mother to seek with the most self-sacrificing assiduity, for the means of doing her offspring good."

"Oh dear! I'm sadly afraid I am not a true mother then. It's no use to disguise it—I cannot give up every comfort for my children; and I don't think we are required to do it."

"True love, Mrs. Fielding, sacrifices nothing, when it is in pursuit of its objects, for it desires nothing so ardently as the attainment of that object. I am not aware that I give up every comfort; I sometimes, it is true, deny myself a gratification, because, in seeking it, I must neglect my children, or interfere with their pleasures; but I have never done this that I have not been more than repaid for all I thought I had lost."

"Well, that is a comfort. I only wish I could say as much."

"You would soon be able to say so, if you were to make sacrifices for your children from love to them."

"I think I do love them."

"I am sure of that, Mrs. Fielding. But, to speak plainly as one friend may venture to speak to another, perhaps you love yourself more."

"Perhaps I do. But how is that to be determined?"

"Very easily. We love those most who occupy most of our thoughts, ... whose comfort and happiness we are most , whether it be ourselves or our children."

Mrs. Fielding did no ly. Mentally she applied the rule, and v ed to acknowledge that she loved herself l n she did her children.

The oldest boy of Mr. ding was about the same age of Clarence. Having completed all their preparatory studies, the two boys were sent the same year to college. At the age of sixteen, they left their homes for the first time, to be absent, except at short intervals, for three years. James Fielding left home with reluctance.

"I don't want to go, mother," he said the day before he was to start.

"Why not, James?" she asked.

"I would rather go to school here. I can learn just as much."

"Yes, but think of the honor, my son, of passing through college. It isn't every boy that has this privilege. It will make a man of you. I hope you will do credit to yourself and your parents. You must strive for the first honors. Your father took them before you."

Very different was the parting counsel of Mrs

Hartley to her son. The question whether it would be best in the end to send their son to college, was long and anxiously debated between the father and mother. Many reasons, for and against, were presented, and these were scanned minutely. The strongest objection felt by them was the fact that, from the congregating together of a large number of young men at college, among whom would be many with loose principles and bad habits, there would be danger of moral contamination. For a time they inclined to the belief that it would be better not to send their son from home; but their anxiety to secure for him the very best education the country afforded, at last determined them.

Long and earnestly did Mrs. Hartley commune with her boy, on the evening before his departure.

"Never forget, my son," she said, "the end for which you should strive after knowledge. It is, that you may be better able, by your efforts as a man, to benefit society. A learned man, can always perform higher uses than an ignorant man. And remember, that one so young and so little acquainted with the world as yourself, will be subjected to many severe temptations. But resist evil with a determined spirit. Beware of the first deviation from right. Suffer not the smallest stain to come upon your garments. Let your mother

receive you back as pure as when you went forth, my son.

"You will discover, after you enter college, a spirit of insubo on—a disposition in many of the students to e the laws of the institution; but do not jo with them. It is just as wrong for a student late the laws of college, as it is for a citizen to violate the laws of his country. They are whol ne regulations, made for the good of the whole, and he who weakens their force does a wrong to the whole. Guard yourself here, my son, for here you will be tempted. But stand firm. If you break, wilfully, a college law, your honor is stained, and no subsequent obedience can efface it. Guard your honor my dear boy! It is a precious and holy thing.

"I will write to you often, and you must write often to me. Talk to me, in your letters, as freely as you would talk if we were face to face. Consider me your best friend, and he who would weaken my influence over you, as your worst enemy. You cannot tell, my son, how anxious I feel about you. I know, far better than you can know, how intimately danger will surround you But, if you will make God's holy law, as written in his Ten Commandments, the guide of your life, you will be safe. Christian, in his journey to the

land of Canaan, had not a path to travel in more beset with evil than will be yours, but you will be safe from all harm, if, like him, you steadily resist and fight against every thing that would turn you from the straight and narrow way of truth and integrity. You go with your mother's blessing upon your head, and your mother's prayers following you."

The earnestness with which his mother spoke, affected the heart of Clarence. He did not reply, but he made a firm resolution to do nothing that would give her a moment's pain. He loved her tenderly; for she had ever been to him the best of mothers, and this love was his prompter.

"I will never pain the heart of so good a mother," he said, as he laid his head upon his pillow that night. How different might have been his feelings, if he had been raised under different maternal influences.

CH X.

FRI

About the same time that Clarence Hartley was sent to college, the oldest of Mr. Archer was sent to sea as the last hope of reclaiming him. He had been suffered to run into all kinds of bad company until he was so degraded, that his mother lost all control over him. And yet, this boy had naturally a more obedient temper than Clarence, and could have been managed far more easily. It is true that the two mothers were placed under different circumstances—nevertheless, even the unhappy external condition of Florence Archer was no excuse. If she had truly loved her child, she could have brought an influence to bear upon him that would have saved him.

At college, Clarence found himself in a new world. At first, the reckless bearing and free conversation of some of the students, surprised and shocked him. Soon, familiarity with such things made them seem less reprehensible. He could not only listen to them but often join heartily in the

laugh awakened by some sally of ribald wit.—When alone, however, and the remembrance of home arose in his mind, he felt grieved to think that he could have taken pleasure in any thing that would so have shocked his mother's ears.

He wrote home every week, and wrote with all the frankness of a mind that had nothing to conceal. Every letter was promptly answered by his mother, and, in every letter from her were some tenderly urged precepts that ever came with a timely force. These were not hackneyed repetitions of the same forms that had been enunciated time and again, until all their force was gone; nor did they come to her son in the shape of mere didactics. They had an appropriateness, a beauty, and a force about them, that ever inspired Clarence with a new love of what was morally excellent. If, at any time, he felt inclined to enter the forbidden grounds of pleasure, where too many of the students roved, the very next letter from home would win him back. The love of his mother was about him, like a protecting sphere.

Very different was the case with James Fielding. It was not long before his natural love of companionship caused him to form intimate associations with several of the students whose principles and habits were not good. With these he spent

hours every night in amusements and conversations by no means calculated to elevate the tone of his feelings. He made frequent efforts to induce Clarence to join them, which succeeded for a few times, but for a few times only. After having spent an evening in drinking, smoking and card-playing, interspersed with songs and conversation such as his ears had never before heard, he found, on retiring to his room, a letter upon his table from his mother. The sight of this letter caused an instant revulsion in his feelings. He did not open it for some time. The very superscription, in the well-known hand-writing of his mother, seemed to rebuke him for having felt pleasure in what would have pained her pure mind deeply. When, at length, he opened and read the letter, it affected him to tears.

"My dear Clarence"—it said—"How much we missed you last night at our family party.—There were Marien, Henry, Fanny, and Lillian; but Clarence was away. I believe I thought much oftener of my absent one, than I did of those who were present. Henry accompanied Marien at the piano, on the flute, but not so perfectly as you used to do; and yet he plays very well for one so young. Fanny is improving rapidly in her music; she performed for us a very difficult overture, and did it exceedingly well She dances, too, with ad-

mirable grace. How I wanted you to see her last evening. Dear little Lillian is always talking about you, and asking when you will come home. She grows sweeter and dearer every day. We had a very happy time, indeed, as we always have; but it would have been much happier, had not one been missing.

"I had a visit from Mrs. Fielding yesterday. She says that James has only written to her twice since he has been away. She asked me how often I heard from you; when I told her, every few days, she said that if she could hear from her boy every few weeks she would be very glad. Your mother thanks you, Clarence, for your promptness in writing. It is a great pleasure for me to hear from you often. How is Thomas Fielding? Is he doing well? I wish he would write home more frequently. I thought his mother looked troubled when she spoke of him."

Clarence sighed and lifted his eyes from the letter on reading this passage. He thought of James Fielding, and the dangerous ground upon which he was standing, and sighed again as he resumed the perusal of his letter. The whole epistle came pure and true from a mother's heart, and it so filled the mind of Clarence with images of home, and made that home appear so like a little heaven,

that he experienced a shuddering sensation when he compared it with the [illegible] in which he had so lately been a participant.

"Thank God for such [illegible]ther!" he could not help ejaculating, as he read [illegible] last line of her letter. "Shall I ever cause h[illegible] shed a tear? No —never!"

"You went away too [illegible] last night," said James Fielding to him the [illegible]xt morning. "We had some rare sport after you left, with one of the Professors. He guessed that all was not right, and came tapping at the door about eleven o'clock. We let him in, and then mystified him until he was glad to sneak off, half begging our pardons for having suspected us of any thing wrong. Ha! ha! It was capital fun."

"I think I staid quite long enough," Clarence replied, gravely.

"Why so?"

"I don't believe any of us were doing right."

"Indeed! Why not?"

"We were doing what we knew would not be sanctioned by the Faculty."

"I suppose we were. But what of that?

"A good deal, I should think. It is wrong to violate any of the rules and regulations of the institution."

"Humph! If that is wrong, a good many sins are committed with the passage of every twenty-four hours. You are more nice than wise, Clarence. A little fun is pleasant at all times. I go in for it myself."

"Innocent fun is well enough. But where it is sought in vicious courses, it is imminently dangerous. At the last, it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. When did you hear from home, James?"

"From home? Oh, I'm sure I don't remember. I was going to say I don't hear from there at all; but I have had two letters from mother, filling half a page each."

"When did you write?"

"About a month ago, to say I wanted some pocket money."

"I heard from home last night."

"Ah! Got a remittance, I suppose."

"Of love from my mother, more precious than gold or silver," replied Clarence with some feeling. "She says that your mother complains that you do not write to her."

"Say to your mother, if you please, that I complain that my mother doesn't write to me. So the account will stand balanced. I never could write a letter, except to say I wanted something. And

I suppose mother is like me. We will excuse one another."

James spoke with a l... ...at pained Clarence. He wanted to admoni... but felt that, in his present mood, it would ...less.

During the first ye... Clarence was at college, the principles he ...been taught by his mother became rules of a ... with him. He set his face resolutely against ...y thing that he considered wrong. James Fielding, on the contrary, was among the most thoughtless young men in the institution. His wishes and passions were his rulers.

One day he came to Clarence and said—

"There is to be some sport in about a week."

"Is there? What will it be like?"

"We don't intend going to morning prayers until seven o'clock."

"But the regulations say six."

"I know. Six is too early, and we are going to have it at seven."

"You did not come here to make laws, but to observe them," gravely replied Clarence.

"We came here to be instructed, not to be dragged out of bed to morning prayers before day —not to be bamboozled about by arbitrary Professors. It is a public institution, and the Faculty have no right to make oppressive laws."

"If any one dislikes these laws, let him go home. It is the only honest course. But what else is intended?"

"We intend— "

"*We?* Have you really joined in this conspiracy against law and order?"

"Certainly I have. With the exception of about twenty, every student is pledged to go through with the matter when it is once started. My duty is to bring you over. We wish to rise as one man."

"After you have refused to attend morning prayers, what do you propose doing?"

"If the hour is changed to seven, all well and good. Nothing more will be done. But if not, our next course will be to attend regularly at six for a week, and scrape the chaplain down."

"What!"

"Completely drown his voice by scraping our feet."

"You certainly are beside yourself, James. I cannot believe that *you* would join in doing so wrong a deed. In this you would not only insult the institution, but Heaven."

"Oh no. Heaven doesn't have much to do with the six o'clock prayers of college students."

"You speak with an unbecoming levity, James"

"Do I indeed?" The lip of the boy slightly curled.

"What else is to be d asked Clarence, not noticing the manner of npanion.

"All sorts of things. ry regulation of the college is to be broken, u our wishes are complied with. Wait a litt d you will see fun But let me tell you—it is termined that every student who does not joi , shall be dipped in the horse-pond. You had better consent. I should hate to see any thing done to you."

The eyes of Clarence instantly flashed, and his cheeks grew red as crimson.

"I would not consent if my life were taken," said the high-spirited boy. "But never fear. There is no one here that *dare* lay his hands upon me."

"Don't trust to that. There are those here who dare lay their hands upon any body, and who will do it too. Come, then, say you will join us."

"No—never."

"You will be sorry when it is too late."

"I have no fears."

On the next day, the matter was publicly broached during the college recess, when the students were alone.

"I move," said one, "that we begin on the morning after to-morrow."

"Second the motion," came from three or four voices.

"All who are in favor, hold up your hands."

More than a hundred hands were thrown into the air.

"All who are opposed will now hold up their hands."

A deep silence followed. Then a single hand was raised—then another, and another, until ten hands were seen above the heads of the crowd.—It was the hand of Clarence that first went up.

A murmur of discontent ran through the body of students, which deepened into execrations and threats. Half a dozen who were nearest Clarence gathered round him, with earnest and half angry remonstrances. His only reply was—

"It is wrong, and I cannot join you."

"The regulation is oppressive," it was argued.

"Then leave the institution; but do not violate its laws."

"That is easily said. But others have a word in that as well as ourselves. All here are not exactly free to do as they please."

"It is better to endure what seems oppressive, than to do wrong."

"We don't mean to do wrong!" said several voices.

"You threaten to dip any one in the horse-pond who does not join you."

Several of the students [illegible] confused, but one or two cried out—

"Certainly we do; and [illegible] is more, our threats shall be executed."

"Right or wrong?" [illegible] Clarence, with a meaning look and voice, [illegible]rning on his heel, walked away with a firm [illegible]

His manner and words [illegible] their effect. He had said but little, but that little caused several who heard him to think more soberly. In nearly every little knot of students that was drawn together in the various rooms that night, was one or more who had become lukewarm. A re-consideration of the matter was moved on the next day, and the question again taken. Instead of a dozen hands raised in the negative, as on the day before, there were now over fifty. From that time little more was heard upon the subject. The revolt never took place.

So much for the influence of a single well-ordered, honest mind. Had the natural disposition of Clarence been unchecked, and had no counterbalancing principles been stored up in his mind, he would have been as eager for the proposed rebellion as the most thoughtless What evil results

might have followed cannot be told. There were those in the institution who did not love him much after this; but none who did not feel for him an involuntary respect.

CHAPTER XI.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

The incident just related occurred about a year and a half after Clarence entered college. He had, then, nearly completed his sixteenth year.

About a week afterwards, and before they had received any communication from their son, mentioning the circumstance, Mr. Hartley handed his wife a letter. Its contents were as follows:—

"Mr. James Hartley.—

Dear Sir—As the President of —— University, permit me to express to you my own and the thanks of the whole Faculty. The good and true principles which you have stored up in the mind of your son, have saved us from the evils of a well-planned resistance of authority by the students. No persuasions, we are told, could induce him to join with the rest. Personal violence was threat-

ened, but this only made him adhere more firmly to his good resolution e consequence was, that his conduct opene eyes of one and another to see the folly of w they were about to do. Two parties were f ed, and, before any overt act, the peace pa revailed. We shall ever remember your son admiration and gratitude. From his first entrane into our institution, he has been known as the ct observer of all its rules, and a diligent student. It is but just that his parents should know all this from us. With sentiments of the highest respect and regard,

I am yours, &c.,

P—— R——.

President of —— University.

Tears of joy gushed to the eyes of Mrs. Hartley, as she finished the last line of this letter.

"Noble boy!" she said with enthusiasm.

"You are pleased with the letter, then," said her husband, with assumed gravity.

"O yes! Are you not?" and she looked him in the face with surprise.

"Not exactly."

"Why?"

"It would have all been well enough, if the direction had not been wrong."

"What do you mean? Was it not *our* son that acted so nobly?"

"O yes. But the letter should have been addressed to you."

Mrs. Hartley smiled through her tears, and said—

"It is all right.—Are we not one? But what would my efforts have been without your wise counsel to second them. I will never care for the praise, so my boy does right. That is my sweetest reward. This is indeed a happy day. You know how much anxiety I have felt for Clarence. His peculiar temperament is, perhaps, the hardest there is to manage."

"And had you not been the most assiduous and wisest of mothers, you never could have moulded it into any form of beauty."

"Many an anxious day and sleepless night has it cost me. I sowed the seed in tears; but the dews of heaven watered the earth, and when the tender blade shot forth, the Sun of Righteousness warmed and strengthened it. Oh, how often have I felt discouraged! The selfishness of the boy was so strong, and he had so little regard for order. To counteract these, I labored daily, and almost hourly. But I seemed to make little progress—sometimes all my efforts appeared fruitless. Still, I persevered, and it has not been in vain."

"O no. You have saved him from his worst enemy, himself."

"Henry is now old for college. What shall we do with him?" mother said.

"Send him to —— sity with his brother, I suppose. There tter institution in the country."

"Do you think i afe to send him from home?" asked Mrs.

"Why not?"

"His disposition has changed little since he was a child. He is still confiding, and easily led away by others. Clarence had a strong will and prominent faults, which could be attacked vigorously; but the defects of Henry's character were hard to reach. I have thought much on the subject of sending him to college, but feel more and more reluctant to do so the nearer the time comes for making a decision on the subject."

"We ought not to deprive him of the advantages of a good education. He should stand side by side with his brother in this respect."

"True. But cannot we give him all these advantages at a less risk."

"I know of no institution in this city where the same advantages may be secured as at ——."

"I believe there is none. But. should we look

alone at this? Will our child be safe there? Is his character yet decided enough for us to trust him from our side? I think not. The frankness with which Clarence has written to us of the various temptations that have assailed him from time to time, has opened my eyes to the dangers that must encompass a boy like Henry in such a place. I should not feel happy a moment were he to go there."

"Then he must not go," said Mr. Hartley, firmly. "You have ever been a true mother to our children, and your love has thus far led you to determine wisely in regard to them. Though I must own that I feel very reluctant to deprive the boy of the advantages of a thorough college course of instruction."

"Have not my reasons force in your mind?" asked Mrs. Hartley. "Do you not believe that it would be wrong for us to jeopard'ze the spiritual interests of our child, in the eager pursuit of intellectual advantages."

"I certainly do. The latter should only be for the sake of the former. The intellect should be cultivated as the means of developing the moral powers, that both in union may act in life with true efficiency. If all the higher objects of education can be secured by keeping our child at home,

would be affected by the kind of associations into which he would be th

Clarence wrote bac ediately, that he did not believe it would be for Henry to be exposed to the temptatio college life. "He is too easily led away by ," he remarked. "I have noticed more than zen instances, since I have been here, of boys ike Henry, who were innocent and confiding in eir dispositions when they came, who soon became so changed that it made me sad to think about it. There was one boy in particular. His mother came with him when he first entered college. She appeared to be deeply attached to him, and he to her—they both wept bitterly at parting. She was a widow, and he her only remaining child, upon whom all her care, affection and pride were lavished. He soon made friends, for all seemed drawn towards him. Singular as it may seem, the boy, between whom and himself the warmest attachment arose, was as unlike him as it is possible to imagine. He was a bold, bad boy—full of life, and ready to do almost any thing that a reckless spirit prompted. In a little while, they were inseparable companions. At the end of six months, the spirit of the one seemed to have been transfused into that of the other. I almost wonder, sometimes, if the mother

would know her son were they to meet unexpectedly I hope you will not send Henry here. He might pass through his course uncontaminated, but I think it would be dangerous to expose one like him to so many temptations."

This letter fully decided Mr. and Mrs. Hartley

CHAPTER XII.

GOING INTO COMPANY.

MARIEN was in her eighteenth year, and yet she had been taken into company by her parents but very little. Her virtues were all of a domestic character, and graced the home circle. She knew of little beyond its pleasant precincts. Few who saw her, supposed that she was over fifteen years of age. Not that her mind was unmatured, but because her appearance was girlish, and her manners simple and unaffected, yet retiring when strangers were present.

"How old is Marien?" asked Mrs. Fielding, who had called in one morning to chat away half an hour with Mrs. Hartley. Marien had just left the room

"In her eighteenth year," was replied.

we ought not, under any circumstances, to send him away."

"They may often l er secured away from home, if the boy have ss enough to resist the temptations that will a im. But the question whether the boy can st, must be decided by the parents before he : out to make his first trial on the world-arena

"My own feeling i t we had better keep Henry under our guidance as long as it can be done. He is not a boy with the quick intellect of Clarence, and will, probably, never be ambitious to move in a sphere where the highest attainments are required It would be much more agreeable to him now to go to work in your store than to go to school."

"And I shall not grieve over his choice of a pursuit in life, if he should prefer the calling of a merchant."

"Nor I. Active employment is the best for all, and in choosing a profession in life, that should always be chosen which will give the mind great activity, while, at the same time, it brings in the affections also. The pursuit of any calling which a man does not like, can never result to his own and the public advantage in so high a degree as it would were his heart in what he was doing. For

this reason, we ought to be governed very much, in deciding for our children, by their fitness for and preference for a pursuit in business."

"Children's preferences, however, do not always arise from any peculiar fitness in themselves, but often from caprice."

"It is the business of a wise parent to discriminate between a natural fitness for a thing, and a fleeting preference for it. The imagination of young persons is very active, and apt to throw a false light around that upon which it dwells."

Many conversations of a like nature were held by Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, who finally came to the determination to keep Henry at home. The boy was disappointed at this. He wanted to go to college; not, the parents could easily enough see, for the sake of the superior advantages there to be obtained, but because his imagination had thrown a peculiar charm about a college life."

Before making a final decision on the subject, Mrs. Hartley thought it right to bring Clarence into their confidence. She wrote him a long letter on the subject, and asked him to give his opinion of the effect that would be produced upon a boy like Henry, if introduced among the students. "You know his disposition," she said, "and how he

"How can it injure her? I am at a loss to know."

"It injures her in ing, I was going to say."

"Name a single pa

"It puts a woman pon a girl's shoulders, to use a commor while she lacks the strength to carry it st it tosses the feathers with which t is dress very body's face tha she meets.'

"O dear! What a queer idea."

"And not only that, Mrs. Fielding; it exposes her, before she has the intelligence to discriminate accurately between the true and the false, to the danger of forming a wrong estimate of life and its duties—of being carried away by a love of dress and show and mere pleasure taking, while things of infinitely more importance are seen in an obscure light, and viewed as of little consequence. The manners of a girl who has gone into company too early are always offensive to me. There is a pertness about her that I cannot bear—a toss of the head, a motion of the body, an affected distortion of the countenance, (I can call it nothing else,) that is peculiarly disagreeable."

"You see a great deal more than I do, that is all I can say, Mrs. Hartley," replied Mrs. Fielding, a

little gravely. She had, that very morning, felt called upon to rebuke Jane for the rude forwardness of her manners in company the evening previous!

"Perhaps I have thought more on the subject and, in consequence, observed more closely."

"I don't know how that is—perhaps so"—was the visiter's rather cold reply.

A new subject of conversation was then started. While they still sat conversing, Marien, who had gone out to attend to something, came in with little Lillian by the hand, now just five years old. Mrs. Fielding looked into her face with a new interest, observed her words closely, and watched every motion. Involuntary respect, and even admiration, were elicited. There was something innocent and like a child about her, and yet this was so blended with a womanly grace when she conversed, that, in spite of herself, she could not help contrasting her manner with the forward, familiar airs of her own daughter.

As Lillian did not seem very well, and was disposed to be fretful, Marien soon took her out of the room, and Mrs. Hartley and Mrs. Fielding were again left alone.

"I declare, Mrs. Hartley," said the latter, "it is a shame to keep that girl back as you do. "It is unjust to her. She would shine in company."

"I have no wish to see her shine. To attract much attention is always in a dangerous position for one so young nexperienced. Besides, when she does shi you say, I wish it to be with a steady and ng light—not with flickering glare, dazzli evanescent. Next winter we intend takin nto company for a few times, and, after that, ucing her to a more extended but select circle quaintances. What we wish most to guard against, is the danger of her forming an attachment too early. We wish her heart to be free until her reason is matured, and her judgment formed upon a basis of true principles. If you expose a young girl in fashionable society to the love-gossip so prevalent there among certain portions of it, you injure her almost inevitably. If she even make a good marriage afterwards, it will be little more than a happy accident."

"I cannot understand why."

"The fact is notorious. A good husband is one who marries from correct views of marriage; and he will take good care that his wife is not one of the puppet-women with whom he has chattered and gossipped in the fashionable drawing-room. O no! He must have more sober and enduring qualities. The wife and mother, the nurse in sickness, the companion of a whole life will never be

chosen by a sensible man from one of these He will see in the quiet, thoughtful maiden, charms more potent, and at her shrine will he offer up the pure devotion of an honest heart."

Mrs. Hartley's visiter did not feel very well pleased with herself or her daughter for some days after this conversation. There was so much of truth about what had been said, and truth bearing upon her own conduct as a mother, that it made her uncomfortable. But it was too late for her to mend—the evil was already done. The more she thought about the picture Mrs. Hartley had drawn of a puppet-woman, as she had chosen to call her, the more closely did she perceive that her own daughter resembled the sketch, until she felt half angry at what appeared almost too pointed an allusion.

The next time that Mrs. Fielding and daughter called upon Mrs. Hartley, the latter paid a much more respectful attention to Marien than she had ever before done. She was surprised to find, in one she had looked upon as a girl too young for her to associate with, a quiet dignity of manner and womanly tone of character beyond what she had dreamed existed. At first she rattled on with her in quite a patronizing way, but before she left, she was rather inclined to listen than to talk.



some music," Jane said,
versation. "Are you fo

"I am fond of musi
playing. Come to the
understand. I shall en
much."

Jane sat down to the
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style. Marien was disa
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She had learned only t
and when she could not
she said nothing.

"Play something else

Jane turned over the
an overture that requir
execute it with any thi
this she went to work,
got through in about te
lief of Marien, whose
harmonies was terribly

"Now you must play
the last note, rising fron

Marien sat down and

"You play divinely!" exclaimed Jane, after Marien had played a short piece of music with fine taste. "Do you sing?"

"Sometimes."

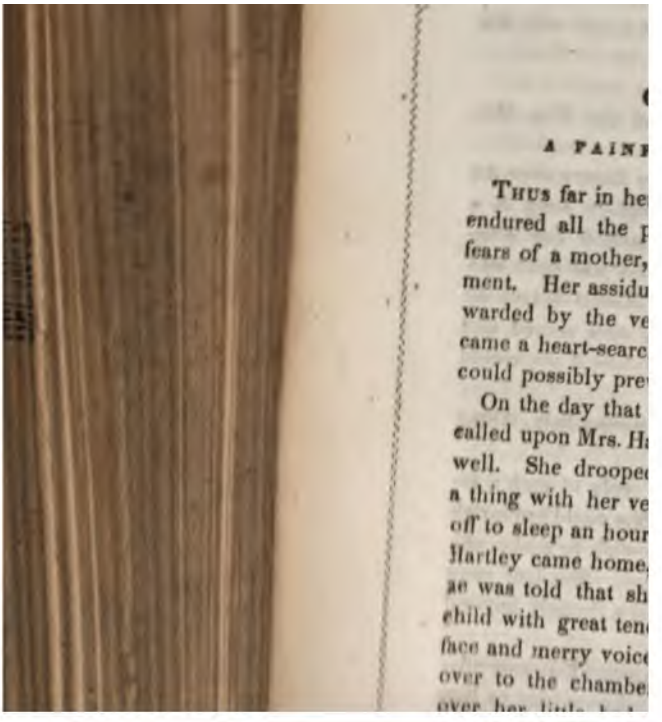
"Can you sing 'The Banks of the Blue Moselle?'"

"I believe so." Marien ran her fingers over the keys, and then warbled that sprightly song in a low, sweet voice, that really charmed her companion. The ease with which this was done surprised Jane. It seemed to cost Marien scarce an effort. Half a dozen other songs were named, and sung by Marien, who then asked Jane if she would not sing.

"Not after you," replied the young lady, taking a step back from the piano.

Marien did not know how to reply to such a remark, and so she said nothing. She could not lavish false compliments, nor did she wish to make any allusion to her own performance. She had sung to please her visiter, and had not a thought beyond that.

Mrs. Fielding was less self-satisfied than ever after this visit. She could not but acknowledge to herself, that she would much rather her daughter were more like Marien.



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Hartley came home,
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child with great ten
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over to the chambe
over her little bed

"Dear little thing," she said, "she has not appeared well all day."

The father placed his hand upon her forehead.

"Why, Anna," he said, "she has a high fever! And listen! how hard she breathes."

Mrs. Hartley laid her hand against the child's cheek, with a feeling of uneasiness. Her children had often been sick with fevers; but never, in the incipient stage of the disease, had she felt the peculiar sensation of uneasiness and oppression that followed the discovery that Lillian was really sick.

In a little while the tea bell rung, and the family gathered around the table to partake of their evening meal. The father and mother felt no appetite, and merely sipped their tea. Marien was silent from some cause. Henry and Fanny were the only ones who had any thing to say. On rising from the table, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley repaired to the chamber to look at Lillian again. The child's fever seemed higher, and she had become restless. She coughed occasionally, and there was much oppression on her chest.

"I think we had better call in the Doctor," said Mr. Hartley.

"It may only be a temporary indisposition, that will subside before morning;" remarked the mother.



returned Mr. Hartley

"True. But supp

At the expiration
better. A physician
simple medicine, an
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lent catarrh, it might
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—Marien sat by the
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her throat pained h
doctor that it was h
before the physician
scarlet fever, they we
it was nothing else.

On the third day
firmed. The disease

an eruption of dark scarlet spots on the face, neck and chest. On the fifth day, the little sufferer became delirious—on the seventh day she was freed from her pain. Her pure spirit returned to the God who gave it.

Suddenly as this terrible affliction had fallen upon them, in the brief space that ensued between the illness of the child and her removal, the minds of the parents had become, in some degree, prepared for the result that followed. Still the blow stunned them, and it was not until called upon to take the last look at their little one, and to touch with their lips for the last time her snowy forehead, that they realized the full consciousness of what they had lost. Ah! who but they who love tenderly a sweet, innocent, affectionate child, can understand how deep was the anguish of their spirits at the moment when they turned away after taking their last, lingering look at the marble features of their departed Lillian.

How desolate seemed every part of the house for days afterwards. Hard as the mother tried to bear up and to look up in this affliction, she had not the power to dry her tears. For hours, sometimes, she would sit in dreamy absent-mindedness, all interest in things surrounding her having totally subsided.

"Dear Anna," her husband ventured to say to her one day, when he c ome and found her in this state—"Time, the rer, cannot do his work for us, unless we part. You remember Doctor T——, in wi- mily we spent two pleasant weeks last sum He had a son, just about the age of Clare erhaps two years older—who had just pass ough his collegiate course with distinguish ors. The Doctor loved that boy with more than ordinary tenderness. 'He was always a good boy,' he said to me, in alluding to his son. 'His love of truth was strong, and his sense of honor most acute. I not only loved him, but I was proud of him.' This son had not been home long, when he became ill, and died. 'I never had any thing in my whole life that gave me such anguish of spirit as the death of that boy,' he said, and his voice even then trembled. 'But, through the whole painful scene of sickness, death and burial, I never missed a patient. I knew that there was only one thing that would sustain me in my affliction; and that was, the steady and faithful performance of my regular duties in life. But for this, I sometimes think I could not have borne the weight that was then laid upon me.' Dear Anna! Doctor T—— was a true philosopher: for his was a high Christian

philosophy, that sought relief from affliction in the performance of duty to others."

Poor Mrs. Hartley wept bitterly while her husband was speaking. But his words sunk into her heart, and she felt that she was suffering severer pain than would have been her portion if she had acted like Doctor T——. From that time she strove, with a great effort, to arouse herself from the dreamy state into which she had fallen. It was difficult to perform all the duties—nay, she could not perform them all—that heretofore claimed her attention. For five years her daily thought and care had been for her youngest born, the nursling of the flock; and now she was taken away. For a time she struggled to act upon her husband's suggestion, but again sunk down; and efforts to elevate her from this state of gloomy depression were again made. She lay weeping, with her head upon her husband's bosom, one night, when he said—

"Anna, dear, would you like to have Lillian back again?"

She did not reply, but sobbed more violently for nearly a minute, and then grew calm. Her husband repeated his inquiry.

"I have never asked myself that question," she answered.



would do so."

"I do not think I wo
reluctantly.

"Why not?"

"It is better for her t

"Do you really think

"How can you ask
not now safe in her he
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"Spoken like my ow
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are paid. We have still

that I do too little. And now that Lillian has been taken away, I seem to have lost the power to do even that little."

"Strive to think more of those that are left, than of the one that is gone. No effort of yours can do her any good, but every effort you make for those that still remain, will add to their happiness. Yesterday, when I came home, I found Fanny sitting alone in the parlor. She looked very sad. 'What is the matter, dear?' I asked. 'Mother cries so, and don't talk to me like she did,' she said, the tears coming into her dear little eyes."

"Oh, James, did she say that?"

"Yes, dear. And if you could have seen her face, and heard the tone of her voice, you would have grieved to think how sad the child's heart must be. She, as well as the rest of us, have lost much in the death of Lillian. You know how much she loved the child."

"And I," sobbed the mother, "have left her to bear her grief alone. Alas! How selfish I have been in my sorrow. But it shall no longer be. I will meet my children as a mother should meet them. I will help them to bear their loss."

Mrs. Hartley met her family on the next morning with a calmer brow. She had a word for each; and that word was spoken with an unusual tender-



and drew close up to her si
"You love me, dear mot
pered the child, close to he
"Love you, my child!
times more than I can tell.'
fervently.
"And the angels in hea
they?"
"Yes, love," Mrs. Hartl
whisper, struggling to keep
from her eyes.
"I know the good an
take care of her just as wel
"O yes; and a great dea
"Then we won't cry an
gone."
"Not if we can help it,
very much."
"Yes. I want to see h
know she is in heaven, an
come back."
The words of Fanny
entire overthrow of Mrs.

calm, and continued for some time to talk with the child about Lillian in heaven.

From this period, the mother's love for her children flowed on again in its wonted channels, and her care for them was as assiduous as ever. In fact, the loss of one caused her to draw her arms more closely about the rest. But she was changed; and no one who looked upon her could help noting the change. The quiet thoughtfulness of her countenance had given place to a musing expression, as if she were, in spirit, far away with some dearly loved object. Although her love for her children, and her anxiety for their welfare, was increased, if there was any change, yet that love was more brooding than active in its nature. The creative energy of her mind appeared to have suffered a slight paralysis. The bow was unbent.

Marien was quick to perceive this, and by the intuition of love, to glide almost insensibly into her mother's place so far as Henry and Fanny were concerned. The groundwork of home-education had been so well laid by the mother, that the sister's task was not a difficult one. She became Henry's confidante and counsellor, and led Fanny gently on in the acquirement of good habits and good principles.

If to no one else, this change was good for



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When Clarence r
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become intimate as

e. This again tended to lessen the care of Mrs. Hartley, for Clarence had become, in one sense, his brother's guardian. Instead, now, of the constant and often intense exercise of mind to which she had been subjected for years in the determination of what course was best to take with her children, in order to secure their greatest good, she was more their pleasant companion than their mentor. Her aim now was to secure their unlimited confidence, and this she was able to do. Their mistakes were never treated with even playful ridicule; but she sympathised earnestly with them in every thing that interested their minds. This led them to talk to her with the utmost freedom, and gave her a knowledge of the exact state of their feelings in regard to all the circumstances that transpired around them.

The completion of Clarence's twenty-first year was a period to which both the son and mother had looked with no ordinary interest—but with very different feelings. So important an era, Mrs. Hartley could not let pass without a long and serious conversation with her son, or rather repeated conversations with him.

"From this time, my son," she said to him, "you are no longer bound to your parents by the law of obedience. You are a man, and must act



to be observed because
Heretofore, your parents
your conduct to society,
But now, you alone are
way in which you exerc
enjoy, will depend your
your eternal state hereaft
freedom, between the po
heaven and hell—with th
to either. You are free
you will serve. Choose
let your paths be those o
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"The Lord holds no
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when his reasoning facu
and he can discriminate,
between good and evil.
provision is made for l
and protection of parent
it is to restrain all his l
and to store his mind wi

explained to you man's present state and condition. He is not in the order in which he was created.—His will and his understanding are not, as they were at first, in unison. His will is thoroughly corrupted, but his understanding is yet capable of seeing the truth—of rising even into the light of heaven. If we were to follow the promptings of our will, or natural affections, we would inevitably sink into the indulgence of all evil passions; but we are not only gifted with the power of seeing what is fair and true, but our freedom is so fully preserved by the Lord, that we can compel ourselves to act according to the dictates of truth. As soon as we begin to do this, we begin to gain a real power over our hereditary evil tendencies. No obedience to parents can possibly remove from our minds a naturally corrupt principle; it will only keep it in quiescence until we come to years of freedom and rationality; after that it must be removed by our shunning its indulgence in act or intention, as a sin against God. You see, then, that now your parents' work has ended, yours has begun."

"Don't say your work is ended, my mother," Clarence said with much feeling, and an expression of deep concern upon his face. "It cannot be. As before, your advice and counsel must be good



"In a supreme sense
father, and his Church
alone are you now req
dience, and to love wi
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The recollection of t
Clarence sigh.

"Ah!" he would so
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to attain. It was much
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life, amid its thousand

that she said to be deeply impressed upon his mind. He pondered it for weeks. The effect was good, for it saved him from the thoughtless tendency to mere pleasure-seeking into which young men are too apt to fall, on finding themselves entirely free from the shackles of minority. He saw clearly and felt strongly the responsibility of his position. But, accompanying this perception, was an earnestly formed resolution to overcome in every temptation that might assail him.

"I can conquer, and I will," he said, in the confidence that he felt in the more than human strength that those receive who fight against evil.

It was not long before life's conflicts began in earnest with him; but it is not our business to speak of them, further than to say, that he was subjected to strong trials, to severe temptations, to cares and anxieties of no ordinary kind, and that the remains of good and truth stored up in his mind by his mother saved him. As a child, his predominant evil qualities were a strong self will, and extreme selfishness. These had been reduced by the mother's care and watchfulness, into a state of quiescence. In manhood, they re-appeared, and long and intense was the struggle against them, before they yielded themselves subject to more heavenly principles.

CHA V.

HAPPY CON ATIONS.

MARIEN HARTLEY ty-two years of age when she first began t ttention in society. The impression she s a decided one. People talked about h. ime as a new wonder. Her grace, her intelligence, her accomplishments, and, not least, her beauty, won the universal admiration. She was quickly surrounded by the butterflies of fashion, but they found themselves at a loss how to be truly agreeable. If they flattered her, she did not seem to understand them; if they complimented her upon her singing, or dancing, she only smiled quietly. In fact, all their usual arts failed. Some called her cold—others said she was as proud as a duchess; while others reported that her heart was engaged to an absent lover.

Unconscious of all this agitation created by her appearance, Marien continued in the affectionate performance of her home duties, occasionally mingling in society, less from feeling drawn thither, than because she believed that she owed something to the social as well as to the family circle.

Once more was the liveliest maternal interest awakened in the bosom of Mrs. Hartley. Now was the most critical period in her daughter's life. Her heart could not long remain uninterested; but whose hand should touch the precious fountain, and unseal its pure waters? That was the anxious question.

Evening visiters were becoming more and more frequent. On every new appearance of Marien in company, would some new acquaintance call.—Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, unlike most parents, who, very considerately remembering how it was with themselves, "leave the young people alone," always made it a point to be present, with other members of the family, when any visiter called to spend an evening. Clarence, who was fully in his mother's confidence, remained at home a great deal during these occasions, in order to swell the parlor circle, and to add to the pleasures of conversation, music, or other modes that might be resorted to for passing an hour.

This way of doing things was not at all relished by some who were all eagerness to secure the favor of Marien. Among those who occasionally dropped in, was a young man who generally spent more time in conversing with the mother than with the daughter. If his design had been first to con-

ciliate Mrs. Hartley, his plan was certainly a good one. But he was inn any design further than to gain opportuniti serving closely the character and disposition rien. He had ample means for supporti ife, and had been looking about him for east a year. The first impression made t. n by Marien was favorable. He was not by her beauty and accomplishments half so . s by the sentiments which he occasionally heard fall from her lips. The way in which her parents guarded her, he saw and understood at once, and this strengthened his belief that she was a precious treasure for him who could win her heart.

While he observed her at a distance, as it were, others were clustering around her, and using every art to gain her favor. But, even while they were pressing for attention, her eye was wandering away to him, and often the words they uttered were unheard in her recollection of sentiments which he had spoken. Why this was so, Marien did not ask herself. She did not even notice the fact. When the young man, at last, began to make advances, she received them with an inward pleasure unfelt before. This did not escape the mother's watchful eye. But she had no word to say in objection. Long before any serious inroad upon Marien's

affections had been made, father, mother, and brother were thoroughly acquainted with the young man's family, standing and character. They were unexceptionable.

When he, finally, made application for her hand, he received, promptly, this answer:—

"Take her, and may she be to you as good a wife as she has been to us a child."

Marien was twenty-three years of age, when she became a wedded wife. Many wed younger, but few as wisely.

The next event of interest in the life of Mrs. Hartley, was the marriage of Clarence. In this matter she was careful to leave her son in the most perfect freedom. Although from principle she did this, she was not without great concern on the subject, for she well knew that his whole character would be modified for good or evil by his wife. It is enough to say, that Clarence chose wisely

CH[illegible]VI.

CON[illegible]N.

HAVING brought our[illegible] to this point, not, we hope, without profit[illegible]selves, we find that we have little more to a[illegible]e mother's untiring devotion to her children has not been in vain.—The good seed sown in their minds has produced a pleasant harvest.

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